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**THE WORKS OF
GEORGE MEREDITH**

MEMORIAL EDITION

VOLUME

XXVII



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GEORGE MEREDITH

VARIOUS READINGS
AND BIBLIOGRAPHY



NEW YORK
CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS

1911



George Meredith, act. 80

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WASSELL ARTHUR

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ILLUSTRATIONS

GEORGE MEREDITH, *at* 80, IN HIS BATH-CHAIR,
WITH THE DOG SANDIE, HIS DEVOTED COM-
PANION

Frontispiece

*The following should have been printed at the
end of Poems, Vol. I.*

I CHAFE AT DARKNESS

I chafe at darkness in the night,
 But when 'tis light,
Hope shuts her eyes; the clouds are pale;
The fields stretch cold into a distance hard:
I wish again to draw the veil
 Thousand-starred.

Am I of them whose blooms are shed,
 Whose fruits are spent,
Who from dead eyes see Life half dead;—
Because desire is feeble discontent?
Ah, no! desire and hope should die,
 Thus were I.

But in me something clipped of wing
 Within its ring
Frets; for I have lost what made
The dawn-breeze magic, and the twilight beam
A hand with tidings o'er the glade
 Waving seem.

THE SHAVING OF SHAGPAT

PREFACE TO FIRST EDITION *deleted* :

It has seemed to me that the only way to tell an Arabian Story was by imitating the style and manner of the Oriental Story-tellers. But such an attempt, whether successful or not, may read like a translation: I therefore think it better to prelude this Entertainment by an avowal that it springs from no Eastern source, and is in every respect an original Work. G. M.

December 8, 1855.

p. 14, l. 3. After 'she' deleted: swooned with horror and . . .

p. 14, l. 14. After 'Bagarag' deleted: from hands visible and unseen.

p. 15. After ('What says the poet?') l. 15 deleted:

*'Ambition on the wing,
Sweeps honey, flower, and sting.'*

Also:

p. 31, l. 20. After 'hues' added: it was a full globe of splendours, showing like a very kingdom of the Blest; and blessed was the eye beholding it!

p. 45, l. 8. After 'dropped' deleted: and she was silent.

p. 45, l. 10. After 'tongue' deleted: and he told her of his torment.

p. 115, l. 4. Added: as in conspiracy to amuse his master.

p. 115, l. 7. up to the hour of noon: altered from one day and one night.

p. 144. *After l. 16 deleted :*

And the King cried, 'What of that case? let us hear it!'

So Shibli Bagarag said :

adding : And he related . . . its origin (l. 33).

p. 145. *The following chapter is deleted :*

AND THIS IS THE CASE OF RUMDRUM, A READER OF
PLANETS, THAT WAS A BARBER

IT is told of Rumdrum, O King, that he was a barber, and a reader of planets : by day he operated on the heads of men, and at night interpreted the stars. Now Rumdrum talked and had enemies, and they were active with the King of the city where Rumdrum dwelt. The King was at war with the armies of a neighbouring nation, and the enemies of Rumdrum declared to the King that Rumdrum had an understanding with the Chiefs of those armies. So the displeasure of the King fell upon Rumdrum, and he walked with the eye of abasement, even under a cloud full of direful bolts, as is said of them that arouse the wrath of kings : and the coolness of the barber forsook him, the firmness of glance, the steadiness of hand. He was in this condition when one day the King sent for him to the palace, to exert his craft. So Rumdrum went, armed with his tackle. At the palace-gates he was greeted by the cook of the palace, the head-cook, that was his friend ; and the head-cook warned Rumdrum of the doings of his enemies. And Rumdrum said, 'I have seen all this by my science and my foresight, but there is that upon the head of the King which cleareth a mystery, one concerning himself, and for his sake I will go.'

So Rumdrum went and kissed the ground of obedience before the King, and arranged his tackle, and commenced shaving the King, for this time was before the time

of Shagpat, when kings were shaved, and men; wullahy! it was a time not without its glory, and there was one art the more exercised!

Now while Rumdrum shaved the King, the King questioned him as to future occurrences, and he said, 'How is it, O Rumdrum; will mine enemies succeed in what they undertake?'

And Rumdrum gave the King an answer pleasant in expression, but unsavoury to swallow.

Now the King thought, 'This fellow is beguiling me with double meanings, and the sweet concealeth the sour in what he says.' So while the blade of Rumdrum swept over him like a gleam across the water, he made a signal to his guard for the guard to close upon Rumdrum. As they closed upon him Rumdrum shrieked, and struggled to get back to the King, and offered the guard bribes of money, rare gifts, to let him peer once more upon the head of the King; and the King was confirmed in his suspicions of Rumdrum. So he had the bow slung about the neck of Rumdrum, and accused him of the crime of a traitor. And Rumdrum said, 'O King, there is nought like confidence in thy kind; and he that dishonoureth the barber is in turn dishonoured, seeing that it is a craft made familiar with the noblest part of man, and a craft intimate with occurrences, charged with foretellings. Now, that I may prove my words, grant me one day and one night further of life, and on the morrow let me die.'

So the King granted him a day and a night to live, and on the morrow Rumdrum handed a sealed paper to the King, and died by the tightening of the bow round his neck. Then the King opened the packet, and in it was traced the figure of a barber crowned and in the robes of a King on his throne; under it were written the words, 'Let him that marketh this figure of the barber, acknowledge his repentance!' And the King, when he had seen

that, said, 'There was wisdom in Rumdrum, and by killing him I have made him potent to shame me and insult me, he that was in life my slave, so of a surety I repent.'

The King turned to a second leaf of the packet, and there was traced a figure of the King, the barber, and the Angel of Death; and the barber was shielding the head of the King from the stroke of Azrael; under it were the words, 'Let him that marketh the figure of the King, the barber, and the Angel of Death, acknowledge the faithfulness of Rumdrum.' And the King, when he had seen that, said, 'There was faithfulness in Rumdrum, for his opportunities were many of delivering me over to the Angel of Death, yet he shielded me.'

The King turned to a third leaf of the packet, and there was traced a tomb beside a cypress; under it were the words, 'Let him that marketh this tomb beside the cypress come to it by night, and acknowledge the privilege of the dead.' So the King went by night to the tomb of the barber, and stood beside the tomb; and a voice as from the hollow of the tomb called to him for the reason of his coming. The King said, 'I come hither to learn the privilege of the dead.'

And the Voice answered, 'It is the privilege of the dead to speak truth when they speak, without fear of kings.'

The King said, 'Tell me then, am I well served, secure from traitors, beloved by my wives, my courtiers, and my people?'

And the Voice answered, 'It is the privilege of the dead to be silent when they please, without fear of kings.'

The King reflected, and his heart smote him for his conduct to the barber. He said, 'If thou be Rumdrum enclosed in this tomb, listen to my praises of him and my sorrow for his loss; he that was wise, faithful, a reader of planets; whose tongue went much, but whose heart beat

true; who has filled with remorse and regret the King's breast, his eyes with tears, his thoughts with bitterness.'

And the Voice answered, 'It is the privilege of the dead to scorn flatteries, even from the mouths of kings.'

Then the King cried aloud, 'Oh, how great is the privilege of the dead! There is no privilege like to that they possess! Strong are they! He that punisheth the innocent is but an instrument to exalt them, scourged for his pains.'

Now while the King was lost in self-abasement, the Voice said, 'Know, great King, that the restlessness of an uncompleted work is on the tomb of Rumdrum the barber, and if thou wouldst appease him, call hither one to shave thee, and lay upon his tomb the hairs of thy head.'

So the King did this, and was shaved and laid the hairs upon the tomb. Then the Voice said, 'O King, the calculations of Rumdrum were cut short, and in the tomb he cannot take them up, for no science availeth in the tomb, as is written:

"The thoughts of heads,
The works of hands,
Are severed threads
And broken bands."

Now he calculated thy nativity, and was summing the number of thy hairs when he was torn from thee, and the thing he would have foretold is dumb; so if thou wouldst know it, set thyself to count the number of thy hairs upon this tomb diligently, counting two for the hair of forte which is the Identical. And cease not to count, for when thou holdest off from counting it is the end of thy days.'

So the King saw what he had lost in Rumdrum the barber, for he knew not the Identical, which is the hair of fortune, to count two for it; and his days were given to

the counting these hairs upon the tomb, he fearing to hold off from counting lest death should surprise him. Wah ! it is an ill thing to do an injustice, which springeth from suspicion, as the poet says :

‘Suspicion in the birth fail not to strangle,
Lest that its offspring thy soul’s beauty mangle.’

So, the King saw what he had lost in Rumdrum the barber.

p. 149, l. 17. and he stepped back, yet he continued taking fatal draughts : *altered from* yet he continued immovable, taking fatal draughts.

p. 157, l. 5. *After ‘he’ deleted* : thought her an enchantress and . . .

p. 157, l. 34. *Added* : ‘And now give ear to the following’ :—

p. 171, l. 3. *After ‘now’ deleted* : the poet says truly,—

‘The battle of the righteous is a battle half-gain’d,
For Allah’s is the cause with not a fleck of self stain’d.’

p. 231, l. 9. *After ‘brook’ added* : partly filled and . . .

p. 236, l. 11. *After ‘forward’ added* : with the three on him.

p. 239. *After* (‘I try the great shave’) l. 24 *deleted as under* :
‘Tell me now what has happened in the city while we were absent from it.’

Feshnavat replied, ‘O Master of the Event, my son, no long story that.’ Then when Shibli Bagarag had invested himself in dry robes, and all were seated on the herbage, he said :

THE RECITAL OF THE VIZIER FESHNAVAT

SURELY as a river swelleth with the rains the breath of applause puffed Shagpat, and his arrogance increased, and he was a very Nile-flood of presumption, swamping the

city, so that my Viziership made me a mark for his followers and supporters, and the King regarded him with the eye of preference. So I shivered in the shadow of neglect, waiting till thy work was done and the Sword reached, to taste the sweetness of revenge on Shagpat; patience with the plotter! Now there came on a certain day, and it was the day of the New Year, one, a merchant, into the market-place of the City where we were assembled, proclaiming a marvel, and it was a lamp, the light of which none of the people could extinguish. The merchant handed it to me, and I blew upon it, but still it burned steadfast; then the merchant held the lamp to the mouth of Shagpat, and he blew, and lo, the flame vanished! So the people extolled Shagpat, and the merchant prostrated himself, and said, 'I know by this there is holiness in thee!'

Now the merchant handed it to us again to bring back the light, and none of us could bring it back save Shagpat, and the merchant said, 'How is it I marked not at a glance that this man of the thick and lengthy growth was he that had holiness in him?' Then said he to the people, 'Honour him ye!' And he said to the King, 'O King, high in majesty, potent! if the blaze of thy throne over kingdoms and countries be now such as we see it, what would it be were Shagpat at thy right hand, advising thee in the chair of the Vizier?'

Upon that I was wroth, and sought the countenance of the King, but he betrayed no discontent; so I saw that the star of Shagpat was in the ascendant,—mine darkened by it. Now in this merchant I discovered the Genie Karaz, and daily he did things in this wise to honour Shagpat in the eyes of the people and abase me; yet was I patient and awaited thy coming, O Master of the Event, to confound him. Things were in that state when tidings were brought of a barber that had been in Oolb, and had

shaved the King and his officers with a terrible tackle that talked and prophesied shame to Shagpat, dishonour to him, and downfall, disgrace, and vindictive shearing. Then I knew thou wert in part triumphant by the aids of Noorna, my daughter, and that Paravid and Garraveen would lead to the lily, the Lily to Aklis, Aklis to the consummation of vengeance and crowning of Events on the head of Shagpat. Surely the thought was comfort, and the news intoxicated me, and I went forth disguised and without companion, when the day had sunk, to watch the effect of it on the people that stood in groups by the doorways and met on the housetops, and collected on the ways leading to the wells, discussing in alarm the case of Oolb, and the Barber, and Shagpat.

Now I was standing by the tall palm near the well Eastward of the city, when I heard a sound of one that approached in the dusk, mumbling sentences in the dialect of Shiraz, grumbling as it seemed; and I heard him say, 'A curse on this capricious King of Oolb! Shaved is he? By the tomb of my fathers, I'll offer my skill nowhere save in Shiraz after that, and they may languish for it the length of the earth, and make offers for my service, yea, offers of pearls and precious stones and dresses and slaves, elegant damsels, instructed, sensible to eloquence. All these they may offer for an essay of my science and an exposition of my cunning on their frontispieces; yea and more, steeds they may offer and golden tackle, yea, and princes shall woo me vainly, proffering estates and mansions, with gardens and established harems for but one operation of my hand upon them, and I'll refuse, scorning them contumeliously—I—'

While the Vizier Feshnavat was reciting this soliloquy, Shibli Bagarag burst in on his recital, crying, 'Twas—and I guess it, and wager on the guess, O Feshnavat!—Baba Mustapha!'

Said Feshnavat, 'Even he! how recognized you him?'

And Shibli Bagarag answered, 'By his loquacity, his lengthiness of tongue, his esteem of his science over all other created things.'

Then the Vizier Feshnavat said, 'O Master of the Event, truly I could have laughed while this fellow mumbled, and I should have roared with laughter, but that a thought illumined my brain and lighted a path up the intricacies of action, solving perplexity; and I rushed upon him, and seized him, exclaiming, 'In the name of Shagpat!'

So he fell on the knees of remonstrance, and lifted the hands up imploring; and I said, 'Thou art a barber! confess that thing!'

Then he stammered with what speech was his, and I commanded him imperiously to follow me, and took him before the King, and accused him in the King's chamber of audience of the crime of barbercraft, and of being the barber that had shaved the King of Oolb and the officers of his Court, and the viziers and emirs, and grave magistrates and cadis and shahids, and lesser personages of the Court and City of Oolb. So he denied this, and I continued to accuse him, the poor wretch! And his journeys were traced by Arabs from the gates of Oolb, his case a clear case of barbercraft proved upon him; and I was extolled for my zeal, praised, and in favour again, as is said by the poet:

'Nature's ordinance is sad!

Each preys on each, as 'twould appear:

Thy saneness driveth neighbours mad,

Their smiles cause thee a tear.'

This is so, and he says:

'Thro' thy good fortune will a store

That once was full decrease;

In smiles, tears, sighs, jests, evermore

We see-saw till we cease.'

And he adds :

‘When one is down, the other’s up;
We’re brothers only in the cup.’

‘Wherefore,’ he says, ‘drink ye, and fatten in merriment, O ye of humankind!’ and this I said to Baba Mustapha when he had received plenteous thwackings, touched with pity for his state; but he refused consolation, dwelling in verse on the delights of Shiraz, the honours awarded to barbercraft there. Now, on a day, as he paced the felons’ prison in a moment of dejection, I was by, and heard him call on the name of Shibli Bagarag as one absent, missing, and to whom he was indebted for divers thwackings, ignominies, and maltreatments: so I said to him, ‘What of the youth Shibli Bagarag?’

And he answered, ‘This of him, O Vizier: that but for him and my search after him, I were now in the centre of the adulations of Shiraz; the good-for-nothing fellow! he whom the Evil One possessed with the idea of arriving at great things,—and the readers of planets! And but for him and his wilfulness, and his wandering, and his accursed ambition and dissatisfaction with his born state, the head of the Shah, the high potentate, sovereign of the earth, that head which blindeth men, were even now a familiar thing beneath my hands, I operating on him, pouring honeyed gossip in his ear, sweet scandal, laughable anecdotes, recitations.’

Then he began to hint at what would be the wrath of the King of Persia when he came to hear of the treatment received by his chief barber at the hands of them of our city. Surely his tongue was a watermill, and wagged on all themes and subjects; and I let him relieve his soul with this prate, till he told of the relationship between ye. Thereat my conscience smote me on the rib with compassion for him, and I had him released, and con-

vayed to me secretly, and fed him, clothed him, filled him with comfort; relating to him that portion of thy adventures known to me, O Master of the Event; and of thy betrothal to my daughter Noorna, and of thy destiny that led thee through dangers, enchantments, privations, amazing marvels, to the Shaving of Shagpat. So hearing this, he gave praise to the readers of planets, and cried extemporaneously and in seemly verse:

‘We mortals, that know not the stars and their doings,
Complain when annoy’d in our warrings and wooings;
But oh could we read them, their mysteries tracking,
Like birds in a storm we should sing through each
thwacking.’

Wullahy! scarce could I restrain him from flying at Shagpat that instant; and it required abundance of quotation from what the sages have bequeathed to us in matters of experience and wisdom, and lively illustrations, forcible appeals, to hold him back. Now till his excitement abated I kept him by me. Then I gave him porter’s work, and he did me commissions, faithfully, with zeal, and a tongue that ceased not to rattle on all but the forbidden business. So it was that, after Time, the father of changes, had flown some while without seed of circumstance, one night Baba Mustapha failed to return, and the next and that following; and I was in fear lest aught had befallen him. It was on the fourth morning that I descended early to the silver hall of my palace, and lo! suddenly one that rushed into it like a quarry seeking shelter, pale of face, and turban awry; and he rushed to the fountain and dipped his head therein, and was clearly a man that wished to certify to himself the fact of his existence in this world. Now when he looked up, I saw that it was Baba Mustapha, and that in his absence he had mixed with terrors and drunk of the waters of

tribulation. So I cried to him, 'Ho! Baba Mustapha!' but he took no heed of me, and looked with the eye of a sheep. I examined him, and there were marks upon him of fresh castigation. Then I perceived that he had fallen into the hands of the inimical, who had chased his wits from their habitations: so to revive his spirit and bring speech to his lips, I sent to the meat-market and bought a sheep whole and unsheared, remembering what is said, 'The habitations of the wits are habits'; and I had the sheep placed before Baba Mustapha, beside him tackle and soap for soaping preparatory to the shave, to tempt him to action; praise be to thy craft, O Master of the Event! For awhile he recognized not this; but presently the uses of the barber warmed in him and thawed forgetfulness; and my conception of his case and the remedy was perfect, for he seized the tackle, and commenced soaping the sheep dreamily; then with a livelier hand; then with a hand of vigour; then fiercely, fiercely; then so that his hand was like a wind, wild as a fly, swift as a wheel, invisible in motion; he crying, 'I have thee, Shagpat! I have thee!' crying, 'What! thou and thy creatures deluded me! Wullahy! this is vengeance, this!' crying, 'Even without the aid of the sword my nephew seeketh at such a risk, trouble, labour!' Then he began to shave the sheep, putting forth all his science and dexterity, vainly turning his wrist, coxcombically elevating the bend of his elbow, tenderly handling the animal while his blade swept over it. Never I wot was sheep-shearing performed with that extreme of care and skill! So when 'twas done, I watched him, and he collected the wool under one arm, and breathed a deep inflation; and he was as if too light on his feet for the earth he trod, his head menacingly challenging the remoteness of the four quarters of the universe for one equal to him in the thing he had achieved. Wah! 'twas a madness of laughter to look

upon him. Then on a sudden he cried, addressing himself proudly, 'Proclaim Shagpat shaved!' and lo! ere I could divine his purpose and arrest him, he slanted swiftly from the hall, and his heels were twinkling beyond the portals of the palace, and up the street towards the market-place. Awahy! then was I in the abysses of despair, and saw myself no match for the ills that threatened, for he was shouting of Shagpat publicly, proclaiming Shagpat shaved, and by his hand, the hand of Baba Mustapha, in the house of Feshnavat the Vizier; and that 'twas the fallen crop of Shagpat he held beneath his arm, even that, a glory of barbercraft! Truly his wits were traitors to the tender parts of him, and he was confounded ere the setting of that day's sun, confronted with Shagpat in his splendour and his gravity, and his enveloping hairiness and his umbrageous growths! Then was he thwacked by order of the King till the flesh of his back was hillocky with purple weals, and he, a moving mass of aches and stings and shooting pains and throbs of unpleasantness, thrust from the gates of the City. The matter was so with Baba Mustapha; but as for how the matter went with me, 'tis certain I was haled to the presence of the King, and denials, protestations, assertions went for nothing; the barber was tracked from my palace, and the wife of Shagpat, she that adored him, Kadza, this woman and another, an old woman, a veritable hag, thrice hideous, a mockery of the putting together of flesh and bones, with skin like a frog, throat like a pelican, legs like a peacock, back like a camel——

Cried Noorna bin Noorka, 'Goorelka of Oolb!'

So the Vizier Feshnavat continued: 'Tis the thing that might be! She then, this crone, swore to my plotting with Baba Mustapha, made oath to my conspiracies against Shagpat, and that I, my emissaries and I, had many times assaulted the holy man of late, tugged at

him by the beard and back-hair, offended his vision with insolent flourishings of the apparatus of barbercraft,—all this; and that upon one occasion I had forced an entrance to him in his shop-front after dusk, when the people were retiring from their observation of Shagpat, and compelled him to submit to the lather, purposing to have him shaved. They said, 'Thereat mark a wonder of special grace and protection accorded to Shagpat, and the care of him exercised by Genii, O King of this City; for the blade of the barber in its contact with the first hair broke, fell in twain, and the edge of it became blunter than a date-stone!'

The King exclaimed, 'Tis wondrous! Wullahy! We will have it announced to them of Oolb, the shorn, the self-abased, the tackle-contaminated ones; and I will have it written on tablets of virgin silver in gold letters, that time hereafter may read of Shagpat, the unparalleled, and the care of him exercised by Genii. Wullahy! he reflecteth honour on the throne itself. My Vizier is he!'

Now this false-speaking prevailed, and a day was fixed for my degradation before the people, and 'twas to be a day of exaltation for Shagpat. Dust was in the eyes of the King, wool in his ears, oblivion of long services in his heart! Methinketh likewise, O Master of the Event, that his conduct to me was seasoned with folly and small reading of that which futurity bringeth forth. I was disgraced, thwacked with the thong; Shagpat exalted, enjoying my viziership taken from me, and men made foolish—ruined by him. I was left not even in possession of the palace in which I abode. What a day was that!

Cried Shibli Bagarag, 'O Feshnavat, 'twas not a day veiled from me, and I saw it, thee, and him.'

So Feshnavat said, 'How? From what point of view, O Master of the Event?'

He answered, 'From Aklis, through the eye of Aklis.'

So Feshnavat said, 'Wondrous must be that eye!'

He replied, 'All things be wondrous in Akli.'

This is followed by the passage beginning 'Then said he . . . ' (p. 239, l. 25).

p. 240, l. 7. *After 'fruit' deleted: diminished, weazen, bitter.*

p. 241. *After ('into a phial') l. 14 deleted:*

So when they had spoken, Shibli Bagarag turned to the Vizier Feshnavat and exclaimed urgently, 'Thy service in this enterprise even to the death?'

Feshnavat replied, 'Even so far!'

p. 241, l. 23. *After 'gabbler' added: He is there, as I guess by signs; I have had warnings of him. Discover him speedily.*

p. 242, l. 12. *After 'thwacking' added: as I have tasted it in this undertaking.*

p. 242, l. 19. *After 'Council' deleted: proclaim to the King before his officers and his court, Shagpat shaved! Terrible, I foresee, the tumult! He will menace the proclaimer; but be thou steadfast in the assertion, even as a rock in the descent of the torrent, stemming it amidst uproar and wrath and riot; yea, glue the soles of thy feet to the marble flooring, and stand singly there denouncing Shagpat, challenging the tongue of contradiction, daring the Court to prove him by demonstration other than an impostor. 'Twill then hap that the King angrily issues his mandate for the confronting of thee with Shagpat, thou being under sentence in case of calumny. Then will Shagpat appear: a time of triumph for him, an hour of glory, a vanity divine; his last';—*

adding: challenge the tongue of contradiction to affirm Shagpat other than a bald-pate bewigged. This is for thee to do.'

p. 242, l. 22. after thought, 'And what becometh of me,
O thou Master . . .': *altered from* after a pause, 'And
I, O Master . . .'

p. 242, l. 24. *After 'said' deleted*: 'Thou? Is there a distance
can hide from the edge of this blade,—an obstruction
to impede it?'

p. 258. *After ('man') l. 35 deleted*: And 'tis an instrument.

p. 269, l. 16. *After 'thee' deleted*: now the knee again!
now the neck, the nape of it!—So then—where was I?
Contemplating the lather? and a fair lather is it, invented
by me, and no more words concerning it or aught else, but
set thyself to the task, O Baba Mustapha of happy birth!
and—Achrerrr, flea, flea, flea!

p. 269, l. 18. *After 'flea' deleted*: Wah! I'll be turned
aside by nought living, nay, nor dead; for here's Shagpat,
the very centre of the sun of radiance, mine enemy and
the enemy of man, beneath my thumb, dumb beneath it,
and as a frozen frog and slumbering porcupine; and
he's behind two clouds, and this third will be a quenching
of his beams, and a transferring of them to me that I may
shame Oolb, and its King and its Court, and its—Flea of
infamy! curses light on thee! and thou'rt of a surety
acting under the instigation of the Evil One, and Satan's
in thee! Begone, and release me!

p. 272, l. 29. *After 'weary' deleted*: As the poet has said:

'Give me a bath in yonder fount,
My spirit to the skies will mount,
Nor ever feel a sense of toil;
For it is like celestial oil:
Celestial oil rubb'd on the slain
Believer, from the battle plain
Caught up; by sweet white-handed Houris without stain.'

p. 274, l. 10. *After 'people' deleted*: How is it written in the advice to kings of the sage?—

'Sword of the People! fail not fiercely to chastise.

But evils have first causes; first seek where hid each lies.'

And where lies this, O people, but . . .

p. 281, l. 34. *After 'nights' deleted*: And the four Kings and the people of the City of Shagpat fasted that term, remaining where they were, beneath the hall, without speech and motion of their members, in awe of the great light and as a mark of reverence, gazing up to it with the aspect of wonderment, as the poet has said in his verse of lamentation for Shagpat:

'They gazed with eyes extended wide,

To let the soul dilate:

That miracle of barbercraft defied,

Abash'd them in their state.

And were the great

Abash'd? four Kings tongue-tied?

A people brought to fast

Three days, three nights,

Without delights,

Knowing not how long 'twould last?

Yea, and like to fish half-fried

Their eyeballs glisten'd, while the pride

Of Shagpat, from his cushion'd throne,

Awe to inspire,

Proclaim it! proclaim it!

Rose in fire,

That none might shame it;

Rose in fire,

Proclaim it! proclaim it!

Up to the zenith, and illumed the zone!'

p. 295, l. 11. First Edition *read*:

'Too frequently subservient to fools.'

Note on the system adopted, pp. 19-63.

THE first four chapters of the original edition of *Richard Feverel* were condensed into one chapter in the later editions. These four chapters were entitled:—1. The Pilgrim's Scrip; 2. A Glimpse behind the Mask; 3. Mrs. Malediction; 4. The Inmates of Raynham Abbey. In the later editions the condensed first chapter bears the title, 'The Inmates of Raynham Abbey.'

In order to show the incidence of the alterations in this condensed chapter, the following system has been followed:—

(1) Passages or words in *Roman type* represent the original version altered or suppressed in the later editions.

(2) Passages in *Italic type not enclosed in brackets* show the text which is common to the original and to the latest editions.

(3) Passages or words in *Italic type enclosed in brackets* represent additions or alterations which appear only in the latest editions.

As an example of the method used, the opening passage reads thus:—

I. ORIGINAL EDITION.

Chapter I. The Pilgrim's Scrip.

Some years ago was printed, and published anonymously, dedicated to the author's enemies, a small book of original Aphorisms, under the heading, 'The Pilgrim's Scrip.' It consisted of a selection of original aphorisms by an anonymous gentleman, who in this bashful manner gave a bruised heart to the world. The book was noticeable for its quaint earnestness, and a perversity of view regarding Women, not take special umbrage at the epithet. For, as he observes, by way of comment: 'When we know ourselves Fools, we are already something better.'

He made no pretension to novelty. 'Our new thoughts have thrilled dead bosoms,' he wrote; by which avowal may be seen that youth had manifestly gone from him, since he had ceased to be jealous of the ancients, his forefathers. There was a half-sigh floating through

II. LATEST EDITION

Chapter I. The Inmates of Raynham Abbey.

Some years ago a book was published under the title of 'The Pilgrim's Scrip.' It consisted of a selection of original aphorisms by an anonymous gentleman, who in this bashful manner gave a bruised heart to the world.

He made no pretension to novelty. 'Our new thoughts have thrilled dead bosoms,' he wrote; by which avowal it may be seen that youth had manifestly gone from him, since he had ceased to be jealous of the ancients. There was a half-sigh floating through the pages for those

THE ORDEAL OF RICHARD FEVEREL

CHAPTER I.—THE PILGRIM'S SCRIP

[CHAPTER I.—THE INMATES OF RAYNHAM ABBEY]

Some years ago [a book] was printed, and published anonymously, dedicated to the author's enemies, a small book of original Aphorisms, under the heading, [*under the title of*] '*The Pilgrim's Scrip.*' It consisted of a selection of original aphorisms by an anonymous gentleman, who in this bashful manner gave a bruised heart to the world. The book was noticeable for its quaint earnestness, and a perversity of view regarding Women, whom the writer seldom extolled, and appeared with all conscience to rank as creatures still doing service to the Serpent: bound to their instincts, and happily subordinate in public affairs, though but too powerful in their own walk. Modern Aphorists are accustomed to make their phrases a play of wit, flashing antithetical brilliances, rather than condensing profound truths. This one, if he did not always say things new, evidently spoke from reflection, feeling, and experience: the Triad which gives a healthy utterance to Wisdom: and omitting one of which, or with the three not in proper equipoise and junction, admirable sentences may survive as curiosities, and aptly quoted may clinch a debate, but are as Dead Sea Apples to a thirsting mind, and to men at large incomprehensible juggleries usurping dominion of their understandings without seal of authority. His thoughts were sad enough; occasionally dark; here and there

comical in their oddness: nevertheless there ran through the volume a fire of Hope; and they did him injustice who said he lacked Charity.

Thus he wrote:

‘I am happy when I know my neighbour’s vice.’

And it was set down as the word of a cynic; when rightly weighed, it was a plea for tolerance.

He said, again:

‘Life is a tedious process of learning we are Fools.’

And this also is open to mild interpretation, if we do not take special umbrage at the epithet. For, as he observes, by way of comment: ‘When we know ourselves Fools, we are already something better.’

He made no pretension to novelty. ‘Our new thoughts have thrilled dead bosoms,’ he wrote; by which avowal [it] may be seen that youth had manifestly gone from him, since he had ceased to be jealous of the ancients, his forefathers. There was a half-sigh floating through his pages for those days of intellectual coxcombry, when ideas come to us affecting the embraces of virgins, and swear to us, they are ours alone, and no one else have they ever visited: and we believe them.

On the subject of Women, certainly, the Aphorist seemed to lose his main virtue. He was not splenetic: nay, he proved in the offending volume he could be civil, courteous, chivalrous, towards them: yet, by reason of a twist in his mental perceptions, it was clear he looked on them as domesticated Wild Cats, ready, like the lady in the fable, to resume their natural habits when there was a little mouse to tear, and, after they had done so, not to be allowed to reappear as the seraphs we thought them when they had a silly male mortal to lure: in fact, to be stamped Wild Cats, to the dissipation of Illusion.

He gravely declared, as one whose postulate was accepted universally:

[*For an example of his ideas of the sex he said :*]

'I expect that Woman will be the last thing civilized by Man.'

Some excitement was produced in the bosoms of ladies by so monstrous a scorn of them.

And from this tremendous impertinence he stalked on like a Colossus to treat of other matters, worldly and spiritual, with the calm of a superior being who has avowed a most hopeful opinion: as indeed it was. He conceived that the Wild Cats would some day be actually tamed. At present it was best to know them what they were.

Singular to say, the one dangerous and objectionable feature in this little volume, preserved it from limbo. Men read, and tossed it aside, amused, or weary. They set the author down as a Sentimentalist jilted; commonly known to be a savagely vindictive wretch, who deserves to be listened to solely when he dresses a gay shaft, and that for the fun. They were angry at his ponderous in-tentness. They, let us suppose, were Sentimentalists not yet jilted.

By the ladies, however, who took the Dedication to themselves, he was welcomed otherwise. These extraordinary creatures, whose moves it is impossible to predict, and who will, now and then, love, or affect to love, their enemies better than their friends, cherished his book, and asked for him. He had fortunately not put his name to the title-page. In the place of a signature of authorship, stood a Griffin between two Wheatsheaves. It became a question, then, whether this might be symbolic, or a family crest. Several ladies detected symbolism in the aspect of the Griffin, which had a snarling hostile air to them, and seemed to mean that the author was a double-animal, and could do without them, being well fortified by Life's Wherewithal to right and

left. Other ladies, arguing from the latent vanity in man, would insist upon the Crest. Bodies of ladies made application to the publisher, who maintained the good repute of his craft in keeping his secret, and was not to be seduced, and increased the mystery.

'Thou that thinkest thyself adored,' says THE PILGRIM'S SCRIP, 'O Fool! it is not Thou she loveth, but the Difficulty.'

To manifest the truth in which . . .

One adventurous fair one [person] betook herself to the Herald's College, and there, after immense labour, ascertained that a Griffin between two Wheatsheaves, [which stood on the title-page of the book,] formed the crest of Sir Austin Absworthy Bearne Feverel, Baronet, of Raynham Abbey, in a certain Western county folding Thames: a man of wealth and honour, and a somewhat lamentable history.

The discovery of a Secret implies no obligation to retain it; and the lady in question treated her capture as a prisoner of war, whom, like Tamerlane, she exhibited in a cage to her friends: that is, it was shared with them, and was presumed to belong to her: but they, considering a Secret to be of so rich an essence that it can only be enjoyed diluted, had also their confidences, and the Secret soon broke through its solemn bars, and evaporated in soft whispers, by which in the end Sir Austin Feverel, much to his amazement, became famous as the Griffin, and learnt what it was to give Woman a clue.

The Baronet became famous, and tasted the fruits of celebrity. His breakfast-table grew odoriferous with dainty notes from fair correspondents, deploring their non-intimacy, and begging the favour of a Copy of his Beautiful Book, while remonstrating humbly against the severity of his judgment pronounced on a sex, which, whatever its shortcomings, could, and did, reverence a Sage. Showers of the enthusiastic rose-pink descended

on Raynham. One lady addressed the Aphorist as England's Christian La Rochefoucauld. One went so far as to propose herself to him as An Uncorrupted Eve: and there is no knowing what a disinherison of Posterity may have sprung from his persistent evasion of their pointed flatteries. For he was a soured Adam whom not even an uncorrupted Eve might tempt.

'We live and learn,' said the Baronet to young Adrian Harley, his nephew and intimate; 'but it is odd that, when we whip her, Madam should love us the more.'

'You have propounded it frequently, Sir,' replied that clever youth, 'in the GREAT SHADDOCK DOGMA.' (For so, on account of its constant and ungenerous citation of the primal slip in Paradise, Adrian chose to entitle THE PILGRIM'S SCRIP.) 'You say:

"Woman when she wrestles for supremacy with every one she encounters, is but seeking her Master."

"She's a Tyrant till she's reduced to bondage, and a rebel till she's well beaten. She worships strength, whether of the physique or of the intellect, and likes to feel it. Poet, Philosopher, or Athlete come not amiss to her; and could she get the three in one——"

'Ay, then,' Sir Austin took him up, 'farewell Duty! Women are born Pagans, ever on the look-out for material Gods!'

'Whom, if they can't discover, they create!' added Adrian. 'Witness many a gentle joy of an ass. To be distinguished by Woman is to wear Bully Bottom's Garland.'

'Preserve me from that!' exclaimed the Baronet, shuddering devoutly.

His own written enunciations were adverse to his chances of escape, and Adrian capitulated them:

"Man is the speculative animal: Woman the practical."

‘Wherefore :

“‘Tempt her not to swear to her soul she will have thee—thou art lost !”’

But he had written a book; he had made himself an object: Miss Blewins was in the field; the lean, the long-nosed, the accomplished, the literary: Miss Joy Blewins, sister to the aforesaid, was in the field; the half-man, who cut her hair short, and parted it on the left side: Lady Blandish was in the field; the fairest sweetest sensible widow ever seen, a dead shot with her eyes, when she used them: The Hon. Mrs. Breakyeline was in the field; who had in her time plunged through countless ethical hedges and ditches, without apparent discomfiture to her muslin. A dozen emulous young persons in, or just out of, pinafores, swift runners, had taken the field. Half the number of habituated old ones were there, formidable with experience and wigs. Poetesses, authoresses, heiresses, were there. In the field, too, was Mrs. M’Murphy, an Irish Giantess, who made a point of asking directly of men whatever she wanted; terrible to deal with! Mrs. Cashentire, a banker’s wife, who behaved as if she had been his relict: Lady Attenbury, who followed the fashion: Lastly, Camilla Durvergey, the fastest young woman of the day. All these female harriers were in the field prepared to give chase to the Griffin.

Miss Blewins said, he must be converted to a nobler conception of the Dignity of Woman, and her Mission.

Mrs. M’Murphy averred, ‘she should be dis’pinted if she didn’t marr’ him,’ and, hearing that he was already married, shrieked ‘Ow’; for which the Hon. Mrs. Breakyeline sneered at her, and scandalously declared, he was still to be had: but Lady Blandish, and Lady Attenbury, were neighbours of his, and knew that the game was scarce tractable.

In pursuance of their resolve, the hardiest of these terrible persecutors announced their intention of coming down to Raynham to sit at Gamaliel's feet and drink of wisdom from its course [? source].

'What am I to do?' cried the unhappy Griffin, when the news reached him.

'Hire a Boy and a Mantle, Sir. I see nothing else for it,' said Adrian.

The Baronet stroked his brow, as if he already felt Bully Bottom's Garland.

'But when they have read my opinion of them,' he exclaimed fretfully, 'what do they want with me?'

'That's it,' Adrian remarked. 'They want to change it. Sheba once made a far journey!'

Solomon shook his head.

The ladies were true to their threat. Miss Blewins, the long-nosed, the literary, was the first to arrive. Her followed the short-haired Joy, the half-man. Then came Mrs. Cashentire, succeeded by the bony big Celt, and the swift Camilla, and nameless worshippers, who all introduced themselves, and claimed admittance, on the strength of their admiration of THE PILGRIM'S SCRIP.

Sir Austin did his best to receive them graciously, and his sister, Mrs. Doria Forey, the female Head of his House, kept her eyes in wakeful watch on them. They came, and did not go. They formed a Court about him; listening to him eagerly, and sighing at his inveterate conclusions: hoping higher things of Woman, and meekly combating till they fell. A Tournament was held nightly.

Miss Blewins, the long-nosed, the literary, elected herself spokeswoman, and held the post in spite of vehement obstructions from Mrs. M'Murphy.

'Oh, Sir Austin,' she ejaculated, 'it is surely our Education which causes us to shine at such a disadvan-

tage! You make dolls of us! puppets! Are we not something—something more?’

‘Aren’t we yer mothers?’ shouts the M‘Murphy.

‘Are we not delegated to a higher office in conjunction with Man?’ continued the Maiden, heedless of the vulgar interruption. ‘Is it only for our beauty you take us?’ And she lifted her length of nose pathetically.

‘You compel us,’ stammered Miss Joy, who knew the sequence.

‘You compel us,’ Miss Blewins caught her by the skirt, ‘you compel us to lean on our acquirements utterly, and you wonder that Woman, deprived of inner life, is found wanting in moral self-support!’

This was not going to the root of the matter. The Baronet would smile in pity, and put a case to her.

‘A Woman, Madam, the sole representative of her sex! Suppose her upon an Island peopled by nothing but men.——’

‘Horrut!’ the M‘Murphy howls, and the exclamation was repeated in English by the whole Court.

‘I ask you,’ he calmly resumed, ‘to accord me your candid opinion how that woman would be treated, even though the men were hinds—all but savages?’

The Court mutely consulted, and Miss Blewins was approved in observing, that she really did honestly think that the single representative of her sex would—shocking as her situation must be deemed—be treated with due respect, and esteem, if not with reverence, nay, worship!

Then the ladies, warming to the notion, cried out with one voice, that it would be delightful! that she would be a Queen, a Priestess among them. Numbers pined for such a fate. The swift Camilla vowed she never should be happy till she reigned in that blissful Island.

‘Good!’ said Sir Austin. ‘And now reverse the case. Conceive an Island peopled by Women, and but one

Man in their Society: tossed there, say, by shipwreck.—Hem!’ and the Aphorist looked arch. ‘What course of treatment might that one Man anticipate at their hands?’

Silence, and abashed blushes, and smothered silver laughter, received this second Supposition. How indeed would he be treated? To which of the ladies would he belong? A shipwrecked mariner is not easily made a Priest of; and if they crowned him King, the prime consideration still remained at issue—to whom would he belong? He must belong to some one of them! The Court was split. A few ladies faintly maintained that he would be prudently impounded till such time as they could make suitable use of him, and despatch him in safety, sound of limb, from the Isle. Lady Blandish, too, suggested the present instance of an Aphorist, and a hostile one, alone in their company, and undamaged, she hoped: and Miss Blewins desperately attempted to claim the triumph of the illustration for Woman; inasmuch as it was admitted, that Woman would leaven the male mass by her presence, whereas a feminine community, hitherto smiling and uncorrupt, was, by the inauspicious sea-gift of one of the opposite sex, depraved. It was barely necessary that Sir Austin should expose her as a sophist, to stride victorious through the field. A Majority of the ladies, headed by Mrs. M’Murphy, who was very outspoken about the claims she should put forth to the Man, let it be seen that in their gentle bosoms they believed that unfortunate male would fare sadly, if he did not ultimately suffer the fate of a celebrated mythic Singer. Torn in pieces! was the all but unanimous Verdict on the Wretch. There was no Chivalry in Woman. So these ladies confessed. Her spirit of appropriation was too strong!

That some great things are done without design, and

that certain wonderful victories may be found more costly than a defeat, it were loss of time to insist upon. The ladies who formed the Court at Raynham had doubtless no conspiracy to succumb to the insult of the SHADDOCK DOGMA, thereby to ensnare and make foolish its pronouncer; and the Baronet assuredly entertained no idea that an uninterrupted career of logical conquest endangered his stability. He thought, naturally, that the more he overthrew her in argument, the safer his position. Nevertheless, he was melting to Woman. Woman appreciated his Aphorisms, and Man did not. That was possibly a reason. When the inferior creature appreciates us, we cease to despise her. When the inferior creature acknowledges her fault, she is already rising in the scale. She exhibits Intelligence; she gives proof of Humility; two excellent bases for the building of a better hope for her. The change was insensible in Sir Austin; a work of months and years. He was surrounded by an admiring circle of sweet women, and against the charm of their society what Shaddock Dogmatist, however soured and reluctant, can hold out lastingly? It is an opposite extreme of the peril of entire abstraction from them, which has ruined renowned Saints, who had trusted that way to solve man's problem. Sir Austin's state was nearly as precarious as Saint Anthony's. The vision of a single young woman is said to have overcome the inflammable Monk: twenty of these were now besetting our fire-proof Baronet. The fact of a Shaddock Dogmatist resisting them to any extent, may account for his being so pertinaciously pursued. Be it said, for the honour of the sex, Women esteem not easy game. Adonis is wished for his beauty, and Lovelace for his naughty character: but Beauty and Wickedness, though desirable, are small deer. It is the rank misogynist, who flees them, whom they hunt down as far as he will

go. Him they regard as the noble stag of the forest, and to catch him they disencumber themselves of many garments retained in a common chase.

From THE PILGRIM'S SCRIP, it was clear that Sir Austin knew them mighty hunters: as thus:

'The Amazon cut off a breast to battle: How will not Woman disfigure and unsex herself to gain her end?'

And further, mournfully:

'To withstand them, must we first annihilate our Mothers within us: die half!'

The poor gentleman, seriously believing Woman to be a Mistake, had long been trying to do so. Had he succeeded, he would have died his best half, for his mother was strong in him. The very acridity of the Aphorisms, the GREAT SHADDOCK DOGMA itself, sprang from wounded softness, not from hardness. It may be that the unerring scent of the hounds in pursuit told them this. One who really despised them had left them in peace.

Beyond dispute, Sir Austin must have fallen a prey to them, and they were to have added a Griffin to their Zoological Garden of tributaries: the greater his æsthetic, the more positive their earthy, triumphs: and he might say, 'If I fall, I fall perforce of spiritual superiority, for they can but tempt my baser nature, and were they to rise to me, there would be no jeopardy.' He must have been ultimately betrayed by his softness, but, as often happens, he was fully armed at his weakest point; namely, the heart. He had a son, and his heart was filled by him. He had a son, and he was incubating a System.

To the Son, and to the System, the stranger ladies of the Court were introduced. In the former, they beheld a handsome, graceful, boy, not unlike other boys, but looking the pick of them. The latter was a puzzle.

Sir Austin explained it in his Aphoristic fashion.

'Sin is an alien element in our blood. 'Tis the Apple-

Disease with which Nature has striven since Adam. To treat Youth as naturally sinful, is, therefore, false, and bad; as it is bad, and false, to esteem it radically pure. We must consider that we have forfeited Paradise, but were yet grown there.

'Belonging, then, by birth to Paradise, our tendency should even be towards it: allowing no lower standard than its Perfection.

'The Triumph of man's intellect, the proof of his power, is to make the Serpent who inhabits us fight against himself, till he is destroyed.

'My son possesses Pride, say. Human Pride is a well-adjusted mixture of Good and Evil. Well; it tempts him to conceive that he is more than his fellows. Let it, as it can, lift him to *be* more than his fellows, and at once he will cease to conceive it: the fight will have been fought: the Devil will be dead.

'For this is our divine consolation: that Evil may be separated from Good: but Good cannot be separated from Evil: the Devil may, the Angel will not, be driven out from us. A truly good man is possible upon Earth: a thoroughly bad man is not possible. This you admit?'

The poor ladies murmured, that they admitted it. Man! Man! Man! they began to feel in their souls a dreadful antagonism to Man.

'Well!' and the Baronet sententiously pursued.

He did right to preach to women: men would not have listened to him. As it was, Miss Joy Blewins, and Mrs. M'Murphy, were restive.

The gist of the System set forth: That a Golden Age, or something near it, might yet be established on our sphere, when fathers accepted their solemn responsibility, and studied human nature with a Scientific eye, knowing what a high Science it is, to live: and that, by hedging round the Youth from corruptness, and at the same time

promoting his animal health, by helping him to grow, as he would, like a Tree of Eden; by advancing him to a certain moral fortitude ere the Apple-Disease was spontaneously developed, there would be seen something approaching to a perfect Man, as the Baronet trusted to make this one Son of his, after a receipt of his own.

What he exactly meant by the Apple-Disease, he did not explain: nor did the ladies ask for an explanation. Intuitively they felt hot when it was mentioned.

Miss Blewins said the idea was very original.

‘A gigantic task!’ said Mrs. Cashentire.

‘It’s more than ye’ll do though. Take my word for it,’ said the M’Murphy, and the Hon. Mrs. Breakyeline vowed, ‘She liked a man to be a man.’ She was evidently not the Uncorrupted Eve.

But whatever folly there was in the System, it saved its author for a while, at least, and cleansed his Court of such ladies as had come there for a lower motive than the Adoration of Wisdom. The swift Camilla wished she could have waited for the youth. She could not, she declared, and retired, followed in her secession by the M’Murphy, who plainly told Sir Austin, that, now young men had got the taste for Apples, they would bite at them. Others departed to combat the GREAT SHADDOCK DOGMA in books, and justify it by their acts. The System was left with a few occasionally-visiting old Maids, and eccentric wives, and the neighbouring fair Widow Blandish, to work itself out, and then was peace again at Raynham Abbey.

CHAPTER II.—A GLIMPSE BEHIND THE MASK

FAME, the chief retainer of distinguished families, has first sounded the origin of the Feverels where their line

of Ancestry blossoms with a Baronet; and Rumour, the profane vagabond, who will not take service in any respectable household, whispers that he was a Villain. At all events, for this proud race, behind his dazzling appearance sits Darkness and democratic Adam, and they cling to him as an ark of pure aristocracy. Sir Pylcher Feverel, they will tell you, assuming a Norman air to deliver it, spelt his name (or meant to spell it) Fiervarelle; a name hearing which you seem to hear a trumpet blown remote, from the Conqueror's ranks, in the morning, in the mists, over Pevensey: youthful Feverels of the latest generation have been known to challenge the Saxon towards the same hour, by announcing themselves as formidably. This luminous Knight (still to follow the traditions of the family, for the sake of avoiding a challenge), having quarters on the Welsh frontier, mixed his blood with the royal blood ap Gruffudh: from whose fair Princess the Welsh estates were inherited, and who must at the same time have endowed them with that Cymric tinge to their habits and mental cast observable in the fortunes of the race. At what period they quitted Cheshire and settled upon Thames is matter of family controversy, and History, unable to decide, has declined to speak on the point. They were great on their pedigree, and held that an old Baronetcy is worth any new Dukedom, and that good blood is Heaven's first-gift. Occasionally in its downward course the blood branched into many channels: and again it shrunk into one. Sir Caradoc Feverel, the predecessor of Sir Austin, was an only son; twice, it was said, on the verge of death before he had a successor, and then they came in numbers. There was a Mrs. Malediction in the House (bequeathed by the great Sir Pylcher). Often had she all but cut them off from their old friend, Time, and they revived again. Whether it

was the Apple-Disease, or any other, strong constitutions seemed struggling in them with some peculiar malady. Of course, members of the family were foremost in spilling loyal blood on Marston Moor, that great field of phlebotomy to so many Cavaliers. With the increase of their wealth, owing to the discovery of mineral treasures on their ap Gruffudh grounds, they sank into quiescent Tories, and spent the better portion of their time in essays at Agriculture and Park-planting at home, while abroad they did battle on behalf of Protection.

The house they lived in, called an Abbey from some tradition of its site, was a heterogeneous architectural jumble, which nevertheless presented a generous front to a broad westward valley of green pastures, fruitful tillage, and a pure-flowing wave; and seen from the river, on its platform of green sward, backed by lofty pines, and flanked with beechwoods midway down a hillocky roll of grass, that ended in flat rich meadows extending to the river-side, deserved some better title than that of Raynham Ramshackle, as the Papworths, old political antagonists of the Feverels, delighted to term it. A child, with two perpendicular lines and one horizontal, could have designed the mansion of Sir Miles Papworth, shining down the valley, towards Lobourne; and a child, too, might have designed Sir Miles, and accurately sketched him when it drew a round impending upon a round of exaggerated girth, from which two stumpy down-strokes stuck forth to prop the fabric. Sir Miles was a Saxon born and bred, and (though not consequently) a Whig. He was a mature specimen of modern England's vaunted race: or let us say, the vaunted race of modern England's novelists. He was the heroic grain they cut types from. In his youth he had amassed good muscle, and sank down on it, in his decline, to drink Port. Prosperous, pig-headed, and just in proportion: bald and

rubicund: corpulent, hearty, and bandy: a domestic despot, a staunch subject, a fair-dealing father, a foe to innovation and ideas, a devoted worshipper of himself against the world, this old hero was the contrast of the Head of the Fiervarelles, and fought the Battle of Hastings with him more than once, and beat him on one field. Sir Austin was unhappy in his Marriage, and Sir Miles, entrenched in a well-drilled, many-childed, timid little shadow of a wife, vastly enjoyed his social advantage over the lord of Raynham. Not to have mastered a woman, he thought the meanest confession a man could make, and, apart from political feud, he had no pity for his wretched rival Baronet, though, between his port, he vented much damnable condolence. THE PILGRIM'S SCRIP he held in contempt, being an admirer of Woman, whom, he said, he never had any difficulty in understanding. His way of reading them was decidedly straightforward. On the field of politics, he had to lay down his arms to Sir Austin. Feverel was the richer man, and the County was agricultural and Tory. Hence their dissension. The battle was well-fought, and, though beaten, the Saxon did not give in: but he was no match for the Conqueror's Cook. The strategy of Raynham's Dining-hall overpowered him. Of that hall, at least, the Papworths could say nothing derogatory without betraying miserable envy. Jolly farmers had sighed in it; influential tradesmen with a taste for land, had there been kindled into high enthusiasm for the Old Blood. The legs of devoted plumpers had grown weak under Raynham's famous mahogany, and their heads strong. Sir Austin's Cook thrice returned him to Parliament.

The Dining-hall had been closed seven years when THE PILGRIM'S SCRIP appeared: closed seldom to hear revel again. There at one end drooped two mouldy

standards, wrung from the foeman by a Feverel on the battle-field: between them a Golden Torque set in a frame, said to have belonged once to a warrior of the ap Gruffudh. A sense of cobwebs and the reign of the spider hung about its heavy oak-carvings. The music of glasses, the laughter of freemen, was dumb there. The place seemed to have forgotten how once within the jovial four walls Britons had been touched to the quick by great wines, shrewd dishes! how whiskers had been widened by the grin!

In those days Sir Austin Feverel was thought a royal man, and was in a fair way to be beloved. He was frank and warm with his friends; generous to the poor, and above all, delicate with them, who have the keenest instinct for a gentleman, and venerated him accordingly. When his disaster befell him, and his home was suddenly desolate, it was as though his tree of life had shrunk under a blight. He shut himself up as he did his Dining-hall; relinquished Parliament, and bade a mute adieu to Ambition. People were astonished at the utter change wrought in so apparently proud and self-reliant a man: but old folks, that knew the family, said, they expected it some day or other. It was in the blood, they said: Sir Caradoc, his father, was a strange hand, and so was his father, Sir Algernon, before him: they were all sure to turn out a little wrong some day or other. And the old folks tapped their foreheads meaningly.

Sir Austin also came to their conclusion, that it was in his blood; a superstition he had aforetime smiled at. He had regarded his father, Sir Caradoc, as scarce better than a madman when he spoke of a special Ordeal for their race; and when, in his last hour (the sails of the knightly bark then loosening to the night wind on the fast-ebbing tide), the old Baronet caught his elder son's hand, and desired him to be forewarned, Austin had,

while bowing respectfully, wondered that Reason was not vouchsafed to his parent at that supreme instant. From the morning hills of existence he beheld a clear horizon. He was no sooner struck hard than Sir Caradoc's words smote him like a revelation. He believed that a curse was in his blood; a poison of Retribution, which no life of purity could expel; and grew, perhaps, more morbidly credulous on the point than his predecessor: speaking of the Ordeal of the Feverels, with sonorous solemnity, as a thing incontrovertibly foredecreed to them. Vainly his friends argued, that men commonly calculated on wounds and bruises, and were not disappointed. Sir Austin, strong in the peculiar sharpness of the sting darted into him, held that there was an entire distinction in their lot: that other men were tried by puny ailments; were not searched and shaken by one tremendous shock, as of a stroke of Heaven's lightning. He indicated that the Fates and Furies were quite as partial as Fortune. Stricken Pride, and a feverish blood, made him seek consolation in this way.

The outline of the baronet's story was by no means new. He had a wife, and he had a friend. His marriage was for love; his wife was a beauty; his friend was a [sort of] poet. Sir Austin Feverel did nothing by halves. His wife had his whole heart, and his friend all his confidence. When he selected Denzil Somers from among his college chums, it was not on account of any similarity of disposition between them, but from his intense worship of genius, which made him overlook the absence of principle in his associate for the sake of such brilliant promise. Denzil had a small patrimony to lead off with, but [and] that he dissipated before he left College; and thenceforth he was dependent upon his admirer, with whom he lived, filling a nominal post of bailiff to the estates, and launching forth verse of some satiric and sentimental quality; for being inclined to vice,

and occasionally, [and] in a quiet way, practising it, he was of course a sentimentalist and a satirist, entitled to lash the Age, and complain of human nature. His earlier poems, published under the pseudonym of Diaper Sandoe, were so pure and bloodless in their love passages, and at the same time so biting in their moral tone, that his reputation was great among the virtuous, who form the larger portion of the English book-buying public. Election-seasons called him to ballad-poetry on behalf of the Tory party, and lines of his on 'Sir Miles Paunch,' adapted to the dialect of the County (wherein two Countrymen meet to discuss the nation's affairs, and contend, in iambics, one, that all goes wrong for want of a Head in Parliament—a clear allusion to the Feverel faction—the other, that the country labours lacking Paunch there—grotesquely describing the Papworth minority—and the arguments of the two end in a fight, when the Head-man finishes by doubling-up the Paunch-man), appealed triumphantly to popular British humour, and shared in routing the Saxon at the hustings. Diaper possessed undoubted fluency, but did little, though Sir Austin was ever expecting much of him.

A pale, languishing, inexperienced woman, whose husband in mental and in moral stature is more than the ordinary height above her, and who, now that her first romantic admiration of his lofty bearing has worn off, and her little fretful [fretful little] refinements of taste and sentiment are not instinctively responded to, is thrown into no wholesome household collision with a fluent man, fluent in prose and rhyme. Lady Feverel, when she first entered on her duties at Raynham, was jealous of her husband's friend, and moved the very foundation-stones of the house to get his dismissal; ineffectually: Sir Austin reasoned with her,—an insult in such cases, as a woman knows, and that she does not pardon. Diaper remained, and led his old

chrysalis life from which he was some day to emerge a resplendent butterfly. Good cellars, choice company, a house in town, pocket-money at command, one may believe (Sir Austin did) that it was not he who sought the ruin, and courted temptation. *By degrees the lady [she] tolerated him. In time he touched his guitar in her chamber, and they played Rizzio and Mary together.*

*'For I am not the first who found
The name of Mary fatal !'*

says a subsequent sentimental alliterative love-poem of Diaper's.

Such was the outline of the story. But the baronet could fill it up. He had opened his soul to these two. He had been noble Love to the one, and to the other perfect Friendship. He had bid them be brother and sister whom he loved, and live a Golden Age with him at Raynham. In fact, he had been prodigal of the excellences of his nature, which it is not good to be, and, like Timon, he became bankrupt, and fell upon bitterness.

'Didn't he expect his luck?' cried Sir Miles.

The old Saxon understood women, he did. And he affirmed that the best way to continue their warm admirer was to keep the bit well in their mouths, and lay on the whip now and then. They laugh who win. His wife was a faithful woman.

The faithless lady was of no particular family ; an orphan daughter of an admiral who educated her on his half-pay, and her conduct struck but at the man whose name she bore.

After five years of marriage, and twelve of friendship, Sir Austin was left to his loneliness with nothing to ease his heart of love upon save a little baby boy in a cradle. He forgave the man : he put him aside as poor for his wrath. The woman he could not forgive ; she had sinned every

way. Simple ingratitude to a benefactor was a pardonable transgression, for he was not one to recount and crush the culprit under the heap of his good deeds. But her he had raised to be his equal, and he judged her as his equal. She had blackened the world's fair aspect for him.

In the presence of that world, so different to him now, he preserved his wonted demeanour, and made his features a flexible mask. Mrs. Doria Forey, his widowed sister, said [that] Austin might have retired from his Parliamentary career for a time, and given up gaieties and that kind of thing; her opinion, founded on observation of him in public and private, was, that the light thing that [who] had taken flight was but a feather on her brother's Feverel-heart, and his ordinary course [of life] would be resumed. There are times when common men cannot bear the weight of just so much. Hippias Feverel [one of his brothers,] thought him immensely improved by his misfortune, if the loss of such a person could be so designated; and seeing that Hippias received in consequence free quarters at Raynham, and possession of the wing of the Abbey she had inhabited, it is profitable to know his thoughts. If the baronet had given two or three blazing dinners in the great hall he would have deceived people generally, as he did his relations [relatives] and intimates. He was too sick for that: fit only for passive acting.

A stern cold man, it was said: touched in his Pride—nowhere but there.

The nursemaid waking in the night beheld a solitary figure darkening a lamp above her little sleeping charge, and became so used to the sight as never to wake with a start. One night she was strangely aroused by a sound of sobbing. The baronet stood beside the cot in his long black cloak and travelling cap. His fingers shaded a lamp, and reddened against the fitful darkness that ever and anon went leaping up the wall. She could hardly believe her

senses to see the austere gentleman, dead silent, dropping tear upon tear before her eyes. She lay stone-still in a trance of terror and mournfulness, mechanically counting the tears as they fell, one by one. The hidden face, the fall and flash of those heavy drops in the light of the lamp he held, the upright, awful figure, agitated at regular intervals like a piece of clockwork by the low murderous catch of his breath : it was so painfully piteous to her poor human nature that her heart began wildly palpitating. Involuntarily the poor girl cried out to him, 'Oh, sir !' and fell a-weeping. Sir Austin turned the lamp on her pillow, and harshly bade her go to sleep, striding from the room forthwith.

To express sympathy for a Feverel during his Ordeal, was a grave misdemeanour : to surprise the Head of the family unmanned was a mortal offence. Dian was not more chastely jealous of her bath, than Sir Austin of the moment when his knightly chainmail was removed, and his heart stood bare.

Poor Polly Actæon was summoned to the Baronet's study next morning, and was shortly afterwards deported from the Abbey by his man, like a guilty thing whose touch to the rest of the inmates was contagion : her cheeks in a deluge, and a seal on her mouth. [*He dismissed her with a purse the next day.*]

CHAPTER III.—MRS. MALEDICTION

ON one occasion in the year, the old Hall tried to know itself again. The logs blazed, and the table was laid to celebrate young Richard's birthday. October summoned every connection of the Feverels to this festivity. The boy's uncles, Algernon, the Guardsman, Cuthbert, the sailor, Vivian, the diplomatist and beau, made a point

of coming, for not to be present on that great day of the golden month, was to encounter a cold eye and a colder forefinger when they at other times required the Baronet's consideration and an order on his Bankers. Hippias was always on the spot, prepared to drink anybody's health. The ladies of the family were likewise assembled. Notwithstanding their good will in seconding the gentlemen, it was a frigid feast. Sir Austin sat in the presence of a Phantom. He brightened after dinner, as the young heir was trotted in to hear himself toasted. Possibly that was his one happy moment of the year. Mr. Justice Harley, the husband of a Feverel, proposed the toast; supported by Colonel Wentworth, another husband of a Feverel. The ladies smiled, nodded, and kissed the boy. The Baronet drank him solemnly exuberant. Then a glass of wine is poured out for Master Richard, and his father's one happy moment is over.

'You have given him port, Algernon,' he says. 'I think it not good for him.'

'Better accustom him to the best at once,' pleads Algernon.

'A little mulled claret, very weak,' the Baronet suggests.

'Deprave his young taste?' cries Vivian.

'Let it be half water,' the Baronet falters.

'Worst thing for his health!' growls Hippias, deep in his second bottle.

Sir Austin still hesitating, Mr. Justice Harley cites a Greek proverb, pointing out the deadliness of water to the soul: Colonel Wentworth comes down on him with a camp-couplet sparkling with the virtues of the pure vintage: minor cousins and remote Feverels raise a hum of supplication for the little gaping fellow. Simultaneously Vivian and Cuthbert announce, that they expect to be thanked in form, and that it's only once a year.

'Only once a year!' echo the ladies. 'Only one glass!' and those born Pagans carry the day. The wine is applied to little Ricky's mouth, who sucks and sucks, winking fearful satisfaction under his father's alarmed eyes, and coughing violently halfway down the glass, which fortunate interposition rescues him from the remaining portion; every Feverel declaring that he does it like a man: whereupon the young heir is kissed half out of his scarlet frock by the women, and, after giving an honest fist to the men all round, and an embrace to his father, marches off to bed, and stomach-ache.

It may be conceived, that while Sir Austin could hesitate and permit himself to be overborne in his judgment of what was good for his son, his System was not yet ripe.

In fact, it grew as the boy grew. On Richard's seventh birthday, it was excited to some definite shape, and was not so pliable. The members of the family were at breakfast with little Richard, and Sir Austin had joked his brother-in-law Wentworth on his habit of excessive early rising, as his man had seen the Colonel coming across the Park, apparently from the village, at six in the morning: to which the Colonel carelessly replied, that he could not sleep, and the matter was passing off, when Ricky cries out: 'Oh, Papa! and I couldn't sleep, too! Oh, you know, I was dreaming all night long! And first I dreamed I was a ship sailing on the sea, like Nurse sings. And then I dreamed I was a bird, and flew, and felt so funny—just here,' traversing his birthday diaphragm with a finger. 'And then I dreamed—what was it? Oh! up I started in bed, and there was a beautiful lady! beautifuller than my nurse, or you, or you, or you,' pointing to his aunts, 'and she kissed me.'

Sir Austin had listened with a pleased attention to

his boy's prattle. The mention of the Lady changed his face.

'Kissed you, my child?' he asked anxiously.

'Yes, Papa. On the forehead—here.'

The Baronet turned sharply to his sister. 'Have they been talking to him of ghosts?'

'Certainly not,' replied Mrs. Doria. 'They dared not. I think you had better let it drop, before the children.'

Sir Austin held back his son, as the other young ones flew forth to their games, and took him to a window.

'Kissed you, my son? Where?'

'Here, Papa.' The boy touched the centre of his forehead.

'And what then? what did she do then?'

'I don't remember any more, Papa. I was so sleepy.'

'You are sure she did not speak to you, my son?'

'Oh, yes, Papa! quite sure of that.'

Little Richard had spoken what he knew, but observing an inquiring hesitation linger in his father's eyes, and loath to let it go unsatisfied, he drew upon his imagination instantly, and began to pour forth what he now remembered the Lady next did, and next did, with astounding readiness. 'And then she stood me up in bed, and said, I could kiss you all to rags, you darling pet—how you're growing! And she said, If I had you with me, wouldn't you have nice things. And told me she would give me a pony, a better one than you're going to give me, Papa—all white, with a spot between his eyes, and a silver bit, and a gold bridle. And he's called Prince Jack!'

Sir Austin listened credulously to it all, and was only persuaded to let the child follow his playmates, by Mrs. Doria's impetuous assurance that he was ruining his son.

'Can you not perceive, Austin,' she said, 'you are teaching him to invent?'

‘Helen!’ returned the Baronet, ‘what he has seen, has been seen in this house before, and is not a good omen. I do not perhaps altogether believe in supernatural visitations. Call it an optical delusion. It is in the habit of coming to us when something is about to happen.’

Master Richard threw gallons of cold water on the pleasures of the day by his morning’s eloquence, and had his enjoyments thwarted at every turn. His uncle Cuthbert had proposed to take him for a sail on the river. A peremptory message arrived just as they were getting ready, that the boy was on no account to go on the water. His tears were dried by the promise of a ride on horseback with his uncle Vivian, and the horse was brought round, Vivian in the saddle, and the boy just being lifted up to him, when Sir Austin appeared, and forbade it, to the grief and rage of the poor little fellow. Then he was to have fired off with his own hand some beautiful pieces of small brass cannon, his uncle Algernon’s birthday present, and again his father was on the spot, and would only allow him to take hold of Algernon’s coat-skirt while the match was applied. On the cricketing field, whither he went later in the day, to witness the match played by the lads of Lobourne, with his uncle Algernon, against the lads of Bursley, and a terrible-swift bowler, his temper was so put to it that he exhibited the gravest sign of a precocious intelligence: he swore. He had requested the favour of an ice: but was begged by his father to consider that it would not agree with him. He petitioned for a cake, and Reason again stepped forward, like a detestable friend, to ask him to withstand his inclinations till dinner-time. Ricky bore it. He was in that calm mood when the cup is full. Now fell a Lobourne-wicket to Bursley’s terrible-swift bowler, and, amid cheers from the spectators, Captain Algernon Feverel shouldered his bat, and

leisurely strode to his innings, the Hope of Lobourne. He was settling his preliminaries (the most important of which seemed to be to attain the extreme salient posture of his manly person in the eyes of the ladies), when a messenger reached Sir Austin, and spoke a few words to him, who now, jogging his son's hand, said in a cheerful voice: 'Come along, my son! the Doctor is waiting for us.'

'The Doctor!' exclaimed sweet Lady Blandish, standing by with her old lord not yet gone. 'Whatever can the dear boy want with a Doctor?'

'He is seven years old to-day, Madam,' replied Sir Austin. 'I wish him to be examined medically from head to foot, that I may be sure he is physically sound for his second seven-years' march, as he is morally promising.'

The Baronet smiled down on his son, and beheld a cloud not at all morally promising on the brows of him.

'Come!' he said.

'No!' cried Richard, releasing his hand.

'Come!' his father repeated, while his brows went up. Richard fell back sullenly.

'I desire you to come, my boy,' said his father, with the gentle severity of a last command.

And the young seven-year-old, wrought to the furthest pitch of endurance, stamped his foot, and flushed, as he cried, looking his father full in the face, 'I won't! Damned if I do!'

Of course, he had to go; but when he came back, approved robust, he was covered with the caresses of the field, and enjoyed an enraptured hug from Lady Blandish; the lady provoking thereby those reflections in *THE PILGRIM'S SCRIP*, 'On the Popularity of the Forbidden Fruit, and the preference we have for it, provided an Innocent offer it us.'

Little Ricky returned from his Examination in time to witness the catastrophe of the day. His Uncle Algernon was still in, batting gloriously: his elegant figure and fine legs deservedly admired by the ladies. A shot from Bursley's terrible-swift bowler took him on the forward thigh, and he was seen limping towards the tents with considerable lack of grace, and a ruefully animated expression. Dr. Clifford of Lobourne was present, and perused the bruise. He had him conveyed immediately to the house, where, towards night, it was debated whether there was to be a leg less in the family, as was soon the case.

'Said I not, Something would happen?' remarked Sir Austin, not altogether dissatisfied.

'Oh, confound Mrs. Malediction!' Algernon groaned to Colonel Wentworth.

'You're as staunch a believer in her now as Austin,' said the Colonel. 'It's true that the boy did see a woman.'

'What woman?' asked Algernon.

'His mother!' replied the Colonel.

'Confound the women, then!' cried the poor one-legged Guardsman.

Colonel Wentworth did not make this revelation to Sir Austin, and the latter from that day incorporated a little of his superstition with his System.

[Once, when he was seven years old, the little fellow woke up at night to see a lady bending over him. He talked of this the next day, but it was treated as a dream; until in the course of the day his uncle Algernon was driven home from Lobourne cricket-ground with a broken leg. Then it was recollected that there was a family ghost; and, though no member of the family believed in the ghost, none would have given up a circumstance that testified to its existence; for to possess a ghost is a distinction above titles.]

CHAPTER IV.—THE INMATES OF RAYNHAM ABBEY

RICHARD'S Uncles pass out of his history after the sacrifice of a leg for him. [*Algernon Feverel lost his leg, and ceased to be a gentleman in the Guards. Of the other uncles of young Richard,*] Cuthbert, the sailor, perished in a spirited boat expedition against a slaving negro chief up the Niger. Some of the gallant lieutenant's trophies of war decorated the little boy's play-shed at Raynham, and he bequeathed his sword to Richard, whose hero he was. The diplomatist and beau, Vivian, ended his flutterings from flower to flower by making an improper marriage, as is the fate of many a beau, and was struck out of the list of visitors. Algernon generally occupied the baronet's disused town-house, a wretched being, dividing his time between horse and card exercise : possessed, it was said, of the absurd notion that a man who has lost his balance by losing his leg may regain it by sticking to the bottle. At least, whenever he and [his brother] Hippias got together, they never failed to try whether one leg, or two, stood the bottle best, and it was known that the ardour of the contest now and then put them both in a position not to require a balance. They were stout drinkers, and the primogenital cellars were not niggard of their stores. Much of a puritan as Sir Austin was in his habits, he was too good a host, and too thorough a gentleman, to impose them upon his guests. The brothers, and other relatives, might do as they would while they did not disgrace the name, and then it was final : they must depart to behold his countenance no more.

Algernon Feverel was a simple sort of man, who felt, subsequent to his misfortune, as he had perhaps dimly fancied it before, that his career lay in his legs, and was now irrevocably cut short. He taught the boy boxing, and shooting, and the arts of fence, and superintended the direction

of his animal vigour with a melancholy vivacity. The remaining energies of Algernon's mind were devoted to animadversions on swift bowling. He preached it over the county, struggling through laborious literary compositions, addressed to sporting newspapers, on the Decline of Cricket. In Adrian Harley's words, he bored everybody so that he took off the bales of Forbearance and knocked down the stumps of Patience. It was Algernon who witnessed and chronicled [young] Richard's first fight, a very plucky combat [which was] with young Tom Blaize of Belthorpe Farm, three years the boy's senior, whom, with the aid of Science, he defeated.

Hippias Feverel was once thought to be the genius of the family. It was his ill luck to have strong appetites and a weak stomach ; and, as one is not altogether fit for the battle of life who is engaged in a perpetual contention with his dinner, Hippias forsook his prospects at the Bar, and, in the embraces of dyspepsia, compiled his ponderous work on the Fairy Mythology of Europe. He had little to do with the Hope of Raynham beyond what he endured from his juvenile tricks.

A venerable lady, known as Great-Aunt Grantley, who had money to bequeath to the heir, and whom Adrian called The Eighteenth Century, occupied with Hippias the background of the house and shared her caudles with him. These two were seldom seen till the dinner-hour, for which they were all day preparing, and probably all night remembering, for the Eighteenth Century was an admirable trencherman, and cast age aside while there was a dish on the table.

Very much against her will, Mrs. Doria Forey, though the female head of the house, was not allowed to come to the fore, while the System was at work, as she would have done in any other establishment but that of the author of the PILGRIM'S SCRIP. She . . .

[Mrs. Doria Forey] was the elder [eldest] of the three

sisters of the baronet, a florid affable woman, with fine teeth, exceedingly fine light wavy hair, a Norman nose, and a reputation for understanding men ; which [and that,] with these practical creatures, always means the art of managing them. She had married an expectant younger son of a good family, who deceased before [the] fulfilment [of his prospects] ; and, casting about in her mind the future chances of her little daughter and sole child, Clare, she marked down a probability. And The far sight, the deep determination, the resolute perseverance of her sex, where a daughter is to be provided for and a man to be overthrown, instigated her to invite herself to Raynham, and [where,] with that daughter, she fixed herself there, to watch the System, and sap it. Not that she did not love her brother Austin ; she thought him an incomparable man, and tenderly pitied him : but that she deemed the System Nonsense : its interdict against the espousals of cousins, Nonsense : all experiments in education, Nonsense.

‘Women,’ says the PILGRIM’S SCRIP, ‘are, by nature, our staunchest Conservatives. We must look on them as the Bulwarks of Society.’

Which may, or may not, be true, but is surely in a manner complimentary, and was true in Mrs. Doria’s case. She had never forgiven Cromwell the execution of the Martyr Charles ; and to extenuate the conduct of the great Roundhead Captain, was to make Mrs. Doria despise and detest you, if you did not lie direct in her line of tactics for the time being : in which instance she would sigh, and deplore your mistake, and draw melting pictures of the sufferings of her Martyr, and ask you whether you had a heart. Adrian Harley, who sided with the Commonwealth, not from any sympathy, for he abjured politics, as a Wise Youth should, but for the pleasure of taking an adverse view, and to tease her,—

him she was, during the first period of her residence at Raynham, inclined for that sole reason to hate, till she perceived his influence with the Baronet, and then she said, lamenting for him, he had no heart: but Austin Wentworth, the Colonel's son, a Republican on principle, as true a Christian and kindly a spirit as ever walked the earth, who had small influence with the Baronet, she for her sole reason quite hated, and conscientiously damaged him wherever she could; not shrinking from frequent hints and amplifications of an unhappy story of the poor youth's, in support of the Cause of her Martyr; and it is certain that Mrs. Doria's constant insinuations made the Baronet look dubiously on one who was ever his son's best friend.

[The other two Feverel ladies were the wife of Colonel Wentworth and the widow of Mr. Justice Harley: and the only thing remarkable about them was that they were mothers of sons of some distinction.]

Austin [Wentworth]'s story was of that wretched character which to be comprehended, that justice should be dealt him, must be told out and openly; which no one dares now do.

For a fault in early youth, redeemed by him nobly, according to his light, he was condemned to undergo the world's harsh judgement: not for the fault—for its atonement.

'—Married his mother's housemaid,' whispered Mrs. Doria, with a ghastly look, and a shudder at Republicans [young men of republican sentiments, which he was reputed to entertain.]

And women gave the young man a cold shoulder. Marble-cold they can make that lovely feature of their persons, when they please; in a way unknown to men. What right had he, for a whim, for a folly, to destroy for ever his prospects?—and theirs. It was true, he was not rich. Still, he had an independence. And he was extremely presentable: fair-haired, with a smile sweet as

a woman's: gentle as a child: a face set with the seal of a courageous calm: so pure a face that looking on it you seemed to see into his soul. You could not mis-doubt him. And he had gone and ruined himself: married that creature! The world of women turned from him as from a blighted rose.

'The compensation for Injustice,' says the 'Pilgrim's Scrip,' 'is, that in that dark Ordeal we gather the worthiest around us.'

And [the baronet's fair friend], Lady Blandish, and some few true men and women, held Austin Wentworth high.

[He did not live with his wife; and Sir Austin, whose mind was bent on the future of our species, reproached him with being barren to posterity, while knaves were propagating.]

'He was, I think—I do not know—mistaken,' the fair widow pleaded for him to the Baronet, 'but I cannot cannot blame him. It is so rare to meet that nobleness in men.'

Her widow's privilege permitted her to distantly allude to the circumstances of the case.

Sir Austin was a man to estimate and welcome nobleness. He ranked it more, and it was made akin to him, than Intellect. Very different for young Richard would it have been had Austin taken his right place in the Baronet's favour: but Austin had offended against the Baronet's main crotchet: who said, in answer to Lady Blandish, that, to ally oneself randomly was to be guilty of a crime before Heaven greater than the offence it sought to extinguish; and he had heard that his nephew was the one seduced. Wherefore he was doubly foolish; a thing in Sir Austin's opinion, he said, almost equal to depravity.

'Think, Madam,' he argued, 'think of the children.'

'There may be none,' she said.

'They live apart: the woman is vicious, true,' the Baronet resumed. 'Think, then, Madam—I may speak to you,—think that he, a young man of excellent qualities, has madly disinherited his future, and is barren to posterity, while knaves are propagating. I do not forgive him. The nobler he, the worse his folly. I do not forgive him.'

This it was to look on Life as a Science.

Adrian Harley, who had no views of his own on the subject, except that it was absurd when you were in the mud to plunge in deeper instead of jumping out, cleverly interpreted his Chief's, and delighted him with swelling periods.

'Marriage,' flourished Adrian, 'is more than a creation of the Laws. As the solemn deed of Life, the culminating act of our existence, an anticipation of its ordinances is not to be cancelled by seeking their countenance; which endeavour may expose penitence in the offender, but generates for him Retribution rather than Absolution, in lives unborn, misbegotten, in a callous companion, in an outraged future bearing with it a life-long ill-assortedness.' And so forth.

Adrian, the Wise Youth Adrian, would never have made such a mistake. Some people are born green: others yellow. Adrian was born yellow. He was always on the ripe sensible side of a question.

[The principal characteristic of the second nephew, Adrian Harley, was his sagacity. He was essentially the wise youth, both in counsel and in action.]

'In action,' the 'Pilgrim's Scrip' observes, 'Wisdom goes by majorities.'

Adrian had an instinct for majorities [*the majority*], and, as the world invariably found him enlisted in its ranks, his appellation of wise youth was generally acquiesced in [*without irony*].

The wise youth, then, had the world with him, but no friends. Nor did he wish for those troublesome appendages of success. He caused himself to be required by people who could serve him; feared by such as could injure. Not that he went out of the way to secure his end, or risked the expense of a plot. He did the work as easily as he ate his daily bread. Adrian was an epicurean; one whom Epicurus would have scourged out of his garden, certainly: an epicurean of our modern notions. To satisfy his appetites without rashly staking his character, was the wise youth's problem for life. He had no intimates save [except] Gibbon and Horace, and the society of these fine aristocrats of literature helped him to accept humanity as it had been, and was; a supreme ironic procession, with laughter of Gods in the background. Why not laughter of mortals also? Adrian had his laugh in his comfortable corner. He possessed peculiar attributes of a heathen God. He was a disposer of men: he was polished, luxurious, and happy—at their cost. He lived in eminent self-content, as one lying on soft cloud, lapt in sunshine. Nor Jove, nor Apollo, cast eye upon the maids of earth with cooler fire of selection, or pursued them in the covert with more sacred impunity. And he enjoyed his reputation for virtue as something additional. Stolen fruits are said to be sweet; undeserved rewards are very exquisite.

The best of it was, that Adrian made no pretences. He did not solicit the favourable judgement of the world. Nature and he attempted no other concealment than the ordinary mask men wear. And yet the world would proclaim him moral, as well as wise, and the pleasing converse every way of his disgraced cousin Austin. Adrian had a logical contempt for creatures who do things for mere show, as losing, he said, the core of enjoyment for the rind of respectability. The world might find itself in the wrong: it would find him the same. His ambition, within the

reserved limits, was to please himself, as being the best judge and the absolute gainer. Placed on Crusoe's Island, his first cry would have been for clean linen: his next for the bill-of-fare: and then, for that Grand Panorama of the Mistress of the World falling to wreck under the barbarians, which had been the spur and the seal to his mind: twittering Horace in Roman feast attendant's tunic, twanging his lyre, might charm him to sleep, careless of the morrow, since the day was good.

In a word, Adrian Harley had mastered his philosophy at the early age of one-and-twenty. Many would be glad to say the same at that age twice-told: they carry in their breasts a burden with which Adrian's was not loaded. Mrs. Doria was nearly right about his heart. A singular mishap (at his birth, possibly, or before it) had unseated that organ, and shaken it down to his stomach, where it was a much lighter, nay, an inspiring weight, and encouraged him merrily onward. Throned in that region [there] it looked on little that did not arrive to gratify it. Already that region was a trifle prominent in the person of the wise youth, and carried, as it were, the flag of his philosophical tenets in front of him. A fat Wise Youth, digesting well: [He was] charming after dinner, with men or with women: soft, dimpled, succulent-looking as a sucking pig: delightfully sarcastic: perhaps a little too unscrupulous in his moral tone, but that his moral reputation belied him, and it must be set down to generosity of disposition.

Such was Adrian Harley, another of Sir Austin's intellectual favourites, chosen from mankind to superintend the education of his son at Raynham. Adrian had been destined for the Church. He did not enter into Orders. He and the baronet had a conference together one day, and from that time Adrian became a fixture in the Abbey. His father Mr. Justice Harley died in his promising son's college term,

bequeathing him nothing but his legal complexion, and Adrian became stipendiary officer in his uncle's household.

The Wise Youth spread out his mind to the System like a piece of blank paper.

Another chief personage of the establishment was Benson, the butler: Heavy Benson, Adrian called him, from the mace-like fashion with which he wielded his respectability, and the fact of a connubial misfortune. The latter had recommended him to his patron. Benson was the GREAT SHADDOCK DOGMA condensed in a look: potential with silence:—a taciturn hater of Woman; burly, flabby, and implacable. In him Sir Austin had his only faithful believer, and Adrian his solitary rival. When, after THE PILGRIM'S SCRIP was published, the fair ladies, its admirers, swarmed down to form a Court at Raynham, they were soon taught to stand in fear of Heavy Benson, who read their object, and, if one by chance got closeted with the Baronet, as they were all seeking to do, a knock was sure to come, and Heavy Benson obtruded his glum person into the room on pressing business, and would not go till he had rescued the prey. As Dragons of old guarded the dwellings of beautiful princesses, Heavy Benson stood sentinel over the Baronet. He held the door to them, as they severally departed, and took their discomfiture to his own praise.

With these intimates young Richard Feverel lived in the great House, unconscious of the tight jacket he was gathering flesh to feel. The System hung loosely on his limbs at first. The Curate of Lobourne attended to his rudimentary lessons: a Papworth being sometimes invited to Raynham to play with him, who said, he was a lucky fellow not to be sent to school, and tried to make the boy think so, for which purpose he had, perhaps, been brought over. Now and then a well-meaning friend

of Sir Austin's ventured to remonstrate on the dangerous trial he was making in modelling any new plan of Education for a youth, but the Baronet was firm. He pointed to his son, and said, 'Match him.'

Towards his fourteenth year, however, the young Experiment began to grow exceedingly restless. The Curate of Lobourne sent in a report that Master Richard's lessons were contumaciously disregarded: that in his Latin and Greek he was retrograding: in propriety of behaviour likewise; for witness, exhibiting a broken slate and a broken window of the room set apart for his studies. Heavy Benson also laid a portentous book on the Baronet's table, found by him in Master Richard's bedroom, proving to be a *Lemprière*, and a rather grave sign in Sir Austin's estimation.

'What can this be?' the Baronet meditated, and referred to his Note-Book (a famous and much-feared Instrument at Raynham, which held the bare bones of *THE PILGRIM'S SCRIP*), wherein the Youth's progressionary phases were mapped out in sections, from Simple Boyhood to the Blossoming Season, The Magnetic Age, The Period of Probation, from which, successfully passed through, he was to emerge into a Manhood worthy of Paradise. It was now Simple Boyhood, The Ante-Pomona Stage, as Adrian named it. A slate sent through a window was mere insubordination: a *Lemprière* in the bedroom looked like precocity,—looked like Pomona in person. Supposing the boy to be precocious, the whole System was disorganized; based as it was upon concordant Nature, after that saying of *THE PILGRIM'S SCRIP*:

'Health is the body's Virtue: Truth, the Soul's: Valour springs but from the unison of these twain.'

Sir Austin consulted with his young Achates, and old Dr. Clifford, who were not so perplexed in arriving at a

simple conclusion as the philosopher, and said, that the boy only wanted companions of his own age.

'Some one to rub his excessive vitality against, you mean?' asked the Baronet.

'Ay, Sir,' Adrian replied. 'He is now laden with that superabundant energy which makes a fool of a man, and a scapegrace of a boy, and he wants to work it off.'

'Too much Health,' added the Doctor, 'is inductive Disease.'

'Scarcely sound. Scarcely sound,' remarked the Baronet, 'on that ground you tolerate much. You give human nature but a short tether. Our Virtues, then, are pigmies, Doctor, that daren't grow for fear of the sty?'

'Circe looks out for strapping fellows, I fancy,' said Adrian, and closed the session with laughter.

Sir Austin continued to meditate some days, and then requested the Wise Youth's advice on a proposition conceived by him, to have a boy of Richard's age to stay with him in the house and be his comrade.

[A playfellow of Richard's occasionally, and the only comrade of his age that he ever saw, was Master Ripton Thompson, the son of Sir Austin's solicitor, a boy without a character.]

A comrade of some description was necessary, for Richard was neither to go to school nor to college. Sir Austin considered that the schools were corrupt, and maintained that young lads might by parental vigilance be kept pretty secure from the Serpent until Eve sided with him : a period that might be deferred, he said. He had a system of education for his son. How it worked we shall see.]

'I think your idea excellent,' said Adrian, giving him all the credit of it. 'And I know the very boy that will suit. Thompson, your solicitor, has a son. Poor fellow ! only one, I believe, and about a dozen girls with parch-

ment exteriors and snub noses. The whole family's a genesis of sheep-skin. But they're well brought up. You might try the lad, Sir. The Thompsons stuck by my father in his Brief days.'

Sir Austin determined to try the lad whose sisters were so innocuous. A message was forwarded to Mr. Thompson, for the loan of his son for a term; and, his son's holidays being in that season, his son was, in compliance, joyfully packed down to Raynham Abbey, big with anticipations of aristocratic intimacies. In this way Richard was gifted with a comrade, and Master Ripton Thompson became an inmate of Raynham.

Master Ripton Thompson was quite a common boy; shy, and awkward, and prepared to be totally subservient to the young Prince whose Court he had come to. His hair and his eyes were of no colour, and everybody said, there was nothing in him; to which Mrs. Doria excepted 'sound principle,' finding that he had the proper Old Lawyer's view of Life and History, and sincerely thought her Charles a Martyr. Sound principle was all Sir Austin required of him in his probational contact with the Hope of Raynham. The two boys soon assumed their relative positions. Richard led, and Ripton followed. Ripton thought one or two things in his leader rather odd: for instance, his proficiency in manly sports and exercises, joined to his habit of calling his father, Papa, and not Governor, and his entire ignorance about the ways of the girls, and indifference to them; but he concealed his surprise, having been primed by his parents to behave acquiescently, whatever he saw to astonish him.

On the morning of the fourteenth birthday, Ripton had to stow away loud bursts of laughter in the capacious sleeve his provident parents had furnished him with. The day was to be a great day. The boys were to join the Lobourne Eleven against swift-bowling Bursley:

dinner on the field; fireworks at night; supper in the Hall: the Cornucopia of Raynham Abbey playing on them exhaustlessly from morning to night. If this were the System, Ripton thought it a fine thing. He was standing waiting for the favoured boy on the gravel-walk fronting the breakfast-room from which he had escaped five minutes before, when forth started Richard, and, catching him by the arm, bore him hurriedly towards the darkest corner of the clustered beeches, and then told him, he would see nobody—he would leave Raynham—he would quit the country, if he could—be a sailor—a cabin-boy—a common soldier—anything, that he might never be seen there again. All this he uttered between a gnawing of the lips, and a blinking of the eyes, a flushing of the cheeks, and a clenching of the fists, showing a frenzy of shamefacedness. He seemed in the gripe of his birthday devil, as they called it at Raynham, where, till that day, he was generally a brisk happy boy.

Ripton kindly endeavoured to console him, but was silenced by a fiercer repetition of the threats.

‘Well, then—what is it?’ Ripton jerked out at last. ‘What ever’s the matter?’

‘I have been insulted,’ cried Richard; ‘insulted by my own father. Lucky it wasn’t any one else! Come along!’ and he dragged Ripton further into the covert.

‘But what is it?’ asked Ripton once more, when he could grasp at a halt. ‘You may as well tell a friend.’

‘I tell you I’ve been insulted! Isn’t that enough?’ Richard replied. ‘Come along!’ and Ripton had to resume his trot.

By-and-by, after deep dark hints, under the deepest darkest shelter of the foliage, the intimacy of boys brought it all out.

Sir Austin had asked his son to submit to medical examination, and strip!

'Don't laugh!' shouted Richard menacingly, as he saw the great mute O of Ripton's mouth stretch its length towards explosion.

With an effort that cost him tears, Richard swallowed his guffaw.

'And don't speak of it, or allude to it, if you don't wish mortally to offend me,' said the outraged youth. 'Come along!' and poor Ripton was soon far from the preparations for the festivities dear to his ears.

The author of the System sat in his study with old Dr. Clifford, much aggrieved.

'A boy who has no voice but mine, Doctor,' he said; 'whose spirit is clear to me as day—he enters another Circle of Nature, and I require to be assured of his bodily well-being, and this boy, educated in the seclusion of a girl, refuses—nay, swears he will not.'

'From which, my dear Sir Austin, you have to learn, that your son is no longer a child,' was the Doctor's comment.

'A beautiful shamelessness is not necessarily dependent upon a state of childhood,' returned the Baronet. 'In a boy properly looked to, as this boy has been, there should not be the most distant sense of indelicacy in such a request. He registers revolt, too, with an oath:—the old way! The moment he breaks from me, in a moment he is like the world, and claims Cousinship with an oath for his password.'

Sir Austin put a finger to his temple and stared at the fire.

'What do you attribute it to, Doctor?' he asked presently.

'The System, Sir,' quietly replied the Doctor.

'Excellent!' Sir Austin exclaimed. 'It is I who teach him bad language?'

'At a school,' said the Doctor, 'there are the two

extremes: good boys, and the reverse. Your son does not see that distinction here. He is a heathen as to right and wrong. Good from instinct—not from principle: a creature of impulse. A noble lad, I admit, but—you know, I am of the old school, Sir Austin. I like boys to be boys, and mix together. Christians are not born in hermitages.’

‘Very well said, Doctor!’ remarked the Baronet, always alive to a phrase, even in his tribulation. ‘A spice of the Devil, then, is necessary for a Christian?’

Dr. Clifford stroked his chin. ‘I don’t say that,’ he replied. ‘But I don’t mind saying that a fair stand-up fight with him is.’

‘For a boy, Doctor?’

‘For a boy, Sir Austin. He can’t have it out too soon.’

‘Listen, Doctor,’ said the Baronet, after turning in his chair uneasily two or three times. ‘I think you none of you understand my System. My good Doctor! I am not preparing my son to avoid the fight. I know it is inevitable. I brace him for the struggle.’

‘By keeping him out of his element?’ quoth the Doctor.

‘By giving him all the advantages of Science,’ Sir Austin emphasized. ‘By training him. Our theory is the same, with this difference: that you set the struggle down at an earlier date than do I. It may be true I sacrifice two or three little advantages in isolating him at present: he will be the better fortified for his trial to come. You know my opinion, Doctor: we are pretty secure from the Serpent till Eve sides with him. I speak, of course, of a youth of good pure blood.’

‘I don’t think the schools would harm such a youth,’ said the Doctor.

‘The schools are corrupt!’ said the Baronet.

Dr. Clifford could not help thinking there were other temptations than that one of Eve. For youths and for men, Sir Austin told him, She was the main bait: the sole to be dreaded for a youth of good pure blood: the main to resist.

Dr. Clifford inquired whether it was good for such a youth to be half a girl? whereat Sir Austin smiled a laugh.

'You see him one instant a shame-faced girl, and the next, a headlong boy,' the Doctor explained. 'Is that good?'

'Yes, yes; I caught your meaning,' said Sir Austin. 'You suppose shame to be the property of innocence, and therefore of womankind. A wonderful double deduction!' He went into scientific particulars which would reduce the reader to greater confusion than it did the Doctor. They then fell upon the question of Richard's marrying.

'He shall not marry till he is thirty!' was the Baronet's Spartan Law.

'He need not marry at all,' said Dr. Clifford. 'Birth and death are natural accidents: Marriage we *can* avoid!' The Doctor had been jilted by a naughty damsel.

'On my System he must marry,' said the Baronet, and again dissected the frame of man, and entered into scientific particulars: ending their colloquy, 'However! I thank you, Doctor, for speaking as you think, and the proof that I know how to profit by it, is seen in my admission of the boy, Thompson, to my household. Perhaps our only difference, after all, is not a pathologic one. I acknowledge your diagnosis, but mollify the prescription. I give the poison to my son in small doses; whereas you prescribe large ones. You naturally contend with a homœopathist—Eh? You are inimical to that heresy?'

‘With your permission, Sir Austin, I hate that humbug.’ The Doctor nodded grimly, and the Baronet laughed, in his stiff way, to have turned the tables on his staunch old adversary, calling him forth into the air to look after the boy, and inspect the preparations for his day’s pleasure.

p. 12. *Beginning of Chapter II.* October shone royally on Richard’s fourteenth birthday: *altered from* October shone royally on this day of the completion of the Second Seven years’ march of the Hope of Raynham.

p. 12, l. 25. *After* ‘Papworth’ *added*: on the other side of the river.

p. 13, l. 10. For Richard . . . a fool (l. 19) *is a condensation of the following deleted passage*: For in Richard’s bosom a fate was working, and the shame of the insult, as he thought it, rankled.

Now it happened that, as the two boys wandered, kicking the clods disconsolately, they started a pheasant. The bird, with its fellow in the brake, drummed, and whirred, and to the misfortune of its species made its plumage seem a prize to them.

‘I know what we’ll do,” cries Richard, his features suddenly lighting up, ‘we’ll have a day’s shooting! We’ll shoot all day, and we won’t go home till night.’

He turned to his friend to see how his proposal was received. Master Ripton, whose mind was set on Raynham and the fun there, listened but half cheerfully, and hinted that any other day would do for shooting.

‘No!’ said Richard, ‘look what a day it is. We shall kill lots of birds, and give everybody the slip. You’ll have a gun and I’ll have a gun, and we’ll have better fun than any of them at Raynham. Come along!’ and

he made Ripton moodily retrace his steps. It seemed mad and stupid to Ripton's sense of reason, but he was a bondsman and bound to acquiesce. He mumbled something about not having a license, and was putting that in for a plea against the expedition, till Richard assured him positively that every gentleman had a license, and Ripton, who deeply delighted in the notion of belonging to that privileged class, and walked with tight boots, and underwent daily tortures, to induce the world to accept him as one, admitted it was the case that every gentleman had a license, and therefore he must have one.

So back they ran to the Abbey, dodged the Baronet, armed themselves, got the old pointer Mark'em (named after his profession and the keeper at a blow) close to their heels, and, by skirting outhouses and slinking under walls, escaped in the security that favours the commencement of adventures of this sort, and made for the coverts of the park.

Rearward of the Abbey lay a lake that took the morning sun, and the shadow of a solitary cypress, planted by some sad-minded Ancestress. The boys had to round the lake before they could plunge into perfect concealment, and as they did so, Richard cried out, 'Look! do you see how that shadow follows me?—Just look.'

Ripton cast a dissatisfied eye on the phenomenon, not a whit inclined to express any wonder, if he felt it.

'Do you see it, Rip?' Richard moved forward and back on the brink of the lake, pretending that the reflection of the cypress pointed after him.

'What do you think!' he continued. 'They say in our family that when we any of us come across it in this way, like this, look!—there's going to be mischief. My father doesn't believe in that kind of thing: nor more do I. But it's strange, isn't it? Look!' The boy held

to the spot like one fascinated. 'It's true my great-grandfather, Sir Algernon Feverel, noticed it pointing at him as he passed the morning he fought the duel, and was killed. And he went half round the lake. Of course I don't believe there's anything in it. Do you?'

Ripton said, he did not, because all shadows seemed to do the same, in a modified way: but there, Richard assured him, he was wrong, as this cypress was the only tree ever known to do it.

'Though I don't believe it means anything,' he added. 'Mind you hold your gun properly and don't shoot me, and I'll take care I don't shoot you. If we get lots of birds we'll take some over to Lady Blandish to-morrow, and she'll ask us to dine there, and she has capital wine, and no Benson, and all sorts of fun, and you may do as you like there.'

'Any girls?' asked Ripton.

'I don't know.' The young gentleman was violently contemptuous in his reply.

They entered the wood, and from its eastern border could see the people of Lobourne trooping along the main road to Raynham: horsemen and horsewomen; carriages, carts, cricketers, from whose entertainment the heart was running away. He had a little touch of compunction as he beheld them; but immediately putting the blame on his father, branched off in a contrary direction, and so eulogised the house of Lady Blandish to Ripton, and the reception she would give them and their birds to-morrow, that the unlucky youth began to get consoled. Richard shouldered his own gun, a light single-barrel, suitable for his years. Ripton had made free with Captain Feverel's. He was rather short-sighted and inexperienced in guns, though it was out of the question he should admit the fact, every gentleman being familiar with guns from his birth. It was not in bravado that he carried a rifle

instead of a fowling-piece. Both boys were warming at the prospect of sport. Old Mark'em joined in the conspiracy nose and tail; a dog's equivalent for heart and soul; generally one as good.

'Are you a prime shot?' said Richard.

Ripton nodded knowingly, and answered, 'Pretty good.'

'Then we'll have a dozen brace apiece to-day,' said Richard.

On nosed old Mark'em, bent upon work. Out of the wood into a field of stubble, and onward they went at a trot, and down plumped old Mark'em, true as the needle to the pole. Then the cat-like steps of the juvenile sportsmen were fine to see. Ripton surpassed his comrade in velvety paw and professional attitude, crouching his body in the most hopeful manner. But when this moment of exquisite expectancy was cut short by the birds rising, the hapless youth suddenly remembered he had forgotten to load. Earth reeled round his figure of confusion as Richard fired. He fired, but old Mark'em made no blithe bounds in advance. The sagacious old dog looked sulky and disgusted. A dead miss! Richard reproached his friend bitterly.

'Why did you bawl out just as I was aiming? Who can aim with a fellow bawling in his ear? I've lost the birds through it. At least I should have had one of the two.'

Ripton explained humbly that he had forgotten to load.

'Always load at home,' said Richard. 'Then you're ready for anything. And don't make that noise another time.'

His eye fell on the instrument Ripton carried to make war on the feathery creation, and he recognised his Uncle's rifle.

'Do you know what you've got in your hands?' he said.

'I think it's not the right gun,' stammered Ripton.

'You *think* it's not! Well! You must be accustomed to sport.'

He looked scornfully, and the next minute called his friend, Ripton, a fool.

Now Ripton was not in the best of tempers. He was a disappointed boy that morning, and a Briton in bondage—a very dangerous animal at all times. Richard had added the emphasis of conviction to the insulting epithet. A boy does not like to be called a fool, and is usually ready to try the question with his fists when a doubt is once cast on him; as of old Valour asserted the spotlessness of fair dames; and if he conquers it is clear that he cannot be a fool. These primitive courts of appeal despise casuistries.

p. 13, l. 25. *Added*: owing to Ripton's bad shot.

p. 14, l. 7. The dog: *altered from* Old Mark'em.

p. 14, l. 12. *After* 'shortcoming' *deleted*: old Mark'em started up to action.

p. 15, l. 17. *After* 'science' *deleted*: Minerva turned her back on him.

p. 16, l. 24. *After* 'Papworths' *deleted*: parents of Richard's first defeated foe, and . . .

p. 17, l. 7. *After* 'who' *deleted*: not being the possessor of the bird.

p. 17, l. 22. *After* 'men' *deleted*: Have 't, ye young suckin' poachers!

p. 20, l. 7. *After* 'myself' *deleted*: 'Gracious! what shall I do when we get to Raynham, if it is? What'll the ladies think of me? O Lord, Ricky! suppose it turns blue?'

Ripton moved a meditative forefinger down the bridge

of his nose as this horrible suspicion clouded him. Farmer Blaize passed from his mind. The wretched boy called aloud in agony that his nose was turning blue. 'Oh, if I had a bit of raw meat to lay across it!' he cried. 'What a fool I was to fight!—Won't I learn boxing!—What shall I look like?'

p. 20, l. 35. After 'hungry' deleted: Well! that beats me! Why . . .

p. 22, l. 35. After 'shrew' deleted: Pipe's sweet creetur.

p. 23, l. 1. After 'chimed in' deleted: Doan't tax ye wi' pot'us.

p. 23, l. 6. Before 'Penny' deleted: Pipe's a rare un.

p. 23, l. 7. After 'ha' deleted: Shud think twaws! Pipe an't no vexation.

p. 24, l. 20. Before 'D' ye' deleted: Moighty foin that be!

p. 26, l. 25. After 'silence' deleted: the wig of Mr. Justice Harley was low, and . . .

p. 27, l. 35. After 'Blandish' added: the delightful widow.

p. 29, l. 21. After 'parson' deleted: I wish I had thought of it. Rip took uncle's rifle out on purpose to knock down his birds clean for you. And he didn't miss, either.

p. 31. After ('shrugged') l. 30 deleted:

'Don't you know it's my birthday, Benson?

Benson knew it, but had positive orders.

He withdraws, and to the delight of all present, Adrian, ever provident, puts his hand behind him and leads forth a flask, saying that he had anticipated this possibility.

adding:

The bottle, however, was procured by Adrian subsequently. He liked studying intoxicated urchins.

p. 32, l. 27. *After 'subscribed' deleted:* Algernon challenged him, and was quieted by two knocks which he knew. Algernon's voice was thick. Sir Austin excused the cause.

'He saved my son that day!' the baronet murmured, and devoutly believed it.

p. 32, l. 30. *After 'see' deleted:* but one not so strange in his service.

p. 33, l. 2. *After 'it' deleted:* 'What seemed inviolable barriers are burst asunder in a trice: men, God's likeness, are at one another's throats, and the angels may well be weeping. In youth, 'tis love, or lust, makes the world mad: in age, 'tis prejudice. Superstition holds a province: Pride an empire. Tinker's right! There's a battle raging above us. One can't wonder at Ploughman's contrary opinion, as to which is getting the upper hand. If we were not mad, we should fight it for ourselves, and end it. We are; and we make Life the disease, and Death the cure. Good-night, my worthy Uncle! Can I deem the man mad who holdeth me much?' And Adrian buried a sleepy smile in his pillow, and slept, knowing himself wise in a mad world.

p. 33, l. 10. *After 'there' deleted:* and thought to have been seen.

p. 33, l. 28. *After 'empty' deleted:* 'My son! my son! What is this?' he murmured.

p. 38, l. 23. *After 'rick' deleted:* and his cattle.

p. 39, l. 11. *After 'sternly' added:* He saw no sign of feeling;—*deleting:*

'I'm sorry about the poor horses, Sir,' Richard replied, looking anything but sorry about the poor man.

p. 43, l. 20. *Before 'Ripton' deleted:* 'Rescue him from jail!'

p. 44. *After* ('shake his hand') l. 32 *deleted*:

'Ye 've doan me good, Sir,' said Tom, 'and made me feel—there! I knows I'm a sinner, though ye an't said ut—that's where 't is!—like a man! and a man I intends to be let coam what coam may! Now, Sir, Muster Went'orth! you knows what a bad chap I be. But I an't a blackguard. Now, Sir, 'skews me for sayin' I moight 'a doan your fam'ly a bad turn. But I an't a-goin' to, leastways, if I was ever a-minded to, which I warn't. Leastways, not now I an't. Yew . . .'

p. 45, l. 2. *After* 'sir' *deleted*: 'That'll mak' un easy, or he'll mayhaps be funken'-loike. They knows at Beltharpe ut's all on moy shoolders. I did ut. Thay're broad 'nough. Tall'n that, Sir. Sure-ly they be!' And Tom shook his much-burdened shoulders with a grin.

p. 46, l. 9. *After* 'bed-gown' *deleted*: and wondered afresh, but decided still to watch.

p. 46, l. 18. Austin smiled on him: *altered from* Austin was firm in his refusal.

p. 49, l. 35. *After* 'play' *deleted*: Keep out of it, if you're wise, Austin, or possibly, they'll be turning from Tom to you and insist on your swallowing the famous file to save Tom from transportation.

p. 51, l. 3. *After* 'law' *deleted*: Austin saw it sadly, and foreboded of Richard's future.

p. 51, l. 35. *After* 'followed' *deleted*: as Ripton's due.

p. 55, l. 18. *Before* 'Austin' *deleted*: Without seeking to confute this logical proposition.

p. 55, l. 22. *After* 'not' *deleted*: Austin calmly avowed.

p. 66, l. 15. *After* 'for me' *deleted*: I'm a plain man.

p. 76, l. 4. *After 'threshold' deleted:* of his apprehensive fellows.

p. 81, l. 2. had a word for his note-book: *altered from* drew forth the note-book, and with groping fingers traced out.

p. 82, l. 31. *After 'triumphantly' added:* Amor, the word she had in mind, certainly has a connection with Arson;—*deleting as under:*

'Ah—a!' she sang, 'you are found out, Mr. Mum!' and innocently followed up the attack by asking him how he would wear his badge, before or behind? which precipitated Ripton from the room, in sick certainty that he was discovered, and thrilled the motherly heart of Mama Thompson with the blissful prospect of marrying two of her brood to the House of Feverel.

'Why, what does A stand for? Silly!' said Letitia, after rallying her brother next morning at breakfast. 'For Angel, doesn't it?'

'Yes, and for America,' Ripton answered gloomily.

'Yes, and you know what else!' rejoined his persecutor, while another sister, previously instructed, presumed it might possibly stand for Amor.

'And for Arson,' added the deep paternal voice, unwittingly springing a mine under poor Ripton.

Letty's study of the aspects of love, and of the way young people should look, and of the things they should do, under the dominion of the passion, was not much assisted by its outward development in the supposed love-stricken youth. 'I'm sure,' she thought, 'I shall never be like that. He bounds in his seat. He never looks comfortable. He seems to hate us all, and does nothing but mumble his food, and growl, and frown. If that's love, I can't do it!' she sorrowfully concluded her reflections.

p. 83, l. 8. *After 'letter' added*: She succeeded, of course, she being a huntress with few scruples, and the game unguarded;—*deleting*: In love, it is said, all stratagems are fair, and many little ladies transverse the axiom by applying it to discover the secrets of their friends. Letty ransacked the drawers in Ripton's rooms, she dived her hands into the pockets of his garments lying about, she turned down the pillow, she spied under the mattress of his bed, with an easy conscience; and if she found nothing, of course, as she was doing a wrong, she did not despair of gaining her object, and soon knew that Ripton carried it about in his left jacket-pocket, persecuting Ripton with her caresses, till she felt the tantalising treasure crack beneath her fingers. Some sisters would have coaxed him for a sight of it. Letty was not so foolish: she did not allude to it, and was still hovering round the pocket, at a loss to devise any new scheme, when accident bestowed on her what artifice denied. They were standing on a hill together, and saw some people of their acquaintance coming up in a pony-chaise. Letty told Ripton to wave his handkerchief, which he snatched from the very pocket, and waved vigorously, and continued waving, heedless that his sister had on a sudden lost her interest in the pony-chaise. Indeed she presently commanded him to turn a contrary way, and was voluble with reasons for getting home immediately, though they had set out for a long walk into the country. Once home, Letitia darted up stairs to be alone with her naughty self. She had the letter. Ripton had dropped it as he drew forth his handkerchief.

p. 92, l. 25. *Before 'Lady Blandish' deleted*: The ladies of the Court who had not published, or put their names to what they published denouncing Sir Austin and his System, wrote for tidings, and were overjoyed to hear of

its success. Lady Blandish was the only lady by to witness to it.

p. 93, l. 34. *After 'flourished' deleted*: Dr. Clifford had nothing but his old stock phrases to reply with: the boy was a living argument against him.

p. 96, l. 9. *After 'Richard' deleted*: They saw him suddenly catch his hand to his side, and hesitate.

p. 96, l. 20. *After 'enemy' deleted*: He took a savage pleasure in attributing his evil luck to the Bonnet. It distilled an exquisite bitter-sweet, the notion that he was the victim of the Bonnet!

p. 99, l. 3. *After 'Blossoming Season' deleted*: The Blossoming Season explained and answered for all.

p. 102, l. 14. *Before 'With the self-devotion' deleted*: The sight of the Note-book backing a sardonic smile, caused Mrs. Doria her unusual flash of irony; and truly it was hard upon a lady to mark this cold Rhadamanthus deliberately and openly jotting her down to fire judgement and condemnation at her sex in some future edition of the Verdicts.

p. 102, l. 14. *After 'she' deleted*: abjured it, and . . .

p. 104, l. 15. *After 'subserviency' deleted*: to enjoy that gratification now.

p. 104, l. 21. *After 'desire' deleted*: and Sir Austin had hardly slept overnight for thinking of the effect it might have on the magnetic youth. He caressed his son as if Richard had done something virtuous. Compensation his boy should have for any trifling crosses to his feelings. He should have yachts, horses, whatever he fancied.

p. 105. *After ('somebody') l. 3 deleted*:

To the interrogation—Did he look East or West? Tom, dreading a snare, replied that he had not marked: 'He seemed for to look where he could look fur away.'

p. 108, l. 2. 'others': *altered from* Miss Blewins and Mrs. Cashentire.

p. 108, l. 3. *After 'altogether' deleted:* mine mends itself.

p. 108, l. 15. *After 'she said' deleted:*

Sir Austin's brows started up.

p. 108, l. 15. *After 'my son' deleted:*

Sir Austin looked relieved. That he could look relieved by so presumptuous a speech was a sign how far the lady had gone with him.

p. 108, l. 21. *After 'said' deleted:* 'Listen, madam.'

Lady Blandish turned to him very sweetly.

p. 112, l. 22. *After 'dawn' deleted:* Had he cast a second glance at his own chamber he might then have seen the ever-vigilant head on the watch. Sir Austin had slept no more than his son. Beholding him so early abroad his worst fears were awakened. He hurried to gaze at the forsaken couch, a picture of tempest; the papers, with half-written words ending in reckless tails and wild dashes, strewn everywhere about, blankly eloquent; chairs upset, drawers left open, companion slippers astray about the room. The abashed baronet dared not whisper to his soul what had thus distracted the youth. As little could he make self-confession that it was impossible for him to face his son for some time to come. No doubt his conscious eye looked inward, and knew; but he chose to juggle with it, and say to himself, that not an hour must be lost in betrothing Richard, and holding him bond to virtue, and therefore he would immediately depart on his expedition. The pain of not folding the beloved son to his breast before he went was moreover a fortunate beguilement of the latent dread that his going just now was a false step. It would be their first separation. Sir Austin ascended to the roof of the Abbey, and descried

him hastening to the boat-house by the riverside. Ere he was out of sight, the baronet's sense of sacrifice had blinded his conscious eye, and enabled him to feel altogether a martyr to duty.

p. 115, l. 12. *Added*:

That was plain to see;—*deleting*:

'Have I?' murmured Ralph, hiding his hot face in a stumble, and then peeping at the address to verity. 'So I have. The address, you know. . . . It's because I like to write the name of Clare,' he added hurriedly by way of excellent justification.

'Is that the name you like best?'

Ralph counterqueried, 'Don't you think it very nice—beautiful, I mean?'

'Not so good as Clara,' said Richard.

'Oh! a hundred times better,' shouted young Ralph in a fervour.

Richard meditated unwittingly—'I suppose we like the names of the people we like best?'

No answer from Ralph.

p. 115, l. 15. playing on the musical strings they were to him. Then he said: 'Names of ladies, how they sweeten their names!' *altered from* playing on them like musical strings;—*and deleting*:

'Eh?' quoth Ralph.

'I'm certain,' said Richard, as he finished his performance, 'I'm certain we like the names of the people we like best.' And, having made this great discovery for himself . . .

p. 117, l. 18. *After* 'whither' *deleted*: emboldened by the incident, touching her finger's tip.

p. 120, l. 18. *After* 'him' *deleted*: divining his rash intention.

- p. 121, l. 12. *After 'handwriting' deleted*: remnant of his burnt-offering! a page of the sacrificed poems! one blossom preserved from the deadly universal blight.
- p. 121, l. 16. *After 'Odes' deleted*: fluttering bits of broad winged Epic.
- p. 122, l. 11. *After 'You' deleted*: know you saved me, and . . .
- p. 122, l. 35. sentimental rouge: *altered from* spiritual rouge.
- p. 123, l. 12. 'It can't be stopped,' he replied, and could have added: *altered from* 'Yes,' he replied, and low, as if he spoke in the core of his thought.
- p. 125, l. 33. *After 'responded' deleted*: to his passionate repetition.
- p. 126. *After ('charity') l. 21 deleted*:

She repeated her words in deeper sweetness to his bewildered look; and he, inexperienced, possessed by her, almost lifeless with the divine new emotions she had realized in him, could only sigh and gaze at her wonderingly.

- p. 136, l. 28. Mr. Thompson was pushed by the devil of his rancour to continue reading: *altered from* Mr. Thompson continued to read.

- p. 137, l. 2. *After 'sir' deleted*: 'by the "chief of the Olympic games," which you eulogize?'

'Not I,' answered Ripton, from under his head. 'It's Mr. Cap— Mr. Opp— It's the Defendant's Counsel I'm against.'

Outraged by hearing the culprit speak at all, his father broke in, 'How dare you talk so unblushingly, sir!'

Ripton dropped his head a degree lower.

‘Enough!’ cried Mr. Thompson, appealing mutely to all present, and elongating his syllables with a vehement sneer.

p. 137, l. 26. After ‘politely’ added: and it may be ironically.

p. 140, l. 1. After ‘creature’ deleted: ‘he has sisters?—’
 ‘Four,’ said the old lawyer, with melancholy voice.
 ‘But would you, Sir Austin, really advise?—’

p. 140, l. 2. After ‘town’ deleted: ‘Then, when he is sickened, let his sisters do the rest—the recovering work.’
 ‘Good girls! good girls!’ muttered the old lawyer.
 ‘Boys will be boys, I suppose!’
 ‘A palliation, remember, which is frequently an incentive.’

p. 140. After (‘baronet’) l. 14 deleted:
 ‘But, my dear Sir Austin,’ the old lawyer interposed,
 ‘what would Mrs. Thompson say? at me?—’
 ‘Mrs. Thompson!’ the baronet ejaculated very scornfully. ‘I really doubt!’ Mr. Thompson saw that he had slipped in sighting the possible disapproval of his spouse, and diverted drearily to the figure he would cut in the haunts of vice.

Sir Austin said he should not hesitate.

Mr. Thompson declared that whoso could do it, he honoured. In his heart, he thought it the most ridiculous idea in the world.

p. 143, l. 20. After ‘blood’ deleted: ‘We require—Ahem! have I taken my second glass?’

Mr. Thompson meditated; conceived that he had, and again that he had not. The same luxury of indecision occurred daily, and daily another glass solved the difficulty.

‘Too much is decidedly bad,’ he continued, looking

firmly convinced. 'But just the quantum makes men of us.'

Launched on the theme, he determined to overbear his client vinously.

adding:

The scene with Ripton . . . need of a glass (l. 25).

p. 144, l. 15. He pencilled on a handy slip of paper: *altered from* Drawing forth the Note-Book and pencilling roughly.

p. 145, l. 14. *After* 'baronet's table' *deleted:* The old feminine enthusiasm for his productions revived. He was threatened with the formation of a new Court at his hotel. Miss Joy Blewins, now an Authoress of greater celebrity than her sister, and even more the man than formerly, came to him repentant of her attacks on his private history (which she called her exhibition of their common difference of view regarding Woman, whose champion she was acknowledged to be), trusting to convert him to support her. The swift Camilla, transformed by tricky Time into the fat wife of a wheezy Squire, paid him a flying visit during the wretched two weeks she was annually allowed in Town, to call his attention to a tiny paragon daughter she possessed, with none of its father's complaints and all her youthful energies. Mrs. M'Murphy also, after writing innumerable novels at which he was the villain and she the heroine, tried to get admittance to him, but the Baronet shudderingly gave orders to be denied to her, and the rest of them. As in other interesting cases, no Irish were tolerated.

p. 149. *The following chapter is deleted:*

A SHADOWY VIEW OF CŒLEBS PATER GOING ABOUT
WITH A GLASS SLIPPER

ONE of these mamas favoured by Doctor Benjamin Bairam was Mrs. Caroline Grandison, said to be a legiti-

mate descendant of the great Sir Charles : a lady who, in propriety of demeanour and pious manners, was the petticoated image of her admirable ancestor. The cleanliness of her morality was spotless as his. As nearly she neighboured perfection, and knew it as well. Let us hope that her history will some day be written, and the balance restored in literature which it was her pride to have established for her sex in life.

Mrs. Caroline was a colourless lady of an unequivocal character, living upon drugs, and governing her husband and the world from her sofa. Woolly Negroes blest her name, and whiskered John-Thomases deplored her weight. The world was given to understand that sorrows and disappointments had reduced her to the contemplative posture which helped her to consider the urgent claims of her black fellow-creatures and require the stalwart services of her white. In her presence the elect had to feel how very much virtue is its own reward ; for, if they did not rightly esteem the honour she did them, they had little further encouragement from Mrs. Caroline Grandison. On the other hand her rigour towards vice was unsparing ; especially in the person of one of her own sex, whom she treated as heaven treats fallen angels. A sinful man—why, Mrs. Caroline expected nothing better : but a sinful woman—Oh ! that was a scandal, a shame ! And you met no sinful woman at Mrs. Caroline Grandison's parties. As a consequence, possibly, though one hardly dares suppose it, her parties were the dullest in London, and gradually fell into the hands of popular preachers, specific doctors, raw missionaries with their passage paid for, and a chance dean or so ; a non-dancing, stout-dining congregation, in the midst of which a gay young guardsman was dismally out of his element, and certainly would not have obtruded his unsodden spirit had there been no fair daughters.

The completeness of the lady's reputation was rounded by the whispers of envious tongues; which, admitting the inviolability of her character, remarked that indeed she was a little too careful to appear different from others, and took an ascetic delight in the contrast. There is no doubt that she took a great deal of medicine. Dr. Bairam may have contributed towards her asceticism somewhat. The worthy doctor may even, perhaps, have contributed a trifle to her perfection.

In her sweet youth this lady fell violently in love with the great Sir Charles, and married him in fancy. The time coming, when maiden fancy must give way to woman fact, she compromised her reverent passion for the hero by declaring that she could never change the name he had honoured her with, and must, if she espoused any mortal, give her widowed hand to a Grandison. Accordingly two cousins were proposed to her; but the moral reputation of these Grandisons was so dreadful and such a disgrace to the noble name they bore, that she rejected them with horror. Woman's mission, however, being her perpetual precept, she felt at the age of twenty-three bound to put it in practice, and, as she was handsome, and most handsomely-endowed, a quite unobjectionable gentleman was discovered, who, for the honour of assisting her in her mission, agreed to disembody himself in her great name, and be lost in the blaze of Sir Charles. With his concurrence she rapidly produced eight daughters. A son was denied to her. This was the second generation of Grandisons denied a son. Her husband, the quite unobjectionable gentleman, lost heart after the arrival of the eighth, and surrendered his mind to more frivolous pursuits. She also appeared to lose heart; it was her saintly dream to have a Charles. So assured she was that he was coming at last that she prepared male baby-linen with her own hands for the

disappointing eighth. When, in that moment of creative suspense, Dr. Bairam's soft voice, with sacred melancholy, pronounced, 'A daughter, madam!' Mrs. Caroline Grandison covered her face, and wept. She afterwards did penance for her want of resignation, and relapsed upon religion and little dogs.

Mrs. Caroline Grandison appeared to lose heart. But people said she was not really solaced by religion and little dogs. People said, that her repeated consultations with Dr. Bairam had one end in view, and that all those quantities of medicine were consumed for a devout purpose. Eight is not a number to stop at. Nine, if you like, but not eight. No one thinks of stopping at eight. People said that the pertinacity of her spirit weakened her mind, and that she consulted cards and fortune-tellers, and cast horoscopes, to discover if there would be a ninth, and that ninth a Charles. They might truly have said, that the potency of Dr. Bairam's prescriptions weakened the constitution. Mrs. Caroline Grandison grew fretful, and reclined on an invalid couch, while her name hunted foxes. Time flew: the faint-hearted Unobjectionable refused to participate in Dr. Bairam's prescriptions: there was a close to all concert between them: instead of a Charles, bare-backed poodles and pendant fox-tails reigned in the House of Grandison.

The disappointing eighth was on the verge of her teens when Sir Austin visited town. None of Mrs. Caroline Grandison's daughters had married: owing, it was rumoured to the degeneracy of the males of our day. The elder ones had, in their ignorance, wished to marry young gentlemen of their choosing. Mrs. Caroline Grandison bade them wait till she could find for them something like Sir Charles: she was aware that such a man would hardly be found alive again. If they rebelled, as model young ladies occasionally will, Mrs. Caroline Gran-

dison declared that they were ill, and called in Dr. Bairam to prescribe, who soon reduced them. Physic is an immense ally in bringing about filial obedience.

No lady living was better fitted to appreciate Sir Austin, and understand his System, than Mrs. Caroline Grandison. When she heard of it from Dr. Bairam, she rose from her couch and called for her carriage, determined to follow him up and come to terms with him. All that was told her of the baronet conspired to make her believe he was Sir Charles in person fallen upon evil times: the spirit of Sir Charles revived to mix his blood with hers and produce a race of moral Paladins after Sir Charles's pattern. She reviewed her daughters. Any one of the three younger ones would be a suitable match, and, if he wanted perfectly educated young women, where else could he look for them? But he was difficult to hunt down. He went abroad shyly. He was never to be met in general society. The rumour of him was everywhere, and an extremely unfavourable rumour it was, from mothers who had daughters, and hopes for their daughters, which a few questions of his had kindled, and a discovery of his severe requisitions extinguished. It appeared that he had seen numerous young ladies. He had politely asked them to sit down and take off their shoes; but such monstrous feet they had mostly that he declined the attempt to try on the Glass Slipper, and politely departed; or tried it on, and with a resigned sad look declared that it would not, would not fit!

'And I assure you, my dear,' said Mrs. Rectangle, one of these outraged mothers, to Mrs. Caroline Grandison, 'he does not scruple to ask the most abominable things of you, where this son of his is concerned. He made me quite blush, and but for his manner, which, I admit, is dignified, I should have been indignant. He asked absolutely—' and she sank her voice. 'I really now

believe everything Miss Joy and Mrs. M'Murphy say of him. What does the man want?'

'What none of you can give him,' was Mrs. Caroline Grandison's mental ejaculation.

Some of the young ladies had been to schools. Their feet were all enormously too big, and there was no need for them to take off their shoes. Some had been very properly educated at home; and to such, if Bairam physician and Thompson lawyer did not protest, the Slipper was applied; but by occult arts of its own it seemed to find out that their habits were somehow bad, and incapacitated them from espousing the Fairy Prince. The Slipper would not fit at all.

Unsuspecting damsels were asked at what time they rose in the morning, and would reply, at any hour. Some said, they finished in the morning the romance they had relinquished to sleep overnight, little considering how such a practice made the feet swell. Selina Rectangle thought it a fine thing to tell him she took Metastasio to bed with her and pencilled translations of him when she awoke.

There was a damsel closer home who did not take Metastasio to bed with her, and who ate dewberries early in the morning, whose foot, had Sir Austin but known it, would have fitted into the intractable Slipper as easily and neatly as if it had been a soft kid glove made to her measure. Alas! the envious sisters were keeping poor Cinderella out of sight. Dewberries still abounded by the banks of the river; and thither she strolled, and there daily she was met by one who had the test of her merits in his bosom: and there, on the night the scientific humanist conceived he had alighted on the identical house which held the foot to fit the Slipper, there under consulting stars, holy for evermore henceforth, the Fairy Prince,

trembling and with tears, has taken from her lips the first ripe fruit of love, and pledged himself hers.

A night of happy augury to Father and Son. They were looking out for the same thing; only one employed science, the other instinct; and which hit upon the right it was for time to decide. Sir Austin dined with Mrs. Caroline Grandison. They had been introduced by Sir Miles Papworth.

‘What!’ said Sir Miles, when Mrs. Caroline expressed her wish for an introduction, ‘you want to know Feverel? Aha! Why, you are the very woman for him, ma’am. It’s one of the strong-minded he’s after. So you shall, so you shall. I’ll give a dinner to-morrow. And let me tell you in confidence that the value of his mines is increasing, ma’am. You needn’t be afraid about his crotchets. Feverel has his eye on the main chance as well as the rest of us.’

‘You do not believe, Sir Miles, that one may esteem him for his principles and sympathize with his object?’ said Mrs Caroline.

‘Well, ma’am,’ Sir Miles returned, ‘I’m a plain man. I said to my wife the other day—she was talking something in that way—and I said to her, If Feverel had five hundred, instead of fifty thousand, a-year—he’s got that clear, ma’am, and it’ll double—how about his principles then? Aha! A rich man can play the fool if he likes, and you women clap your hands, and cheer him. Now, if I were to have a System for all my rascals, you’d call me something like what I should be—eh? You would, though! And I wish I had sometimes, for they’re every one of ’em in scrapes, and I’ve got to pay the piper. But that’s part of their education, to my mind, so down goes the money.’

‘Have you seen much of his son?’ Mrs. Caroline

inquired, restraining an appearance of particular interest.

‘Not much, ma’am; not much. Aha! I expect it’s the mothers’ll be asking about *his* son, and the daughters about mine—eh?’ Sir Miles indulged in a stout laugh.

‘He’s a fine lad. I’ll say that for him, ma’am. He’ll go a long way when he’s once loose, that lad will. I came to hear the other day that I was pretty near transporting him once, the young villain!’

Sir Miles told Mrs. Caroline certain facts that had gradually become public intelligence about his neighbourhood concerning the Bakewell Comedy.

Mrs. Caroline threw her hands aloft.

‘Have I frightened you a bit, ma’am?’ said twinkling Sir Miles; ‘but the perverse woman, with the downfall of her hands, checked his exultation by exclaiming: ‘Is it not a proof of his father’s wisdom to watch him so rigorously!’

Next day, at Sir Miles Papworth’s hastily-ordered dinner, Mrs. Caroline Grandison, who had summoned her great dormant energies successfully to stand upon her feet, was handed down by Sir Austin. They sat together, and talked together. Those who were near, and could catch scraps of their conversation, said, that they were engaged in mutually dissecting the frame of man: which perhaps was the origin of Mrs. Caroline’s fame as a proficient in Anatomy, and of the honourable mention made of her in Miss Joy Blewins’ pamphlet ‘On the Educational Claims of Woman,’ wherein Mrs. Caroline Grandison was cited as a woman, pure, delicate, beautiful, a pattern Wife and Mother, who had superintended many cuttings-up, and knew Man from top to toe, as was the undoubted right, Miss Joy vehemently urged, of every Woman upon earth.

At all events, Sir Austin and Mrs. Caroline discovered

that they had in common from an early period looked on life as a science: and, having arrived at this joint understanding, they, with the indifference of practised dissectors, laid out the world and applied the knife to the people they knew. In other words, they talked most frightful scandal. It is proverbial what a cold torturer science can be. Malice is nothing to it. They reviewed their friends. Pure blood was nowhere. Sir Austin hinted his observations since his arrival in town, and used a remark or two from Bairam and Thompson. Mrs. Caroline cleverly guessed the families, and still further opened his eyes. Together they quashed the wild-oats special plea. Mrs. Caroline gave him a clearer idea of his system than he had ever had before. She ran ahead of his thoughts like nimble fire. She appeared to have forethought them all, and taken a leap beyond. When he plodded and hesitated on his conception, she, at a word, struck boldly into black and white, making him fidget for his Notebook to reverse a sentence or two on Woman. And she quoted THE PILGRIM'S SCRIP.

'How true are some of the things you say, Sir Austin! And how false, permit me to add, are others!' she deprecatingly remarked. 'That, for instance, on Domestic Differences. How could you be so cynical as to say, that, "*In a dissension between man and wife that one is in the right who has most friends.*" It really angered me. Cannot one be absolutely superior—notoriously the injured one?' (Mrs. Caroline was citing her own case against the faint-hearted fox-hunting Unobjectionable.) 'But you amply revenge it. You say, "*Great Hopes have lean offspring.*" How true that is! How I know it myself! How true every disappointed woman must know it to be! And what you say of the Instincts and the Mind—something—that our Instincts seek stability here below, and are always casting anchor—something—without the Captain's con-

sent—and that it is at once the fruitful source of unhappiness and the proof of immortality—I'm making nonsense of it, but I appreciated the wisdom fully.'

In this way she played with him. The theorist was dazzled, delighted. Lady Blandish was too like a submissive slave to the System. Mrs. Caroline wedded it on the equal standing of an English wife, who gives her half and more to the union.

Her name appeared on his card-table the day after the dinner. Six of her eight daughters, and a sprinkling of her little dogs, were ready for his visit by the afternoon or fashionable morning. Charlotte and Harriet were absent. Clementina was the elder in attendance, and the rest presented fairly decreasing heights down to the disappointing last, Carola, called as near Charles as was permissible, a rigid ruddy young woman out of the nursery.

'We receive you into the family,' the fond mother leaned on her elbows maternally smiling, to welcome her visitor. 'I wished my daughters to share with me the pleasure of your acquaintance.'

'And knew well, madam, how to gratify me most.' Sir Austin bowed to the ceremony of introduction, and took a hand of each, retaining Carola's.

'This is your youngest, madam?'

'Yes.' Mrs. Caroline suppressed a sigh.

'And how old are you, my dear?'

Carola twisted, and tried to read the frill of her trousers. She was dressed very young.

'My child!' her mother admonished her. Whereat Carola screwed out a growl, 'Thirteen.'

'Thirteen this day,' said her mother.

'Allow me to congratulate you, my dear.' Sir Austin bent forward, and put his lips to her forehead.

Carola received the salute with the stolidity of a naughty doll.

‘She is not well to-day,’ said Mrs. Caroline. ‘She is usually full of life and gaiety—almost too much of an animal, I sometimes think.’

‘At her age she can scarcely be that,’ observed Sir Austin.

‘She’s the maddest creature I ever knew.’ Mrs. Caroline immediately went upon his tack with unction. ‘To-day she is shy. She is not herself. Possibly something has disagreed with her.’

‘That nasty medicine, it is, mama,’ mumbled wilful Carola, swinging her frock.

Sir Austin turned to Mrs. Caroline, and inquired anxiously if the child took much medicine.

‘The smallest occasional doses,’ Mrs. Caroline remarked, to an accompaniment of interjectory eyebrows and chins from all her younger daughters, and a reserved demure aspect of the elder ones.

‘I do not like much medicine for children,’ said the baronet, a little snappishly.

‘Only the smallest occasional doses!’ Mrs. Caroline repeated, making her voice small and the doses sound sweet.

‘My son has had little, or nothing,’ said the baronet.

The young ladies looked on the father of that son with interest.

‘Will you come and see our gymnasium?’ Mrs. Caroline asked quickly.

‘It is,’ she added, rising with heroic effort, ‘not to be compared to our country one. But it is of excellent use, and all my girls exercise in it, when in town, once a day, without intermission. My principle is, that girls require a development of their frames as well as boys; and the more muscle they have the better women they make. I used it constantly till disappointment and sorrow broke the habit.’

‘On my honour, madam,’ said the enraptured baronet, ‘you are the only sensible woman I have met,’ and he offered his arm to conduct the strenuous invalid.

Daughters and little dogs trooped to the gymnasium, which was fitted up in the court below, and contained swing-poles, and stride-poles, and newly invented instruments for bringing out special virtues: an instrument for the lungs; an instrument for the liver; one for the arms and thighs; one for the wrists; the whole for the promotion of the Christian accomplishments.

Owing, probably, to the exhaustion consequent on their previous exercises of the morning, the young ladies, excepting Carola, looked fatigued and pale, and anything but well-braced; and for the same reason, doubtless, when the younger ones were requested by their mother to exhibit the use of the several instruments, each of them wearily took hold of the depending strap of leather, and wearily pulled it, like mariners oaring in the deep sea; oaring to a haven they have no faith in.

‘I sometimes hear them,’ said their mama, ‘while I am reclining above, singing in chorus. “Row, brothers, row,” is one of their songs. It sounds pretty and cheerful.’

The baronet was too much wrapped up in the enlightenment of her principle to notice the despondency of their countenances.

‘We have a professor of gymnastics, who comes twice a week to superintend,’ said Mrs. Caroline, breathing fresh fumes to the pleased reverie of her guest.

‘How old did you say your daughter is, madam?’ the baronet abruptly interrogated her.

‘Which?—Oh!’ she followed his eye and saw it resting on ruddy Carola, ‘thirteen. She this day completes her thirteenth year. That will do, dears; much of it is not good after your dinners.’

The baronet placidly nodded approval of all her

directions, and bestowed a second paternal kiss upon Carola.

'They talk of the Future Man, madam,' he said. 'I seem to be in the house of the Future Woman.'

'Happy you that have a son!' exclaimed Mrs. Caroline, and, returning to the drawing-room, they exchanged Systems anew, as a preparatory betrothal of the objects of the Systems.

This is followed by the chapter entitled 'A Diversion played on a Penny-Whistle.'

p. 150. After ('O Richard') l. 23 *deleted*:

Keynotes of the harmonies Earth even now revolves to, shadowing slowly to its bright-eyed kindred.

p. 151, l. 17. They were made for their Eden: *altered from* Imperiously they know we were made for this Eden: and would you gainsay them who are outside the Gates, and argue from the Fall?

p. 155. After ('young men') l. 31 *deleted*:

'I fancy, uncle, you have swallowed a fairy,' says Richard. 'You know what malicious things they are. Is there a case in the mythology of anybody swallowing a fairy?'

Hippias grimly considered, and thought there was not.

'Upon my honour,' Adrian composes his features to remark, 'I think Ricky has hit the right nail. You have not only swallowed one, you have swallowed the whole mythology! I'm not astonished you suffer so. I never could, I confess, so they don't trouble me; but, if I had, I should pour a bottle of the best on them every night. I should indeed.'

'Can my uncle,' Richard meditates, his eyes on Hippias's weazened face, 'ever have been, as my father says, happy, and like other men? Was he ever in love?'

Alas, and alack-a-day! Yes! Love had once piped even to Hippias in dewy shade. He was once an ardent youth, the genius of the family, master of his functions. 'Which, when one ceases to be,' says the PILGRIM'S SCRIP, 'one is no longer man': and appends that 'it is the tendency of very fast people to grow organically *downward*.' Pity the sorrows of a poor dyspepsy! Like the Actinia, poor Hippias had grown to be all stomach—though not so pretty to look at.

'You will drink a bottle and drown the fairy on the day Ricky's married,' says Adrian, eyeing the traitor blush he calls up on the ingenuous cheeks.

Hippias realizes distant consequences immediately, and contracts his jaw to stipulate for it at night, then: not in the morning at the breakfast. He is capable of nothing but very weak tea and dry toast, or gruel, in the morning. He adds that, how people can drink wine at that early hour, amazes him. 'I should,' he exclaims energetically, 'I should be afraid to go to bed that night, if I did such a thing!'

Adrian leans to Richard, and bids the blush-mantled youth mind he does not swallow his fairy, or he may have a similar unbewitching fear upon him on the awful occasion. Richard cocks his ear. His hour has struck. His heaven awaits him in the wood, and he is off.

p. 156. *After ('Miss Molly') l. 26 deleted:*

It was hard upon the wise youth, and he felt it so, that she would not accept his impeccability. He said austere: 'I desire you to know, miss, that, notwithstanding your unprotected situation and the favouring darkness, a British female, in all places and at all seasons, may confidently repose the precious jewel——'

The buxom lass interrupted the harangue by an explosion of giggles. 'I declare,' she cried, 'I used for to

believe you at fust; and when you begin you looks like it now. You're al'ays as good as a play. I say—don't you remember——'

p. 156, l. 35. After 'missis' deleted: and you're after the——

p. 157, l. 1. After 'Adrian' deleted: checked the audacious accusation. He . . .

p. 157, l. 3. After 'missis' deleted: was farmer Blaize's niece, and that she . . .

p. 157. After ('up') l. 33 deleted:

'Can one be favoured with the opportunity . . . ?' said Adrian.

'That you shan't,' Molly cried.

'I only want to see, and worship,' said Adrian.

'Worship—you!' Molly stepped jeeringly back from him.

p. 159. After ('lover's mind') l. 21 deleted:

Heavy Benson's epistle of warning, addressed to Sir Austin Absworthy Bearne Feverel, Bart., and containing an extraordinary travesty of the mutual converse of two love-sick beings, specially calculated to alarm a moral parent, was posted and travelling to town. His work was done. Unluckily for his bones, he had, in the process, acquired a prurient taste for the service of spy upon Cupid; and, after doing duty at table, he was again out over the dews, hoping to behold the extreme wickedness of the celestial culprit.

p. 160, l. 24. After 'Lady Blandish' deleted: 'You have heard about the Grandisons, I presume?'

'Yes. A perfect woman, mirrored in her progeny.'

'I detest a perfect woman,' said Lady Blandish.

'I should like her better than her progeny.'

'I pity her husband,' said Lady Blandish.

'As the PILGRIM'S SCRIP would remark—"There 's his recompense." '

'I'm afraid some one is easily hoodwinked,' said Lady Blandish.

The wise youth smiled.

p. 161, l. 6. Adrian protested: *altered from* 'Good Heavens, Madam!' Adrian protested. This was Science with a vengeance.

p. 163, l. 28. *Beginning of paragraph deleted*: He dare not touch her lips.

p. 165, ll. 14-16. *Added*:

They had heard, by involuntarily overhearing about as much as may be heard in such positions, a luminous word or two.

p. 165, l. 24. *After* 'Mysteries' *deleted*: and are not struck blind.

p. 166, l. 4. *After* 'waited' *deleted*: for the worst—eh? Hm!—or . . .

p. 166, l. 6. *After* 'head-quarters' *deleted*: have you? Nothing like zeal, Benson!

p. 166. *After* ('Mr. Hadrian') l. 7 *deleted*:
'Don't let it rob you of your breath, Benson.'

p. 166, l. 23. *After* 'me' *deleted*: Not a bad suggestion of the Blandish. We'll see about it.

p. 168, l. 30. *After* 'Tom' *deleted*: emphasizing his achievement of a four-syllable word.

p. 170, l. 4. *After* 'effect' *deleted*: Not a bad idea that of the Fates being Jews—Jewesses more classically speaking.

p. 170, l. 6. *After 'spot' deleted:* What a lovely night!
Those two young ones do it well.

p. 170, l. 7. *After 'man' deleted:* Love and War come
as natural to him as bread and butter.

p. 170, l. 18. *After 'birched' deleted:* She is Perfect
Justice.

p. 170, l. 31. *After 'ash-branch' deleted:* 'Make him get
up!'

p. 171, l. 19. *After 'knocked in' deleted:* the stain of a
tremendous blow across his nose, which made one of his
eyes seem gone.

p. 172, l. 2. opened his mouth wide: *altered from* opened
his mouth to shake out a coil of laughter.

p. 172, l. 4. *After 'worse' deleted:* I thought you were in
a passion. Beautifully cool! Bravo!—You are politely
informed that if you take that posture, in the nature of
things and by reasonable calculation, you will get it
worse.

p. 172, l. 24. *After 'Adrian' deleted:* 'Never part with
that hat, Benson. Love it as you love yourself.'

p. 172, l. 33. *After 'Venus' deleted:* 'Twas Venus, Venus
struck the deadly blow!

p. 174. *After ('free agent') l. 19 deleted as under:*

Adrian tacitly acknowledged the choiceness of the
phraseology, and asked if he had see Benson.

'I have enjoyed an interview with Mr. Benson, sir.'

'I daresay you did enjoy it, Berry!'

Berry protested: 'On my honour, sir! From the
plenitude of health and spirits I regarded Mr. Benson
with profound—a—profound'——a word fine enough for
his emotion seemed wanting.

‘Mr. Richard have shattered his ganglions, sir.’

‘His what?’ Adrian asked.

Berry corrected the casual error: ‘I should say, his idioshincrazy, sir.’

‘Accentuate the fourth, not the fifth syllable, Berry.’

‘Exactly, sir. His idioshincrazy. I may have my own retrospections against Mr. Benson; but, ‘hem! as homo,’—and Berry ventured a familiar smile as he joined Adrian on classical ground; ‘as homo, Sir, I am concerned.’

‘But if you discovered that Benson dogged you in the woods with Betsy Sommersault—eh, Berry? How then?’

‘O fie, Mr. Adrian! A Spy, Sir?’ Berry expanded his magnificent chest, and stated his opinion that, ‘That quite altered the catastrophe.’

‘Benson wishes it did, no doubt,’ said Adrian. ‘So Mr. Richard refuses to go?’

‘Vociferously, Sir.’

‘What did he say?’

‘His accentuation was of the wildest, Sir. Erratic.’

‘Trochaic, you mean, Berry! On the first syllable altogether, I suppose? Trochaic running into the Anapæstic,’ Adrian suggested, drumming the measure.

That was what Berry meant. On the first syllable altogether! Trochaic.

Adrian soon got tired of Berry, who was poor fun to him, and occupied the rank in his order of household amusement that a pun does to wit.

p. 174. After ‘sir’ l. 26 deleted:

Berry retired, saying to himself, ‘What I like, is to confabulate with educated people. You always learn something new from them.’ And he drew forth his pocket-Johnson that he might commit the new words he had learnt to memory.

p. 175, l. 24. After 'kissed it' *deleted*: murmuring again that he thanked God.

p. 178. After ('Raynham') l. 16 *deleted*:
The baronet gravely repeated his last sentence.

p. 182, l. 13. the boy's temper: *altered from* the temper of poor Tantalus.

p. 184. After ('love') l. 3 *deleted as under*:

Mrs. Grandison appeared to be in raptures with the son of a System. What her daughters thought of a young gentleman who did nothing but frown and bite his lips in their company may be imagined. With Carola, however, he got on better.

Riding in the park one morning, Carola beheld her intended galloping furiously down the Row, and left her sister Clementina's side to waylay him. He pulled up smartly, and this young person's frank accost was—

'I say! are you afraid of girls?'

He stared at her and did his salute laughing, upon which she said—

'No, I see you're not. My sisters all say you are. I should think you were not afraid of anything. A man afraid of girls! I never heard the like!'

'Well!' said Richard, 'at all events I'm not afraid of you. Are you a girl?'

Carola immediately became pensive.

'Yes,' she sighed, striking her pony's ears with her whip, 'I'm afraid I am! I used to keep hoping once that I wasn't. I'm afraid it's no use.' She seriously shook her curls, and looked up at him. Richard shouted with laughter.

'But what do you want to be?' he asked, scrutinizing the comical young person.

'A boy, to be sure!' said Carola, and pouted proudly,

as if the wish had raised her out of her sex. At this Richard laughed again and took to the young woman. They trotted on in company. Within five minutes he had all the secrets of the family.

‘When I like anybody,’ said Carola, ‘I always speak out everything I know.’

‘And you like me?’

‘Yes, I do. What do you think they call your father?—The Griffin! That’s what they call him. I don’t know why. I like him. Do you know who gave me this pony? He did, to be sure! He bought it the day after my birthday. He’s fonder of me than you are. I like fathers better than mothers. My pa and ma don’t agree. I say! what may I call you?’

Richard gave her permission to call him what she pleased.

‘Well, then, Richard—if you don’t really mind. What a nice fellow you are, and we all thought you so nasty! I was going to say, I wish they’d let us ride our ponies strideways?’

Richard, with all the muscles of his face in play, lamented the severe restriction.

‘It’s so much handier,’ Carola continued. ‘Look at this! all on one side!—I used to when I was little, though. Not here, you know,—in the country. And ma knew of it. She didn’t interfere. She wanted me to be a boy. Ma did—What do you think?—Ma smokes! Not before people! She says, it’s for her complaint. I wish she had a little of our medicine instead. She gives us all such quantities of medicine—the big ones as well as me. I shall smoke for my complaint when I grow up—see if I don’t! If I call you Richard, you’ll call me Carl, won’t you? That’s the German for Charles. In the country the boys call me Charley. Can’t I ride slapping?’

‘Capital!’ said Richard. ‘Let’s have a gallop.’

After a short heat, Carola slackened her pace to recommence :

‘Do you know why none of my sisters ’ll have you? Because they ’ve all got lovers themselves—all but me. And they have letters from them, too, and write back. I shouldn’t know what to say. Ma would let us have you, but she wouldn’t let us have anybody else.’

‘Really?’ said Richard.

‘Yes,’ Carola nodded. ‘Ma says you’re going to be a hero. One of us is to be married to you. Do you call me good-looking?’

Richard complimented her by saying he thought she would grow to be a very handsome chap.

Carola assured him she could not think it. ‘My nose turns up, and my cheeks are so red. Pa calls them cabbage-roses. I don’t mind the “roses,” but I can’t bear the “cabbage”! Why is it you laugh so?’

‘Because you’re such a funny fellow, Carl.’

‘Am I? Do you like funny fellows?’

‘Of course I do. The funny fellows are always my best friends.’

‘Why, now, that’s just like me,’ exclaimed Carola. ‘We’re just alike. I hate people who mope. I thought you moped at first. I suppose you were only a little put out—weren’t you?’

‘Only a little,’ sighed poor Richard.

‘I declare if you don’t talk exactly like my sister Clem! —She’s moping in love you know,—Richard!’

‘Well, old friend?’

‘You don’t hear me. Why are you so sad in a minute? Why do you call me “old friend”?’

‘Because’—he bent down and put his hand on her neck—‘because, because—well! why?—I suppose it’s because I like you better than any of my new friends.’

‘Do you?’ cried the joyful Carola, clapping her hands.

‘That’s right! I’m so glad. Mind you always do, Richard!—won’t you? And I will you. Are you fond of theatres?’

Richard informed her he had never been to one in his life, which caused lively astonishment to Miss Carl.

‘Then you don’t know what a beautiful lady is if you’ve never been to a theatre,’ she said authoritatively.

‘I’m afraid I do!’ replied the lover.

‘There you are again—just like Clem!—Are you in love, too? Oh, I hope it isn’t with Clem! She’ll never have you. I heard her say she’d die first. I did indeed!—It’s a secret—his name’s Walter. I’ve seen her letters: Lieutenant Papworth, in the Hussars. She begins them—“Dearest, dearest Walter!”—and they take her hours to write—I shouldn’t write like that. I should say, “Dear Richard! I love you. I hope we shall be married soon. Your faithful Carl.” That would do—wouldn’t it?’

Richard looked down upon her with something like veritable affection. Almost every turn in the artless little maid’s prattle touched a new mood in him, and beguiled away his melancholy.

‘That would just do,’ he said. ‘All we want is to be married soon!’

Carola flushed up and was quiet. Clementina cantered to join them, bowing distantly to Richard, as if anything like familiarity involved the fate of her adored hussar.

After this conversation with the daughter of a System, Richard informed his father that he thought girls were very like boys.

‘I think they are,’ said his father. ‘I am beginning to think that the subsequent immense distinction is less one of sex than of education. They are drilled into hypocrites.’

‘When they much prefer riding strideways,’ said

Richard, and repeated some of his young friend's remarks, which his father evidently thought charming, and chuckled over frequently. A girl so like a boy was quite his ideal of a girl.

p. 185, l. 2. *After 'paint' deleted:* As to her appearance she would affect Adam more than me; but, as I did not see her as Eve was seen, I cannot tell how the likeness may be.

p. 185, l. 16. *After 'way' deleted:* Allow me to congratulate you on having found Richard's unripe half in good condition, and rosy. I shall be glad to see the original man again, to whom his Tutor's salute and benediction.

p. 185, l. 27. *After 'commences' deleted:* (not with *all*—Is it fortunate for us,—or the reverse?).

p. 188, l. 7. *After 'Intelligence' deleted:* 'By the way, is there a characteristic in Mrs. Grandison? Or is she only good? If so, how tired you must be! I hope Richard really is beginning to take an interest in the child. I sincerely trust that this young creature *is not so good as her mother*. I wish indeed the experiment were well "launched through the surf," as you do us the honour to term it.

'Heigho! I have given up a sea on to you. What is to be my reward?'

Something, no doubt, the baronet had in store for her, and possibly the lady's instinct made her meditate on the day when Richard should be 'launched through the surf' in earnest.

p. 191, l. 29. *After 'Tom' deleted:* smuggled his pipe into his pocket. He . . .

p. 191, l. 35. *After 'action' deleted:* 'You're looking uncommon well, Sir.'

p. 192, l. 1. 'Speak out!' he was commanded: *altered from* 'D' you hear, Tom?' cried Richard, imperatively.

p. 192, l. 2. *After* 'week' *deleted*: How is she? Where is she?

Tom stepped back to Cassandra's hind-quarters, and round to her fore-feet, pretending to be spying after furze-thorns. Between anger and alarm at Tom's hesitation to answer honestly, a quality that served for patience restrained his master; but Tom saw that this trifling would not do, and he got up from the mare's loins, and said, holding forth both hands open, 'There, sir! I don't mind saying it. I know I ought for to have powsted a letter, tell'n you all of it as much as I'd come to hear—but there, Mr. Richard, I do writ so shocken bad, and that's the truth, I wasn't the man for't. Well, sir,' Tom warmed to speak out now he had begun, 'I shewd 'a stopped her. I know that, sir. I know'd how it'd knock you down. But I ain't a scholar! I ain't what you thinks or hopes for—bain't a bit of a hero. I never can do anything 'less it's in company. I can't do't by myself. I'm no hero. I know very well Lord Nelson'd 'a done it,' continued Tom, remembering, doubtless, many a lecture on the darling hero of Britain. 'He'd 'a done it. So'd the Duke o' Wellington, or any o' them Peninsular War chaps. But I hadn't the speert to step in and say—You shan't take her away. I thought 'bout't, but there—I couldn't! There's no more mistakes between us now, Mr. Richard. You see, I ain't a bit better than any other chap.'

p. 193, l. 2. *After* 'last' *deleted*: said Tom, imitating the forlornness of his master's voice.

p. 193. *After* ('more') l. 4 *deleted*:

'You didn't go to the corner of the road to see——?'

'Dash'd if I thought o' doin' that!'

p. 193, l. 35. *After 'love' deleted*: She could not have been too miserable to please him.

'Tom!' he said, 'I'll follow her at once.'

'Better wait,' Tom advised, 'till I search out where the young lady is—hadn't you, sir?'

p. 194, l. 3. *After 'drawn' deleted*: thither he must go. He had not listened to Tom's sound sense, but it appeared to guide him, for . . .

p. 196, l. 19. *After 'now' deleted*: the farmer addressed Richard, as he of the seraph's bliss sullenly cast the Fashions among the musk-pots, and stumped off mumbling unintelligible grumbings.

p. 196, l. 21. *After 'attitudes' deleted*: 'Why, they're all attitood! They're nothin' else!' The farmer laughed broadly. 'If we went about in that style I don't think we sh'd do much work, and get much t' eat—In style o' that ther' Folly!—Ha, ha! 'counts for ther' bein' se thin, mayhap—ha, ha, ha! Thin ain't lissome, though, in style o' that ther' Folly.'

p. 196. *After ('gentleman') l. 28 deleted as under*:

A blush went over Richard; he was thinking, 'Is this the chair she sat in?' She seemed to put her arms about him, and say, 'Suppose I have gone? Shall I not soon be back to you? Why are you so downcast?'

'I asks 'un,' the farmer was unable to quit the subject his humour had fixed on, 'I asks 'un, what he expects out of a Folly but fools? And take care he don't get among 'em! Seems Folly's a new name for them fashens. So they tells me. Not a bad 'un, I think!—Hope yer father's well, Mr. Fev'rel? Ah! if he'd been the man he bid fair to be—though we was opp'site pol'tics—well! it's a loss anyhow! Not the first time you've bin in this apartment, young gentleman?'

‘No, Mr. Blaize! it is not,’ Richard now spoke. ‘I think I ought to have—you see, that was my book of Folly, and I shall be glad to think it’s closed.’

To this proper speech, the farmer replied drily, ‘Wall! so long as that sort of Folly don’t grow to be the fashen! ‘Somever that ’s over and past—no more said ’bout ’t!’

A rather embarrassing silence ensued, broken by a movement of legs changing places, like evolutions of infantry before the dread artillery opens.

p. 200, l. 7. *After ‘he said’ deleted:* between his set teeth.

p. 203, l. 13. *After ‘questions’ deleted:* He saw that he was in for the first Act of the new Comedy.

p. 204, l. 23. *After ‘object to’ deleted:* the Grandisons coming, and . . .

p. 205, l. 2. *After ‘perceive it’ deleted:* He desired to know whether Berry was in sufficient muscular condition to transport the lady upstairs and down; and being told that no doubt Berry would be, were the service required of him, Adrian appeared to reflect profoundly, and thought that on no account must the precious freight be consigned to the inflammable Berry; in support of which Adrian mildly cited certain grievous instances in the Pagan mythology of breach of trust even when the offenders were Gods, which Berry had no pretence to be, utter animal man that he was.

‘Then you must do it,’ said Richard, just waking up, and for want of something to say.

‘Even I dare not! Such an ordeal as that!’—Adrian gravely replied, shaking a meek sinner’s head, and it was impossible to help laughing at his solemn manner. Algernon, knowing him better than the others, laughed aloud.

‘I suppose I must be the man!’ he said.

‘Remember,’ said Adrian, ‘that you have already had your ordeal.’

‘Well, then, Hip!’ Algernon turned to his melancholy brother, ‘Hip will do for it exactly.’

‘Happy one!’ Adrian apostrophized Hippias reverently, ‘behold in his arms the fruit of a thousand indignations!’

And at this picture of the virtuous lady borne as a prize by the Dyspepsy, there was laughter all round the board, Sir Austin himself reticently joining in.

p. 205. *After* (‘severity’) l. 20 *deleted as under* :

‘Well, Benson? well?’ said the baronet, not understanding the interruption, and impatient at Benson’s presence.

Benson persisted in the flabby-severe without speaking, and the appearance of this strange owl presiding stupidly over them, was so astonishing as to keep them all looking at him. They had disconcerted Benson, who was of slow wit, by being three instead of two, and he was troubled what to say for himself. At last he said the thing he would have said had they been but two, and one of the two a born Pagan.

‘If you please, Sir Austin! it’s very late.’

Benson regarded the impression he had made. It was not a very distinct one. Lady Blandish laughed and said: ‘I see. Benson wishes to have us up early in the morning. Hasn’t my maid gone to bed?’

‘She has gone, my lady.’

‘Are you sure?’ said Adrian.

‘To the best of my knowledge, Mr. Hadrian, she has gone to her bed.’ Benson’s tone defied misconception or imputation.

‘Then I will follow soon to mine, Benson,’ said Lady Blandish.

This should have satisfied Benson, but still he did not go.

p. 205, l. 30. *Before* 'the carpet-bag' *deleted*: Benson had judged his climax properly. And a carpet-bag! The baronet looked blank. Adrian raised his brows. Lady Blandish glanced at one, and at the other;—*adding*: The carpet-bag might be supposed to contain that funny thing called a young hero's romance in the making.

p. 206, l. 34. *After* 'sounded' *deleted*: Anxious he was, and prayerful; but with faith in the physical energy he attributed to his System. This providential stroke had saved the youth from heaven knew what!

p. 207. *After* ('eyes') l. 11 *deleted as under*:

'See what you do to us!' said the baronet, sorrowfully eyeing the bed.

'But if you lose him?' Lady Blandish whispered.

Sir Austin walked away from her, and probed the depths of his love. 'The stroke will not be dealt by me,' he said.

His patient serenity was a wonder to all who knew him. Indeed, to have doubted and faltered now was to have subverted the glorious fabric just on the verge of completion. He believed that his son's pure strength was fitted to cope with any natural evil: that such was God's law. To him Richard's passion was an ill incident to the ripeness of his years and his perfect innocence; and this crisis the struggle of the poison passing out of him—not to be deplored. He was so confident that he did not even send for Dr. Bairam.

p. 208. *After* ('ballad') l. 13 *deleted as under*:

'That couplet,' said Sir Austin, 'exactly typifies the doctor's hero. I think he must admire Agamemnon—'

eh, doctor? Chryseïs taken from us, let us seize Bryseïs!—Children cry, but don't die, for their lumps of sugar. When they grow older, they——'

'Simply have a stronger appreciation of the sugar, and make a greater noise to obtain it,' Adrian took him up, and elicited the smile which usually terminated any dispute he joined.

p. 209, l. 27. After 'conceived' deleted: and thereafter passed by.

p. 211, l. 19. After 'danger' deleted: Benson alone was sincere, and wretched! Consequently he turned prophet. He foretold the downfall of the System, and carried it in his face. There was no escaping from his horrible heaviness. The baronet complained of it. At a time of exuberant self-congratulation, a dear lady worshipping, a beloved boy obedient, a System triumphant, and scoffers confounded, Benson's dead weight was offensive.

p. 212, l. 7. Before 'Adrian' deleted: 'Have you indeed, sir,' said . . .

p. 213, l. 13. After 'enjoy' deleted: Reality.

p. 216. After ('silent') l. 11 deleted:

'Exactly,' replied the baronet. 'Mankind has some instinctive disgust for the victims of their appetites. We pity any other functional derangement than that.'

p. 216. After ('sickened him') l. 30 deleted:

'Besides,' said Hippias, 'it's singular, but at this time of the year, Richard, I always have the same idea. I can't go out and see a garden without thinking I ought to be upside down, and have the bulbous part underneath me, like those—what do you call those flowers?—yes, like those crocuses. And you can't imagine how distressing it really is when you think those things in earnest.'

p. 219, l. 12. *After 'days' deleted:* That is as good a thing as I have heard, Hippias.'

p. 220, l. 20. *After 'him' deleted:* All he desired of him was to go and see the Grandisons, and give his love to little Carola.

'I wonder how my cabbage-rose is looking,' Richard remarked. 'She was disappointed at not seeing me when she came, wasn't she, sir?'

'Well, she cried about you,' said the baronet, content to hear his son add: 'Poor little thing!' however coldly.

p. 220, l. 21. *After 'observe' deleted:* beyond that of going to the Grandisons.

p. 220, l. 33. *After 'him' added:* or he against himself.

p. 222, l. 5. *After 'them' deleted:* No longer the old watchful nervous air about him, as of one who dared not sleep upon advantage.

p. 222, l. 8. *After 'safety' deleted:* That, and the feeling of guardianship to this child.

p. 223, l. 9. *After 'strawberry' deleted:* No lack of inspiration for you.

p. 223, l. 12. *After 'glueberry' deleted:* I can't remember rightly.

p. 224, l. 6. *After 'pill' deleted:* My uncle, I dread, is madly bent upon returning thanks publicly for the pill, so you must be content to let Ignotus wear your laurels, or the critics will confound you together. "Notwithstanding the deplorable state of this gentleman's stomach," they will say, "the Muse and Cupid have taken so strong a hold on him, that he is evidently one of those who, to avoid more punishable transgressions, must commit verse,

and we prefer to attribute any shortcomings which it may be our duty to indicate, rather to the utter distraction of his internal economy than to a want of natural propensity."

p. 228, l. 23. *After 'Hippias' deleted*: assumed a mysterious sadness, and . . .

p. 231, l. 5. *After 'mine' deleted*: Hippias did look doubtful.

p. 231, l. 7. *After 'you and I' deleted*: and little Carola—a splendid little girl. I shall call her my . . .

p. 232, l. 14. *After 'to be' deleted*: and little Carola.

p. 237, l. 17. 'Mr. Richard is well? All right at home?'
Altered from: 'Mr. Richard is quite well? Father's quite well? All right at home?—eh, Tom?'

p. 242, l. 3. *After 'degrees' deleted*: beyond the reach of art.

p. 242, l. 9. *After 'chest' deleted*: and threw up his lips and brows.

p. 242. *After ('question') l. 20 deleted*:

'Why, the doctor you were going to for the third time when you left me,' said Ripton, in a manner not to be mistaken. 'What does he say?'

Richard sought in turn the countenances of all present, and settled upon Ripton's with a ludicrous stare.

p. 244, l. 34. *After 'nothing' deleted*: She—a—wore a wig for a long time.

p. 246, l. 24. 'Ah,' said Ripton, humbly, 'I was thinking of the other. Her garden! cabbages don't interest me—*Altered from*: 'Ah, to be sure!' said Ripton, humbly, 'I was thinking of the other. Oh, of course! Yes—She—a—her cabbages——'

p. 252, l. 30. *After 'ardour' deleted*: Lucy submitting, he chooses his pace. Lucy remonstrating, he is fired to madness.

p. 257, l. 8. *After 'Dog' deleted*: So runs the round.

p. 257. *After ('Ripton') l. 28 deleted*:

Most young gentlemen speak from one part or other of their interiors.

p. 258. *After ('night') l. 6 deleted*:

'You 'll soon'—Ripton darkly winked; but his chief looked uninstructed, and he branched into the converse of daylight.

p. 258, l. 9. *After 'sex' deleted*: Ripton Thompson had seen pretty girls, and pretty girls had seen Ripton Thompson. Ahem!—

p. 263. *After ('go') l. 21 deleted*:

The lover sternly continued his hunt. He found the propelling machine at last, and put it on, saying under its shadow: 'I 'm ready! Now!'

Here was sadness and gloom come upon them! Ripton likewise commenced the search for his doleful casque, and toppled it moodily on the back of his head in sign of glorious enterprise abandoned, and surrender to the enemy.

p. 266, l. 16. *After 'extended' added*: were winged, flew illimitably.

p. 276, l. 8. *After 'half an hour' deleted*: Some, by taking an oar themselves, have done it in five minutes: some in two.

p. 290, l. 2. *After 'pockets' added*: He remembers that he felt for it, and felt it in his waistcoat pocket, when in the Gardens.

p. 293, l. 34. *After 'that' added:* You 're to be married again in your own religion.

p. 298, l. 25. *After 'over' deleted:* 'I feel tremendous! I feel, upon my honour, Ricky, I feel as if nobody *coul'* resis' me!' Ripton stamped his might on the table. 'I shall tell him the whole affair point-blank. I can tell you that if it comes to argument 'tween us, I can lay on the man who 'll have the best of it. I shall tell him I was a witness. And I hope, Sir Austin, in a year's time, you 'll have best witness of all, sir!—jolly 'ittle grandson!' Ripton's head went roguishly to right and left, and he emptied his glass at a draught.

Richard arrested his resumption of speech, and he continued slowly to fizz like an ill-corked effervescence, while . . .

p. 299, l. 28. *After 'angel' deleted:* He endeavoured to get a leap beyond the angels, but being of tame imagination, those commonplace hosts had to stand for what he felt.

p. 299, l. 30. *After 'Richard' deleted:* Your oldest friend, Ricky!—Eh? A cool head and a heart in the right place! A man who 'd want to drink better wine than this—he 'd bet' not drink any 't all. I think I was, hem!—marking that we know what wine is. Talking of old Blaize, ain't it odd we should be drinking claret 'gether, just married? I mean, when you come to think of it, Ricky? It strike me's odd. But as for your thinking there 'll be much fuss, you know, there you 're wrong. Let 's have s' more claret.'

Richard hospitably opened another bottle for him, and sat knocking his finger nails on his teeth, impatient for the bride, while Ripton freely flowed forth. In spite of the innocuousness of claret, his words were displaying an oily tendency to run into one another, and his eyes were growing vivaciously stupid.

‘Strikes me, Richard, every fresh bottle ’s better than one before. Well, I was saying, you know, I shall make all right with your father. Oh! *he* won’t stand out after a little talking. And mind you, Mr. Ricky, I *can* talk! I ought to have gone the Bar, you know. Fancy me in off’ces! Aha! Why, they haven’t got so many good fellows at the Bar that they should keep me in off’ces. Cleret! cleret I keep saying:—claret, sir! ’Minds me of Gravelkind. I ’m always making ’stakes of that sort. Best of it is, it never ’fects you. You may drink as much as ever you like, and it never ’fects you. Gentleman’s wine! When I ’m in practice, you know, I—I never drink anything else! I—I never drink anything else! Though if you ask me point-blank which I p’fer, why, I’d rather go the Bar. I’m an only son, you know, and a mother and four sisters, and I must do as I ’m tole. Ha! ha! that Letty! whar a face she ’ll make when she hears of it! sil’ ’ittle thing!—ha! ha!—I do think this has been the jollies’ day I ever knew! Behave, sir? She did behave most beautiful! I hear her voice now—like that glass. Oh! I ain’t going to get married. I can’t see the girl to suit me. Tell you the truth, girls don’t quite take to me—not in that way, you know. I don’t know how to talk to them unless they begin, and look all right. It went as smooth, Ricky!—but lor! you ’re such a chap. You ’re sure to do it if you say you will.’

p. 300. After (‘maid’) l. 5 deleted:

Ripton drank Penelope, and afterwards had an idea that Penelope did not mean Lucy. He tried to tell Richard that the health proposed was that of his lovely wife, but Richard had no ear for him, and let him mumble on.

p. 300, l. 10. After ‘condition’ deleted: Ripton’s expressive bibulous invitation was: ‘Aha! Mrs. Berry!’

Penelope bowed and bumped her duty to them all. Richard and Lucy talked apart. Ripton balanced his body against the back of his chair. A notion possessed his nodding head that it devolved upon him to make a formal speech, and that now was the time. If ever the old Dog was to enunciate in human language his devoted appreciation of Beauty, the occasion was present. But how was he to fashion his phrases? Notwithstanding the state he was in, his sincere homage caused him to be critical of his capabilities, and then his brain whirled; innumerable phantom forms of sentences with a promise of glowing periods, offered their heads to him, and immediately cut themselves off from all consequence, so that he was afraid to commence. Speaking, moreover, he found to affect his balance. It became a problem whether he should talk, or retain his perpendicular. His latent sense of propriety counselled him not to risk it, and he stood mute, looking like a mask of ancient comedy, beneath which general embracing took place.

- p. 300, l. 12. After 'softness' deleted:* Ripton's long tight smile elaborated as the mad idea, engendered by these proceedings, of claiming certain privileges due to him in his character of bridesman, flashed across him. Some one noticed that the cake had not been cut, and his attention was drawn to the cake, and he fell upon it, literally, rising sufficiently ashamed not to dare to look in the fair bride's face, much more to claim a privilege.
- p. 301, l. 10. After 'Domestic Cookery' deleted:* Mrs. Berry's beloved private copy, with the wisdom contained in which she trusted to allure back to home and its duties the wandering Ulysses of Footmen.
- p. 302, l. 28. After 'no friend' deleted:* send to? I like that!

Mrs. Berry searched him with a glance. Perhaps the inebriate youth might let her into a few sweet particulars of this interesting business, denied to her by the wary bridegroom and his obedient bride, she thought. She wanted to have the stern father and cruel uncle described to her; their stature, complexion, and annual net incomes; also their places of residence.

p. 302, l. 31. After 'was' deleted: 'You cut fair, Mizz Berry. There won't be much for 'em, I sh..sure you. Take glass wine. Cleret 's my wine, sh—herry's yours. Why 'n't you put Richard's crez' on that cake? Mr. Richards—ha! ha!—best fun the world!—why 'n't you put a Griffin on that cake, Mizz Berry?'—Altered to 'You put a Griffin on that cake.'

p. 302, l. 32. After 'side' deleted: 'Wheatsheaves each side. Plenty 't means and plenty te-te-'tis! I 'm very fond of heraldry,' he added with a reflective visage, and fell half asleep upon the attachment.

p. 302. After ('on') l. 35 deleted: 'Oldest bar'netcy in England! If 'tish't my name's not Rip'm Thomps'—Esquire. Gentleman, ma'm, though he is arricled the law. Take glass wine, M..Mizz Berry. Cleret 's my wine, sh..herry's yours. This bom my third bod'l. What 's three to a gentleman, though he isn't a bar'net's son with fifty th—thousand a-year.'

'Fifty thousand! My goodness gracious me!' ejaculated Mrs. Berry in flattering accents.

'Na a penny less, ma'm! And I 'm his oldts friend. Very near transp..orted once, drinking cleret 'gether. Nev' 'fects you! Do take glass wine. Ha! ha!'

p. 303, l. 1. After 'Richards' deleted: 'Not a bir of it! No bar'net Richards's I know. We're 'bliged be secret, Mizz Berry.' Ripton looked profoundly secret. 'Anything

if't 's your own deditment. That 's law, Mizz Berry. And 't 's not his own dedri-ment. It 's his delaight—ha! hah!

Here gravitation gave Ripton a strong pull. He just saved himself, and went on, with a hideous mimicry of the God of Secrecy.

p. 303, l. 4. After 'her' deleted: 'I..I knock 'em down! I..I..I knock 'em down! She is such a poory creature!' he sang in falsetto.

p. 303, l. 5. After 'Mrs. Berry' deleted: who was resolved to stop his claret the moment she had the secret, and indulged him for that sole object.

Ripton attempted the God of Secrecy again, but his lips would not protrude enough, and his eyebrows were disaffected. He laughed outright. 'Wha' 's it matter now? They 're married, sir. Wha' 've you be 'shamed of?—eh? I can talk! Here, I say, Mizz Berry! come—bumper! La'ies and gen'lemen! I rise 'pose toas' de—hay!'

Filling Mrs. Berry's glass, and his own, to overflowing, and again splitting the solitary female who formed his audience into two sexes, Ripton commanded silence, and pendulously swayed over Mrs. Berry's lap in total forgetfulness of what he had ventured on his legs to celebrate. Aware that they did duty for some purpose, he shut his eyes to meditate, but at this congenial action densest oblivion enwrapped his senses, and he was in danger of coming into Mrs. Berry's lap head foremost; a calamity she averted by rising likewise, and shaking him roughly, which brought him back to visionary consciousness, when he sank into his chair, and mildly asked: 'Wha 'm I 'bout? That you, Mizz Berry?'

A little asperity was in her voice as she replied. 'You were going to propose a toast. And then, young man,

you 'd better lie down a bit, and cool yourself. Do it sitting,' she gesticulated peremptorily. 'I 'll open the bottle and fill the glass for you. I declare you 're drinking it out of tumblers. It's shocking! You're never going to have another full tumbler?'

Ripton chivalrously insisted on a bumper. She filled it for him, under mental protest, for conscience pricked her. Ripton drained his bumper in emphatic silence.

'Young man,' said Mrs. Berry, severely—. . .

p. 303, l. 9. *Before* 'Ripton' *deleted*: As if by miracle . . .

p. 303, l. 17. *After* 'stretched' *deleted*: Ripton was far from being in practice.

p. 303. *After* ('injunction') l. 35 *deleted*:

'I'll be seen as I am,' screamed Mrs. Berry.

p. 306, l. 28. *After* 'licence' *deleted*: and I've never a ring to show for it.

p. 308, l. 6. 'one, and my ring was off!': *altered from* 'one wrench, and my Ring went off like my Berry!'

p. 308, l. 8. She had no suspicions, and the task of writing her name in the vestry-book had been too exacting for a thought upon the other signatures. *Altered from*: She had no suspicions, and she had therefore never thought of looking at the signatures in the vestry-book;—*and deleting as under*:

'And it 's fort'nate I didn't!' she exclaimed, 'for out I should 'a shrieked there and then, never mind where 's the spot, to think I been and married my own baby unbeknown. Not till this Mr. Thompson proposed their healths tipsy by their right names did I think—Feverel! Raynham Abbey! Oh! then I had been and married my baby! and so you found me, Mr. Harley, and I daresay I looked it.'

‘You looked as if you were suffering from a premature indigestion of bride-cake, ma’am,’ said Adrian.

p. 312, l. 16. *After ‘stop to it’ deleted:* We were free from that nuisance in the Summer—once; but now everybody’s stupid inconsiderateness has multiplied tenfold the malignity of those boys who broke our necks in the Winter, and there’s positively no relapse.

p. 312. *After ‘miracle’) l. 19 deleted:*

Adrian animadverted on everybody very sympathetically.

p. 313, l. 10. *After ‘poison’ deleted:* It’s destructive to the stomach! Ugh!

p. 313, l. 13. *After ‘portion’ deleted:* ‘To present you with your due and proper portion.’

‘Me?’ Hippias’s face became venomous.

‘Well,’ said Adrian . . .

p. 313, l. 28. *After ‘estimate’ deleted:* (got to the bottom at last!)

p. 318, l. 34. *After ‘hour’ added:* for unbosoming and imbibing.

p. 326, l. 1. *After ‘ha!’ deleted:* Nobody believed her.

p. 326, l. 11. ballad-monger’s repertory: *altered from British Balladmonger’s repertory.*

p. 326. *After ‘repertory’) l. 11 deleted:*

‘Sing this, dear,’ said Angelica. ‘This is pretty: “I know I have not loved in vain!” Eh? don’t you like that? or this: “He knew not that I watched his ways.” What’s this correction in the lines . . . ? “I thought he knew not I wore—” It’s that Clarence! Really it’s a shame how he treats our books. And here again: “When I heard he was married.” *Spliced!* he has written

in. One of his dreadful slang words! I'll serve him out, though. Oh! he is too absurd. Look: "*I dare not breathe his name.*" He has written: "*For it is not pretty—Tomkins!*" Clarence has no idea of sentiment.'

But Clarence candidly revealed the estimation in which the British Balladmonger is held by the applausive sons of Britain (not enamoured of the fair cantatrice), who murmur 'Beautiful! Charming song!' and nightly receive drawing-room lessons of disgust at hearts, and bosoms, and bowers, that may partly account for their reticence and gaucherie when hearts, and bosoms, and bowers, are things of earnest with them.

p. 326, l. 12. *After 'Clare' deleted: rejected all pathetic anatomy and . . .*

p. 345, l. 35. *After 'darkness' deleted: and the tears.*

p. 349, l. 11. *After 'life' deleted: What 's this? Caviare? No, thank you, nothing coming from the sea after this morning.*

p. 349, l. 35. *After 'opinion' deleted: It is the last in the Note-book, and if they do with Note-books as it is the fashion to treat novels—turn from the commencement to the conclusion—the happy finder will have rapidly qualified himself to appreciate the full meaning of the reward.*

p. 351. *After ('town') l. 25 deleted: 'Don't,' said Adrian.*

p. 357, l. 29. *After 'rose' deleted: round the one star.*

p. 363, l. 29. decrepit lord: *altered from incapable lord.*

p. 365, l. 31. *After 'threads' added: By the way, a Papist priest has blest them.*

p. 369, l. 17. *After 'glance' deleted: He was quickly incandescent. He proposed, at the close of an hour's*

conflagration, thus: 'Aren't you ever going to change your state, Helen?'

'Oh no! never, indeed!' the fair widow replied.

'Then it's a shame,' muttered John, thinking how many children and cries of 'Papa' this woman—to whom he fancied he had been constant, utterly devoted—owed him.

Ere he could fall back upon his accustomed resignation, Mrs. Doria had assured the man that she knew of no one who would make so good a husband, no one she would like so well to have related to her.

'And you ought to be married, John: you know you ought.'

'But if I can't have her?' returned John, staring stupidly at her enigmatical forefinger.

'Well, well! might you not have something better?'

Mr. Todhunter gallantly denied the possibility of that.

p. 369, l. 17. And now she said: 'It is time you should marry; and you are the man to be the guide and helper of a young woman, John. Altered from: 'Something younger is something better, John. No. I'm not young, and I intend to remain what I am. Put me by. You must marry a young woman, John.'

p. 369, l. 26. After 'Mrs. Doria' deleted: 'I'll do the wooing for you, John,' she said.

She did more.

p. 370, l. 35. After 'fellow' deleted: My belief, Mr. Dick, is, that she's in love with you, if it's anybody.

p. 371, l. 1. After 'contempt' deleted: saying to himself, 'I believe he's nothing more than an embroidered jacket now.' But . . .

p. 371, l. 25. After 'yourself' deleted: He burst into tears.

- p. 372, l. 17. *After 'too' deleted*: Oh! to think of that mouth being given over to . . . O curses of hell! to think . . .
- p. 375, l. 2. *After 'marriage' deleted*: John had his disengaged hand at his waistcoat pocket, and . . .
- p. 377, l. 26. *After 'Adrian' deleted*: 'Do they suggest the bridegroom to you?'
- p. 380, l. 34. *After 'observed' deleted*: patting Richard on the back.
- p. 385, l. 31. *After 'him' deleted*: Miss Joy Blewins was not dead: she had a numerous progeny on the female Press of the land. It was but a choice of evils between the pathetic sympathy of Mrs. Grandison, and the Irish howl of the veteran M'Murphy.
- p. 395, l. 21. trust in our nature: *altered from* trust in Nature.
- p. 396, l. 16. Ripton had heard some little of the colloquy: *altered from* and the result of the colloquy was shut from Ripton.
- p. 396, l. 30. that remarkable composer: *altered from* the British ballad-monger.
- p. 398, l. 8. *After 'conduct' deleted*: which was still evident to the decorous bosom, though more removed therefrom.
- p. 398, l. 9. the fat one sniffed and snapped: *altered from* the bosom sniffed and snapped.
- p. 398, l. 16. stewed: *altered from* baked.
- p. 399, l. 35. strange bits of the conversation: *altered from* strange conversation.
- p. 406, l. 1. run off the road: *altered from* spoilt his luck.

- p. 406, l. 15. *After 'plainly' deleted*: She beat against a wall of shrouded Manicheism.
- p. 407, l. 1. *After 'hers' deleted*: And when I make them bashful—by Heaven!
- p. 407, l. 25. *After 'her' deleted*: She hemmed! at Richard's elbow.
- p. 412, l. 9. humorously respectful: *altered from* respectfully attentive.
- p. 417, l. 17. Her virtue was humbled: *altered from* Her virtue was humbled before Lady Feverel.
- p. 418, l. 33. *After 'Madam Danaë' deleted*: Methinks I see the reverend man! though he takes excellent care to make it a contemptible hypothesis. That part of his pastoral duty he wisely leaves to weanling laymen.
- p. 425. *After ('instantly') l. 35 added*:
He should have known then—it was thundered at a closed door in him, that he played with fire. But the door being closed, he thought himself internally secure.
- p. 427, l. 33. Mrs. Doria: *altered from* the practical animal.
- p. 427. *After ('Mrs. Doria') l. 33 deleted*:
'Command an Engine, ma'am?'
- p. 427. *After ('Lady Blandish') l. 35 deleted*:
'Appeal to his reason,' Mrs. Doria iterated.
'The reason of an Engine, ma'am?'
- p. 437, l. 21. Richard seized . . . : *altered from* 'Where 's the wine?' cried Richard. He seized . . .
- p. 450, l. 31. 'I 'd rather have her cursing me than speaking and looking as she does': *altered from* 'I 'd rather have her cursing me than——'

‘Caressing?’ the Hon. Peter ventured to suggest.

‘—Speaking and looking as she does,’ continued my lord, not heeding him.

p. 455, l. 21. *After ‘forehead’ deleted*: ‘’M sure, my lord! ’m sure, my lord! had I a’ known—your lordship know I never should ’a presume. Oh, dear! oh, dear! it was accidentals, quite, my lord! mistakin’ of your lordship for another. I never, never kiss a man but my babe and my Berry, never! no indeed! not bein’ the woman to——’

‘Pray don’t exclude me now,’ said the affable nobleman.

p. 467, l. 7. *After ‘mountains’ deleted*: among the echoes of his Aphorisms.

p. 478, l. 11. sheets: *altered from* coverlid.

p. 478, l. 28. with my hands untouched: *altered from* with my right hand untouched.

p. 482, l. 22. my God: *altered from* Him.

p. 489, l. 34. *After ‘him’ deleted*: Lor! and there, everything so beautiful, and just that one screw loose.

p. 496, l. 20. *After ‘dear’ deleted*: He’s in his uniform. His unicorn I used to call it, vexin’ him.

p. 499, l. 6. *After ‘devils’ added*: His education has thus wrought him to think.

p. 503, l. 30. *After ‘sweeping’ added*: the shadow of.

p. 504. *After ‘earnest’) l. 2 deleted*:

‘I hope so,’ Austin replied. ‘When?’

‘In what you said on the bridge.’

‘On the bridge?’

‘You said I had a’—he could hardly get the words out—‘a son.’

p. 509, l. 18. *After 'it' deleted*: though it is never more for us.

p. 510, l. 32. *After 'him' deleted*: He devised to petition the baronet.

p. 511. *After ('long') l. 5 deleted as under*:

She explained herself: 'Let me see my Berry with his toes up, and I 'm his tender nurse. It 's a nursewoman he 've found—not a wife. 'Tain't revengin' him, my darlin'! She never is to a baby—not a woman isn't—what she grow to a man. I had to see my Berry again to learn that, it sim. We goes off—somehow—to a man. Hard on 'em, it may be. Nat'ral, it is. The Scriptures tells of concubines. And there was Abram, we read. But it 's all a puzzle, man *and* woman! and we puplexes each other on toe the end. Nor 'tain't that Berry 's alter. That man 's much as he was, in body both and in spirit. It 's me am changed, and Berry—like—discovers it to me I am. It 's a mis'erable truth, it be, my feelin's as a wedded wife sim gone now I got him. "Kiss me," says he. I gives him my cheek. "So cold, Bessy Berry," he says reproachful. I don't say nothin', for how 'd he understand if I tell him I gone back to a spinster? So it is! and was I to see my Berry kissin' another woman now, I 'd only feel perhaps—just that,' Mrs. Berry simulated a short spasm. 'And it makes me feel different about Eternal Life now,' she continued. 'It was always a-marriagin' in it before:—couldn't think of it without partners:—all for sex! But now them words "No givin' in Marriage" comes home to me. A man and a woman they does their work below, and it 's ended long afore they lays their bodies in the grave—leastways the woman. It 's be hoped you won't feel that, my darlin', yet awhile—you se rosy simmerin' there!'

'Be quiet, Mrs. Berry,' says Lucy, wishing to be pensive.

‘Boilin’, then. Bless her! she knows she is!’ And Mrs. Berry, in contemplation of the reunion of the younger couple, went into amorous strophes immediately.

p. 511, l. 12. *After ‘sentiments’ added*: now that she was indifferent in some degree.

p. 524, l. 7. *After ‘her’ deleted*: so you’ve found him at last?

p. 524, l. 7. *After ‘you’ deleted*: ‘Berry! I hope you’re going to behave like a man.’

Berry inclined with dignified confusion, and drew up to man’s height—to indicate his honourable intentions, let us hope. Tom Bakewell performed a motion as if to smear his face with an arm, but decided on making his grin vocal.

p. 528, l. 8. *After ‘cruel’ deleted*: it was uncalled for—

p. 532. *After (‘understand’) l. 30 deleted*:

Again the widened eyes were shaken negatively.

‘You do not?’

p. 533, l. 7. *After ‘moved’ deleted*: repeating his words.

p. 537. l. 18. *After ‘happy’ deleted*: that was a gender!

SANDRA BELLONI; ORIGINALLY EMILIA IN
ENGLAND

- Vol. I, p. 33, l. 27. that he was of the blood of dukes, and would be a famous poet : *altered from* that he had a baronet for a father, and an earl for a maternal grandfather.
- I, p. 39, l. 18. *After 'coat' deleted* : Please, never wear one !
- I, p. 114, l. 7. *After 'character' deleted* : And I have faith in my hero that he will bear his new and most strange burden. I strike my dream and blow into my pipes again with a merry confidence. I know what I am about. The sentimentalists will be angry with me ; but, then, they always have been. I cannot please them.
- I, p. 114, l. 7. Instead of his being more of a puppet, this hero is less wooden than he was : *altered from* Instead of being more of a puppet, I know my hero is less than he was.
- I, p. 151, l. 24. *Before 'If Mrs. Chump' deleted* : 'It's not that I marry a person beneath me,' he said.
- I, p. 175, l. 10. *After 'eh?' deleted* : may I ask ?
- I, p. 183, l. 16. *After 'accepted' deleted* : This subtle courtesy compensated for his statistical stiffness of speech, so that nobody at Brookfield subscribed to Freshfield Sumner's spiteful saying, that the baronet's intellect stood like a paralytic, propped up between a nought and a one.
- I, p. 290, l. 8. (His meaning is, that he discerns the sign of the animal slinking under the garb of the stately polished

creature. I have . . .): *altered from* O tail, ashamed of thyself! limp with lying covert in a silken bag! Base tail of Civilization! cries one of a host, whom I have . . .

Vol. II, p. 9, l. 27. *After 'and' deleted*: demanding the conduct of his arm.

II, p. 22, l. 3. *After 'my angel!' deleted*: preserve yourself for me.

II, p. 22, l. 3. *After 'to-morrow' deleted*: Be true to me till then. Think of me all night. Never forget me.

II, p. 27. *After ('inquired smoothly') l. 9 deleted*:

'Fat arms!' was breathed softly from one point—'white neck!' from another. Now, Laura was sallow and thin.

'But, Mr. Pole, you must think my father has no trouble,' she said vindictively, and saw him kindle.

Lady Gosstre beneficially interposed: 'Who could think so of a man with a large family?'

'Mr. Pole was saying . . .'

'Had said, you mean.'

Freshfield circulated exclamations on the terrors of a large family. The large family, satirical topic, travelled down the table till it came to those who treated it seriously, and then a thin-skinned Tinley might feel that she was fried on the fire. Nevertheless, Laura knew that his persecution of her was merely the affair of the moment, but that the laughter and mild sneers at the Poles would endure. So thought they, and ranked themselves in opposition; falling back upon the citadel of æsthetic superiority, the reserve stronghold of adventurous youth. Each thought: 'At least our situation teaches us to discern and select, from this company, who are the well-bred, and what true refinement is.' Adela most acutely judged of their public position by the conduct of the

Tinleys. 'Let them only *not* look compassionately,' she prayed; and her sisters had a similar idea. That 'saved me—saved me!' of their father's had illumined them; but each considered also that it would have no meaning, save to those who cherished a preconceived suspicion.

II, p. 49, l. 22. the line of thirsty love-speech: *altered from* those few dry lines of thirsty love-speech.

II, p. 49, l. 24. *After* 'herself' *deleted*: and then mocked at the style, and the recurrence of the personal 'me.'

II, p. 50, l. 14. *After* 'my angel!' *deleted*: preserve yourself for me.

II, p. 50, l. 14. *After* 'to-morrow' *deleted*: You will see me to-morrow. Be true to me till then. Think of me all night. Never forget me.

II, p. 50, l. 15. *After* 'Lover' *deleted*: And the recurrence of the 'me' was like a great magic; she felt that she was chained to it.

II, p. 91, l. 17. played tricks with a girl: *altered from* played French tricks with a girl.

II, p. 120, l. 21. *After* 'enough' *added*: They were both too real for him.

II, p. 138, l. 23. house of his office: *altered from* house where he lived.

II, p. 159, l. 22. *After* 'Tracy' *deleted*: the contiguity of which, though it was peculiar, they could not avoid.

II, p. 175, l. 14. *Added*: He is a true poet, full of reverence for a true woman.

II, p. 273, l. 26. *Added*: 'No aig?' was maddening.

II, p. 298, l. 7. *Added*: I 've a guard to the rear.

II, p. 299, l. 30. *After* 'you ask?' *deleted*: Yes! if intense misery can teach a man. I perish for you! And now, you have humbled me with a service, and ask me if I know what I love. God in Heaven! You are too cruel!

II, p. 300, l. 4. *After* 'love' *deleted*: You, none but you! Love you utterly, till I 'm mad with love—miserable coquette that you are. Oh, God!—forgive me, Emilia! I don't know what I say. You are a true angel, Heaven knows! And as to the bonds that hold me, I could break them by breathing Lord Eltham's name in her ear once; but no! I will never do that!——'

'And there you behave like a generous man,' said Lady Charlotte, walking straight up to them;—*Adding*: 'Theatrical business!' (l. 5) . . . straight up to them (l. 9).

II, p. 300, l. 14. *Before* 'The unconquerable aplomb' *deleted*: All were silent.

II, p. 300, l. 31. *After* 'Emilia' *deleted*: 'You may take my hand, if you will.'

Lady Charlotte went through the ceremony.

'On condition of your being perfectly dumb by the way, I will accept you for my cavalier homeward,' she said to Wilfrid.

II, p. 307. *After* ('thou wilt be') l. 34 *deleted*:

And yet, in the case where those who were intimate with him, had learnt to think him false, he was sincere enough. There was nothing in him unaffected, but his nervous prostrations. These were a fearful weapon wielded by him in a sentimental household, without his being absolutely aware of its Excalibur-like quality. When he had gained his way, or the exciting cause had

ceased, he soon became as gay as any of them. For he was one of the men who have no mental, little moral, feeling. With him feeling was almost physical, as it was intensely so. That is the key to Mr. Pole, and to not a few besides. It is certainly a degree in advance of no feeling at all, and may give to many people who are never tried, the reputation of good parents, jolly friends, excellent citizens. A sentimental brood may well spring from such a stock.

RHODA FLEMING

p. 1, l. 7. *After 'fortune' deleted*: or her fancy.

p. 1, l. 14. *After 'broken them' deleted*: and in behalf of the Cymric originals. Neither the women of Kent nor the Kentish women of our day can claim to be essentially British, and, if I am correct in my surmise, they are descendants of the vanqui hed. But the glory of a land is the heritage of its owners above ground. There is no record of a remonstrance having been forwarded to them from the ancestral shades below, whereby we may conjecture hopefully that uneasiness upon the subject does not anywhere exist. Time, who equalises all things, bestows the merit of magnificent achievements upon the sons and daughters of the earth universally; nor, I think, will anyone blame him, if he has had the courtesy to show special consideration in this solitary case, towards the daughters.

p. 7, l. 20. *After 'outrage' deleted*: The dog will get its bone, and dulness gnaws at its grievance as greedily.

p. 15, l. 27. *After 'backing me' deleted*: Just so t'other way. I'm a cur, my dear, at the bare thoughts of what I could be, was I—was I—and there I am, I'm—that I am!—if I knew where.

p. 77, l. 6. 'strip of red-stained': *altered from bloody*.

p. 95, l. 23. *After 'was useless' added*: except for this one thought: how did her sister know she had grown very handsome? Perhaps the housemaid had prattled.

- p. 107, l. 15. *After 'in the least' deleted*: Perhaps, when keenly looked to, it will.
- p. 114, l. 32. *Before 'She was wedged' deleted*: A glance showed that . . .
- p. 165, l. 9. 'billyboy': *altered from vessel*.
- p. 189, l. 7. With a perfect faith: *altered from Had she had perfect faith*.
- p. 212, l. 9. *After 'despised' added*: himself for; *after 'giving' added*: and the receiver for taking.
- p. 260, l. 1. *After 'eye' deleted*: and plunge his hand in; *adding*: them.
- p. 260, l. 1. *Before 'talk' deleted*: pocket them and . . .
- p. 260, l. 23. *After 'resistance' deleted*: Sauf notre respect pour le beau sexe, bien entendu.
- p. 276, l. 7. *After 'accomplished' deleted*: (here the comparison humanely ceases).
- p. 285, l. 35. Latters. *The surname of this character was originally Beauchamp*.
- p. 368, l. 14. *Before 'Algernon' added*: A lady!
- p. 370, l. 24. *After 'bargain' added*: 'I like the young woman . . . Algernon said of his meaning (l. 32).
- p. 371, l. 24. *Added*: Old B. an inducement.
- p. 371, l. 28. *Before 'Sherry' added*: Old Brown.
- p. 372, l. 5. *After 'Sedgett' added*: How to do it? . . . certainly would not (l. 12).
- p. 382, l. 15. *After 'Rhoda' added*: a quiet interview; a few words on either side, attention paid to them by

neither. But the girl doated on his ugliness; she took it for plain proof of his worthiness; proof too that her sister must needs have seen the latter very distinctly, or else she could not have submitted.

p. 390, ll. 29-35. He says he repents—says the word; and gentlemen seem to mean it when they use it. I respect the word, and them when they 're up to that word. He wrote to her that he could not marry her, and it did the mischief, and may well be repented of; but he wishes to be forgiven and make amends—well, such as he can. *Altered from:* He says he repents. He wrote one positive letter to Dahlia some months back, telling he could not marry her. Now he's ready to act rightfully:—he repents. I respect that word.

p. 392, l. 2. *Added:* We are bound to this young man . . . quick shake of her head (*l. 6*).

p. 396, l. 2. *After 'recognition' deleted:* He passed by. And then . . . *adding:* As he passed on . . . After he had gone by . . . (*l. 8*).

p. 396, ll. 14-16. It may not, perhaps, be said that he had distinctly known Sedgett to be the man: *altered from* I dare not say that he had known Sedgett to be the man.

p. 399, l. 7. *After 'steady his feet' deleted:* and hung there like a drunken man, while in his soul he framed such outcries of revolt.

p. 405, l. 14. *Before 'The sweat' deleted:*
'You would call that playing at *tu quoque*, would you not?'

p. 405, l. 29. Edward nodded, as if briefly assenting, while his features sharpened: *altered from* Edward was growing perceptibly agitated.

p. 406, l. 25. Edward frowned, unable to raise his head:
altered from Edward could not raise his head.

p. 406, l. 30. *Before* 'cunning' *deleted*: Is he so.

p. 406, l. 31. *After* 'can't you guess?' *deleted*: How?—
 But I lose time—that's the church.

p. 406, l. 32. *After* 'He' *added*: flung a lightning at
 Edward and . . .

p. 407, l. 11. *After* 'suburb' *added*: Although the wedding
 people were strangely late, it was unnoticed by him.

p. 408, l. 2. Robert said it likewise in a murmur, but
 with stedfast look: *altered from* 'She is,' Robert said
 likewise.

p. 408, l. 21. *After* 'pride' *added*: Or, may be, the man
 who was her husband now had righted her at last, and
 then flung her off, in spite for what he had been made to
 do.

p. 412, l. 8. *After* 'wife' *added*: How was I . . . straight
 at facts (l. 12).

p. 422, l. 1. *After* 'streets' *added*: He trotted at a good
 pace.

p. 422, l. 8. *After* 'uncle' *added*: I meet you—I might
 have missed! It is direction from heaven, for I prayed.

p. 423, l. 28. *After* 'rich' *added*: I was on my way to your
 lodgings when we met; we were thrown together.

p. 433, l. 8. *After* 'breathe for it' *added*: I was like a
 stone when he asked me—marry him!—loved me!
 Some one preached—my duty!

p. 458, l. 22. *After 'him' added: 'What does this mean?'*

p. 464, l. 10. *After 'character' deleted: though, as I need hardly say, they were still as true for those capable of disentangling them.*

p. 469. *After ('sister') l. 24 deleted:*

Rhoda went in to tell her father all that she had done, all to conceal from him.

p. 492, l. 17. *After 'they joined hands' deleted: out of which passion had burnt to ashes.*

p. 492, l. 18. *After 'extinguished' deleted: and could hardly revive.*

p. 492, l. 20. *After 'united' added: It required . . . heavenly signmark (l. 28).*

p. 493, l. 3. *After 'reddened' added: he had spoken at random.*

p. 493, l. 9. *After 'gently' added: The round . . . hear her prayers for him (l. 13).*

p. 493. *After ('Come') l. 16 added:*

He misinterpreted the readiness of the invitation.

p. 494, l. 4. *After 'point' added: Edward had three interviews . . . end of chapter (l. 16).*

p. 495, l. 16. *Because of a wish to be sincere: altered from Because I would try to be sincere while I can.*

p. 495, l. 19. *selfish falseness: altered from false selfishness.*

p. 495, l. 33. *After 'Algy' added: I do it too well, I know—by nature! and I hate it.*

p. 497, l. 34. After 'him' added: she refuses . . . bluntly (p. 498, l. 8).

p. 498, l. 23. After 'forthwith' added: feeling that he . . . sown in youth (l. 32).

p. 499. Added: Dahlia lived seven years . . . 'Help poor girls.'

EVAN HARRINGTON ¹

p. 2. *After* ('marks ye') l. 21 *deleted*:

'How does he look?' said Kilne.

'Bless ye! I only seen him once since he was took,' returned Sally.

'We 're none of us allowed to come anigh him—only missus.'

p. 31, l. 20. *After* 'another' *deleted*: dear old gull! I 'm sure they 're not like foreign ones! Do you think they are?

Without waiting for a reply . . .

p. 34, l. 14. *Before* 'The honest' *deleted*: Evan was silent.

p. 40, l. 7. *After* 'Miss Jocelyn' *deleted*: is better just then.

p. 51, l. 34. *Added*: as they were secure in their privacy.

p. 53, l. 9. *After* 'away' *deleted*: 'Gad! the women 'll be going it then. Sir Malt and Hops and no mistake! I say, Van, how did you get on with the boys in that hat? Aha! it's a plucky thing to wear that hat in London! And here 's a cloak!

p. 56, l. 32. *After* 'them' *added*: Our beautiful noble English poet expresses it so.

p. 58, l. 17. *After* 'anything' *deleted*: Evan knew his brother-in-law meant money.

p. 82, l. 21. *After* 'up' *added*: hope of.

p. 91, l. 5. After 'watch' deleted:

'Forty seconds! That's enough. Men are hung for what's done in forty seconds. Mark the hour, sir! mark the hour, and read the newspaper attentively for a year!'

With which stern direction the old gentleman interlaced his fingers on the table, and sounded three emphatic knocks, while his chin, his lips, nose, and eyebrows were pushed up to a regiment of wrinkles.

'We'll put it right, sir, presently,' murmured Jonathan, in soothing tones; 'I'll attend to it myself.'

The old gentleman seemed not to object to making the injury personal, though he complained on broad grounds, for . . .

p. 91, l. 34. After 'list' deleted: Sacred, I say; for is it not a sort of aping in brittle clay of the everlasting Round we look to? We sneer at the slaves of Habit; but may it not be the result of a strong soul, after shooting vainly thither and yon, and finding not the path it seeketh, lying down weariedly and imprinting its great instinct on the prison-house where it must serve its term? So that a boiled pullet and a pint of Madeira on Thursdays, for certain, becomes a solace and a symbol of perpetuity; and a pint of Port every day, is a noble piece of Habit, and a distinguishing stamp on the body of Time, fore and aft; one that I, for my part, wish every man in these islands might daily affix.

p. 92, l. 8. After 'dashed' deleted: Believe me, the philosopher, whose optics are symbols, weeps for him!

p. 95, l. 2. After 'silent' deleted:

'Ha! ha! Well, I don't do much mischief, then.'

'No. Thank your want of capacity!'

Mr. Andrew laughed good-humouredly. 'Capital place to let off gas in, Tom.'

'Thought so. I shouldn't be safe there.'

'Eh? Why not?'

Mr. Andrew expected the grim joke, and encouraged it.

'I do carry some light about,' the old gentleman emphasized, and Mr. Andrew called him too bad; and the old gentleman almost consented to smile.

'Gad, you blow us up out of the House. What would you do in? Smithereens, I think!'

The old gentleman looked mild promise of Smithereens, in that contingency, adding: 'No danger.'

p. 95, l. 19. After 'with a' deleted: mixture of awe and . . .

p. 102, l. 6. After 'song' deleted: That he would remember his match that night, few might like to wager.

p. 102, l. 6. After 'Cogglesby' deleted: had a better-seasoned bachelor head. He . . .

p. 118, l. 7. After 'chance' deleted: when the wild particles of this universe consent to march as they are directed.

p. 118, l. 7. it is given us to see: altered from it is given them to see—if they see at all.

p. 118, l. 13. After 'know' deleted: Thus a gray tailor (for in our noble days we may suppose such a person gifted with that to which they address themselves),—a tailor in the flourishing of the almond-tree, who looks back on a period when he summoned the bright heavens to consider his indignant protest against the career they have marked out for him; does he not hear huge shouts of laughter echoing round and round the blue ethereal dome? Yet they listened, and silently!

p. 124, l. 19. After 'constitution' deleted: My belief—I don't know whether you have ever thought on the point—but I don't hesitate to say I haven't the slightest doubt

Endymion was a madman! I go farther: I say this: that the farmer who trusted that young man with his muttons was quite as bad. And . . .

p. 124, l. 20. *After 'me' deleted:* and do not reserve all their sympathy for those hapless animals.

p. 124, l. 29. unpleasant: *altered from* somewhat unpleasant for such a man.

p. 124, l. 31. *After 'stumps' deleted:* Nay, who shall say but that he *is* stumped?

p. 124, l. 32. *After 'laughed' deleted:* as if he knew the shrewdness of his joke, and questioned the moon aloud: 'What sayest thou, O Queen of lunatics?'

p. 125. *After ('mirth') l. 4 deleted:*

'Pardon me,' cried the latter, suddenly. 'Will you favour me by turning your face to the moon?'

Evan smiled at him.

He was silent for some paces, and then cried in brave simplicity: 'Won't you give your fist to a fellow?'

It needed but a word or two further for two old school-mates to discover one another. Evan exclaimed, 'Jack Raikes! Sir John!' while he himself was addressed as 'Sir Amadis, Viscount Harrington!' in which, doubtless, they revived certain traits of their earlier days, and with a brisk shaking of hands and interrogation of countenances caught up the years that had elapsed since they parted company.

adding: 'Jack Raikes?' . . . indiarubber mind (l. 11).

p. 125. *After ('confidence') l. 17 deleted as under:*

'Me, then, you remember,' said Jack, cordially. 'You are doubtful concerning the hat and general habiliments? I regret to inform you that they are *the same*.' He gave a melo-dramatic sigh. 'Yes; if there is any gratification

in outliving one's hat, that gratification should be mine. In this hat, in this coat, I dined you the day before you voyaged to Lisboa's tide. Changes have since ensued. We complain not; but we do deplore. Fortune on Jack has turned her back! You might know it, if only by my regard for the nice distinctions of language. The fact is, I've spent my money. A mercurial temperament makes quicksilver of any amount of cash. Mine uncle died ere I had wooed the maiden, Pleasure, and transformed her into the hag, Experience!

The hand of Mr. Raikes fell against his thigh with theatrical impressiveness.

'But how,' said Evan—'it's the oddest thing in the world our meeting like this—how did you come here?'

'You thought me cut out for an actor—didn't you?' asked Jack.

Evan admitted that it was a common opinion at school.

'It was a horrible delusion, Harrington! My patrimony gone, naked I sought the stage—as the needle the pole. Alas! there is no needle to that pole. I was hissed off the boards of a provincial theatre, and thus you see me!'

'Why,' said Evan, 'you don't mean to say you have been running over the downs ever since?'

Mr. Raikes punned bitterly. 'No, Harrington, not in your sense. Spare me the particulars. Ruined, the last ignominy endured, I fled from the gay vistas of the Bench—for they live who would thither lead me! and determined, the day before the yesterday—what think'st thou? why to go boldly, and offer myself as Adlatus to blessed old Cudford! Yes! a little Latin is all that remains to me, and I resolved, like the man I am, to turn *hic*, *hæc*, *hoc*, into bread and cheese, *and* beer. Impute nought foreign to me, in the matter of pride.'

adding: How he had come there . . . matter of pride (*l.* 31).

p. 126, l. 13. *After 'farewell' deleted:* 'I am the victim of my antecedents!'

Mr. Raikes uttered this with a stage groan, and rapped his breast.

'So you were compelled to go to old Cudford, and he rejected you—poor Jack!' Evan interjected commiseratingly.

'Because of my antecedents, Harrington. I laid the train in boyhood that blew me up as man. I put the case to him clearly. But what's the use of talking to an old fellow who has been among boys all his life? All his arguments are propositions. I told him that, as became a manly nature, I, being stripped, preferred to stand up for myself like a bare stick, rather than act the parasite—the female ivy, or the wanton hop! I joked—he smiled. Those old cocks can't see you're serious through a joke. What do you think! He reminded me of that night when you and I slipped out to hear about the prize-fight, and were led home from the pot-house in glory. Well! I replied to him—"Had you educated us on beer a little stiffer in quality, sir——" "Yes, yes," says he; "I see you're the same John Raikes whom I once knew." I answered with a quotation: he corrected my quantity, and quoted again: I capped him. I thought I had him. "Glad," says he, "you bear in your head some of the fruits of my teaching." "Fruits, sir," says I, "egad! they're more like nails than fruits; I can feel now, sir, on a portion of my person, which is anywhere but the head, your praiseworthy perseverance in knocking them in." There was gratitude for him, but he would treat the whole affair as a joke.'

p. 126, l. 18. *After 'earnest' deleted:* But, Cudford avaunt! Here I am.'

‘Yes,’ said Evan, suppressing a smile. ‘I want to know how you came here.’

adding: ‘You’ve just come from Cudford?’ said Evan.

p. 126, l. 25. After ‘Lady’ deleted: or damsel, or sweet angel.

p. 126, l. 33. After ‘downs’ deleted: Ah! lovely deceiver! Had I not cut across the downs, to my ruin, once before?

p. 127, l. 6. Evan answered with the question: *altered from* Evan answered briefly ‘Yes.’

p. 127. After (‘question’) l. 6 deleted:

Mr. Raikes looked at him pacing with his head bent, and immediately went behind him and came up on the further side.

‘What’s the matter?’ said Evan, like one in a dream.

‘I was only trying the other shoulder,’ remarked his friend.

Evan pressed his hand.

‘My dear Jack! pray forgive me. I have a great deal to think about. Whatever I possess I’m happy enough to share with you. I needn’t tell you that.’ He paused, and inquired.

p. 127. After (‘I see’) l. 9 deleted:

‘What was she like?’ said Evan, with forced gentleness.

‘My dear fellow! there’s not the remotest chance of our catching her now. She’s a-bed and asleep, if she’s not a naughty girl.’

‘She went on to Beckley, you said?’

Jack dealt him a slap.

‘Are you going to the Bar?’

‘I only wanted to know,’ Evan observed, meditatively progressing.

He was sure that the young lady Jack had met was his

own Rose, and if Jack thought himself an unlucky fellow, Evan's opinion of him was very different.

'Did you notice her complexion?'

This remark, feebly uttered after a profound stillness, caused Jack to explode.

'Who called you Amadis, Harrington? I meet a girl on horseback; I tell you a word or two she says, and you can't be quiet about her. Why, she was only passably pretty—talked more like a boy than a girl—opened her mouth wide when she spoke—rather jolly teeth.'

Mr. Raikes had now said enough to paint Rose accurately to the lover's mind, and bring contempt on his personal judgement.

p. 131, l. 2. After 'legs' deleted: (a mechanical contrivance overlooked by Nature, who should have made Britons like the rest of her children in all things, if unable to suit us in all).

p. 135, l. 7. the smallest of sums in shillings: altered from three shillings and a few pence.

p. 135, l. 7. After 'shillings' deleted: Jack made a wry face, but regained his equanimity, saying: 'Well, we can't be knights of chivalry and aldermen too. The thing was never known. Let me see. I've almost forgotten how to reckon. Beds a shilling a piece—the rest for provender. To-morrow we die. That's a consolation to the stumped! Come along, Harrington; let us look like men who have had pounds in their pockets!'

Mr. Raikes assumed the braver features of this representation, and marched into the room without taking off his hat, which was a part of his confidence in company. He took his seat at a small table, and began to whistle. His demeanour signified: 'I am equal to any of you.' His thoughts were: 'How shall I prove it upon three shillings?'

'I see you're in mourning as well as myself, Jack,' said Evan, calling attention to his hat.

Mr. Raikes did not displace it, as he replied, 'Yes,' with the pre-occupied air of a man who would be weeping the past had he not to study the present.

Eyes were on him, he could feel. It appeared to him that the company awaited his proceedings; why they should, he did not consider; but the sense of it led him to stalk with affected gravity to the bell, which he rang consequentially; and, telling Evan to leave the ordering to him, sat erect, and scanned the measure and quality of the stuff in the glasses.

'Mind you never mention about my applying to old Cudford,' he whispered to Evan, hurriedly. 'Shouldn't like it known, you know—one's family!—Here, waiter!' *adding*: I can beat my friends (l. 8) . . . taste is mine (l. 20).

p. 135, l. 21. A second waiter: *altered from* Mark, the waiter.

p. 135, l. 26. *Added*: 'Five more, I guess.' He glanced at the pair of intruders.

p. 135, l. 26. *After* 'then' *deleted*: 'Pretty nearly ready?'

'It will be another twenty minutes, sir.'

'Oh, attend to that gentleman, then.'

Mark presented himself to the service of Mr. Raikes.

'R-r-r-r—a——' commenced Jack, 'what have you got—a—that you can give a gentleman for supper, waiter?'

'Receive the gentleman's orders!' shouted the chairman to a mute interrogation from Mark, who capitulated spontaneously:

'Cold veal, cold beef, cold duck, cold——'

'Stop!' cried Mr. Raikes, 'It's Summer, I know; but cold, cold, cold!—really! And cold duck! Cold duck

and old peas, I suppose! I don't want to come the epicure exactly, in the country. One must take what one can get, I know that. But some nice little bit to captivate the appetite?'

Mark suggested a rarebit.

Mr. Raikes shook his head with melancholy.

'Can you let us have some Maintenon cutlets, waiter?—or Soubise?—I ask for some dressing, that's all—something to make a man eat.' He repeated to Evan: 'Maintenon? Soubise?' whispering: 'Anything will do!'

'I think you had better order bread and cheese,' said Evan, meaningly, in the same tone.

'You think, on the whole, you prefer Soubise?' cried Jack. 'Very well. But can we have it? These out-of-the-way places—we must be modest! Now, I'll wager you don't know how to make an omelette here, waiter? Plain English cookery, of course!'

'Our cook *has* made 'em, sir,' said Mark.

'Oh, that's quite enough!' returned Jack. 'Oh, dear me! *Has* made an omelette! That doesn't by any means sound cheerful.'

Jack was successful in the effect he intended to produce on the company. The greater number of the sons of Britain present gazed at him with the respectful antagonism peculiar to them when they hear foreign words, the familiarity with which appears to imply wealth and distinction.

'Chippolata pudding, of course, is out of the question,' he resumed. 'Fish one can't ask for. Vain were the call! A composition of eggs, flour, and butter we dare not trust. What are we to do?'

Before Evan could again recommend bread and cheese, the chairman had asked Mr. Raikes whether he really liked cutlets for supper; and, upon Jack replying that they were a favourite dish, sung out to Mark: 'Cutlets for

two!' and in an instant Mark had left the room, and the friends found themselves staring at one another.

'There's three shillings at a blow!' hissed Jack, now taking off his hat, as if to free his distressed mind.

Evan, red in the face, reproached him for his folly. Jack comforted him with the assurance that they were in for it, and might as well comport themselves with dignity till the time for payment.

'I shall do nothing of the sort,' said Evan, getting up to summon Mark afresh. 'I shall sup on bread and cheese.'

'My lord! my lord!' cried Jack, laying hold of his arm, and appearing to forget some private necessity for an incognito.

'Well,' he added, as the bell rang, 'perhaps at this late hour we ought to consider the house. We should bear in mind that a cook, however divine in bounties, is mortal, like the rest of us. We are not at Trianon. I'm not the Abbé Dubois, nor you the Duc d'Orleans. Since they won't let us cook for ourselves, which I hold that all born gentlemen are bound to be able to do, we'll e'en content ourselves with modest fare.'

'My good Jack,' said Evan, less discreetly than it pleased his friend to hear, 'haven't you done playing at "lords" yet? It was fun when we were boys at school. But, let me tell you, you don't look a bit like a lord.'

'I'm the son of a gentleman,' returned Jack, angrily.

'I'm sorry you find yourself compelled to tell everybody of it,' said Evan, touched by a nettle.

'But what's the use of singing small before these fellows?' Jack inquired.

p. 136, l. 3. After 'say' deleted: Evan countermanded the cutlets, and substituted an order for bread and cheese, Jack adding, with the nod of a patron to the waiter:

'We think—since it's late—we won't give you the

trouble to-night. We'll try the effect of bread and cheese for once in a way. Nothing like new sensations !'

At this the chairman fell right forward, grasping the arms of his chair, and shouting.

Jack unconsciously put on his hat, for when you have not the key to current laughter—and especially when you are acting a part, and acting it, as you think, with admirable truth to nature—it has a hostile sound, and suggests devilries.

p. 136, l. 4. Gentle chuckles had succeeded his laughter : *altered from* The lighter music of mirth had succeeded the chairman's big bursts.

p. 136. *After* ('hard work') l. 16 *deleted as under* :

'What a place!' he muttered. 'Nothing but bread and cheese! Well! We must make the best of it. Content ourselves with beer, too! A drink corrupted into a likeness of wine! Due to our Teutonic ancestry, no doubt. Let fancy beguile us!' And Mr. Raikes, with a grand air of good-nature, and the lofty mind that makes the best of difficulties, offered Evan a morsel of cheese, saying: 'We dispense with soup. We commence with the entrées. May I press a patty upon you?'

'Thank you,' said Evan, smiling, and holding out his plate.

'Yes, yes; I understand you,' continued Mr. Raikes. 'We eat, and eke we swear. We'll be avenged for this. In the interim let sweet fancy beguile us!'

Before helping himself, a thought appeared to strike him. He got up hastily, and summoned Mark afresh.

'R-r-r-r—a—what are the wines here, waiter?' he demanded to know.

It was a final effort at dignity and rejection of the status to which, as he presumed, the sight of a gentleman, or the son of one, pasturing on plain cheese, degraded him. It

was also Jack's way of repelling the tone of insolent superiority in the bearing of the three young cricketers.

'What are the wines in this establishment?' he repeated peremptorily, for Mark stood smoothing his mouth, as if he would have enjoyed the liberty of a grin.

'Port,—sir,—Sherry.'

'Ah—the old story,' returned Mr. Raikes. 'Dear! dear! dear!'

'Perhaps, sir,' insinuated Mark, 'you mean foreign wines?'

'None of your infamous home-concoctions, waiter. Port! I believe there's no Port in the country, except in half-a-dozen private cellars—of which I know three. I do mean foreign wines.'

Now Mark had served in a good family, and in a London hotel. He cleared his throat, and mutely begging the attention of the chairman, thus volubly started: 'Foreign wines, sir, yes! Rhine wines; we have Rudesham; we have Maregbrun; we have Steenbug—Joehannisbug—Libefromil—Asmyhaus, and several others. Claret!—we have Lafitte; we have Margaw; we have Rose;—'Fitte—Margaw—Rose—Julia—Bodo. *At your disposal, sir.*'

Jack, with a fiery face, blinked wildly under the torrent of vintages.

Evan answered his plaintive look. '*I shall drink ale.*'

'Then I suppose I must do the same,' said Jack, with a miserable sense of defeat and provoked humiliation. 'Thank you, waiter, it goes better with cheese. A pint of ale.'

'Yes, sir,' said Mark, scorning to stop and enjoy his victory.

Heaving a sad 'Heigho!' and not daring to glance at the buzzing company, Mr. Raikes cut a huge bit of crust off the loaf, and was preparing to encounter it. The melancholy voracity in his aspect was changed in a minute to

surprise, for the chairman had started out of a fit of compressed merriment to arrest his hand.

‘Let me offer you vengeance on the spot, sir.’

‘How?’ cried Jack, angrily; ‘enigmas?’

p. 136. After ‘would not’ (l. 23) deleted:

‘Sir,’ said Jack, by this time quite recovered, ‘the alternative decides me. The alternative is one I should so deeply grieve to witness, that, in short, I—a—give in my personal adhesion, with thanks.’

‘You are not accustomed to this poor fare, sir,’ remarked the chairman.

‘You have aptly divined the fact, sir,’ said Jack; ‘nor I, nor this, my friend. The truth is, that where cometh cheese, and nothing precedeth it, there is, to the cultivated intelligence, the sense of a hiatus which may promote digestion, but totally at the expense of satisfaction. Man, by such means, is sunk below the level of the ruminating animal. He cheweth——’

The stentorian announcement of supper interrupted Mr. Raikes; and the latter gentleman, to whom glibness stood for greatness of manner, very well content with the effect he conceived he had produced on the company, set about persuading Evan to join the feast. For several reasons, Evan would have preferred to avoid it. He was wretched, inclined to enjoy a fit of youthful misanthropy; Jack’s dramatic impersonation of the lord had disgusted him; and bread and cheese symbolled his condition. The chairman, catching indications of reluctance, stooped forward, and said: ‘Sir! must I put it as a positive favour?’

‘Pray do not,’ replied Evan, and relinquished the table with a bow.

adding: Raikes was for condescending (l. 24) . . . prognostication (l. 28).

p. 137, l. 28. *After 'us' deleted*: Discordant as the individual may have become, the condition of the universe is vindicated by this great meeting of beef and Britons. We have here a basis. I cherish a belief that, at some future day, the speculative Teuton and experimental Gaul will make pilgrimages to this island solely to view this sight, and gather strength from it.

p. 138, l. 27. *After 'alas' deleted*: Gratitude forbid that I should say a word against good ale! I am disinclined to say a word in disfavour of Eve. Both Ale and Eve seem to speak imperiously to the soul of man. See that they be good, see that they come in season, and we bow to the consequences.

p. 138, l. 30. *After 'rises' added*: He stands in an attitude of midway.

p. 139, l. 12. *After 'accorded' added*: him with a blunt nod.

p. 140, l. 21. *After 'loudly' deleted*: humming a roll of Rhine wines.

p. 142. *After ('others') l. 13 deleted as under*:
'Gentlemen,' this inveterate harper resumed.

It was too much. Numerous shoulders fell against the backs of chairs, and the terrible rattle of low laughter commenced. Before it could burst overwhelmingly, Jack, with a dramatic visage, leaned over his glass, and looking, as he spoke, from man to man, asked emphatically: 'Is there any person present whose conscience revolts against being involved in that denomination?'

The impertinence was at least a saving sign of wits awake. So the chairman led off, in reply to Jack, with an encouraging 'Bravo!' and immediately there ensued an agricultural chorus of 'Brayvos!'

Jack's readiness had thus rescued him in extremity.

He nodded and went ahead cheerily.

'I should be sorry to think so. When I said "Gentlemen," I included all. If the conscience of one *should* impeach him, or me——' Jack eyed the lordly contemplator of his nails, on a pause, adding, 'It is not so. I rejoice. I was about to observe, then, that, a stranger, I entered this hospitable establishment—I and my friend——'

'The gentleman!' their now recognised antagonist interposed, and turned his head to one of his comrades, and kept it turned—a proceeding similar in tactics to striking and running away.

'I thank my honourable—a—um! I thank the—a—whatever he may be!' continued Jack. 'I accept his suggestion. My friend, the gentleman!—the real gentleman!—the true gentleman!—the undoubted gentleman!'

Further iterations, if not amplifications, of the merits of the gentleman would have followed, had not Evan, strong in his modesty, pulled Jack into his seat, and admonished him to be content with the present measure of his folly.

But Jack had more in him. He rose, and flourished off: 'A stranger, I think I said. What I have done to deserve to feel like an alderman I can't say; but——' (Jack, falling into perfect good humour and sincerity, was about to confess the cordial delight his supper had given him, when his eyes met those of his antagonist superciliously set): 'but,' he resumed, rather to the perplexity of his hearers, 'this sort of heavy fare of course accounts for it, if one is not accustomed to it, and gives one, as it were, the civic crown, which I apprehend to imply a surcharged stomach—in the earlier stages of the entertainment. I have been at feasts, I have even given them—yes, gentlemen——' (Jack slid suddenly down the slopes of anti-climax), 'you must not judge by the hat, as I see one or two here do me the favour to do. By the bye,' he added, glancing

hurriedly about, 'where did I clap it down when I came in?'

His antagonist gave a kick under the table, saying, with a sneer, 'What's this?'

Mr. Raikes dived below, and held up the battered decoration of his head. He returned thanks with studious politeness, the more so as he had forgotten the context of his speech, and the exact state of mind he was in when he broke from it. 'Gentlemen!' again afflicted the ears of the company.

'Oh, by Jove! more gentlemen!' cried Jack's enemy.

'No anxiety, I beg!' Jack rejoined, always brought to his senses when pricked: 'I did not include you, sir.'

'Am I in your way, sir?' asked the other, hardening his under lip.

'Well, I did find it difficult, when I was a boy, to cross the Ass's Bridge!' retorted Jack—and there was laughter.

p. 144. *After* ('eyebrows') l. 20 *deleted*:

'Ought to have excused this humble stuff to you, sir,' he remarked. 'It's the custom. We drink ale to-night: any other night happy to offer you your choice, sir—Joehannisberg, Rudesheim, Steenberg, Libefreemilk, Asmannshauser, Lafitte, La Rose, Margaux, Bordeaux: Clarets, Rhine wines, Burgundies—drinks that men of your station are more used to.'

Mr. Raikes stammered: 'Thank you, thank you; ale will do, sir—an excellent ale!'

p. 144, l. 21. *After* 'order' *deleted*: Mr. Raikes was engaged in a direct controversy with his enemy. In that young gentleman he had recognised one of a station above his own—even what it was in the palmy days of bank-notes and naughty suppers; and he did not intend to allow it. On the other hand, Laxley had begun to look at him very distantly over the lordly bridge of his nose.

p. 144, l. 35. *After* 'Tailordom' *added*: and the pride of his accepted humiliation.

p. 145. *After* ('animal') l. 22 *deleted*:

Laxley said nothing; but the interjection 'blackguard' was perceptible on his mouth.

'Did you allude to me, sir?' Jack inquired, in his turn.

'Would you like me to express what I think of a fellow who listens to private conversations?' was the answer.

'I should be happy to task your eloquence even to that extent, if I might indulge a hope for grammatical results,' said Jack.

Laxley thought fit to retire upon his silent superiority.

p. 146, l. 35. *After* 'absolved' *deleted*: 'Gad, there's a young woman in the house. *She* may be Chloe. If so, all I can say is, she may complain of a thorn of some magnitude, and will very soon exhibit one.

p. 147, l. 2. *After* 'friends' *deleted*: Jack's insinuation seemed to touch him keenly. By a strange hazard they had both glanced close upon facts.

Mutterings amid the opposite party of 'Sit down,—Don't be an ass,—Leave the snob alone,' were sufficiently distinct.

p. 147. *After* ('force') l. 7 *deleted*:

I remember hearing of a dispute between two youthful clerks, one of whom launched at the other's head accusations that, if true, would have warranted his being expelled from society: till, having exhausted his stock, the youth gently announced to his opponent that he was a numskull: upon which the latter, hitherto full of forbearance, shouted that he could bear anything but that,—appealed to the witnesses generally for a corroboration of the epithet, and turned back his wristbands.

It was with similar sensations, inexplicable to the historian, that Mr. Raikes—who had borne to have imputed to him frightful things—heard that he was not considered a gentleman: and as they who are themselves, perhaps, doubtful of the fact, are most stung by the denial of it, so do they take refuge in assertion, and claim to establish it by violence.

p. 147, l. 8. *After 'Raikes' added:* and it may be because he knew he could do more than Evan in this respect.

p. 147. *After ('then') l. 14 deleted:*

'Are you really? Pray never disgrace your origin, then.'

He spoke with an apparent sincerity, and Jack, absorbed by the three in front of him, and deceived by the mildness of his manner, continued glaring at them, after a sharp turn of the head, like a dog receiving a stroke while his attention is taken by a bone.

p. 147. *After ('gentleman') l. 21 deleted:*

Jack's evident pugnacity behind his insolence, astonished Evan, as the youth was not famed for bravery at school; but this is what dignity and ale do for us in the world.

p. 148, l. 34. *After 'hummed' deleted:* a list of Claret and Rhenish: 'Liebfraumilch — Johannisberg — Asmannshäuser — Steinberg — Chateau Margaux — La Rose — Lafitte,' over and again;—*adding:* over bits of his oration.

p. 148, l. 35. *After 'comrades' deleted:* and Mr. Raikes.

p. 149, l. 28. *After 'must' deleted:* as I conceive I am bound to do.

p. 149, l. 29. *After 'tailor' deleted:* and that I also am a tailor.

p. 149, l. 34. Added:

Yet he had known it. But he could not have thought it possible for a man to own it publicly.

p. 150, l. 1. After 'for' added: hot fury and.

p. 152. After ('do') l. 2 deleted:

'That's decisive,' said Evan.

'What can a gentleman do?' Jack reiterated.

p. 152. After ('him') l. 18 deleted: To put Evan in countenance, he said, with genial facetiousness, that was meant to mark his generous humility:

'And I, Harrington, I mourn my hat. He is old—I mourn him yet living. The presence of crape on him signifies—he ne'er shall have a gloss again! Nay, more—for thus doth veritable sorrow serve us—it conceals one or two striking defects, my friend! I say! my family would be rather astonished to see me in this travesty—in this most strange attire, eh?'

The latter sentence was uttered indirectly for the benefit of the landlady, who now stood smiling in the room;—*adding:*

If not born a gentleman, this Harrington had the look of one, and was pleasing in female eyes, as the landlady, now present, bore witness.

p. 153. After ('em') l. 17 deleted:

'It is a wonder,' said Jack; 'but pray don't be pathetic, ma'am—I can't stand it.'

p. 154. After ('dressed') l. 14 deleted:

'Strip a man of them—they don't know you,' said Jack, despondently.

'You ought to carry about your baby linen, stamped "gentleman born,"' said Evan.

Jack returned: 'It's all very well for you to joke, but——' his tardy delicacy stopped him.

p. 155, l. 12. *After 'still' deleted:* and of which he was doubtless frequently reminded on occasions when, in a bad hat, he gazed on a glittering company from afar.

'Shall we go over and look at them?' Evan asked, after watching the distant scene wistfully.

'Hem! I don't know,' Jack replied. 'The fact is, my hat is a burden in the staring crowd. A hat like this should counsel solitude. Oh!' he fired up, 'if you think I'm afraid, come along. Upon my honour!'

Evan, who had been smiling at him, laughed and led the way.

p. 160. *After ('field') l. 21 deleted:*

Mr. Raikes tried two or three groups. There is danger when you are forcing a merry countenance before the mirror presented to you by your kind, that your features, unless severely practised, will enlarge beyond the artistic limits and degenerate to a grimace. Evan (hardly a fair judge, perhaps) considered the loud remarks of Mr. Raikes on popular pastimes, and the expression of his approval of popular sports, his determination to uphold them, his extreme desire to see the day when all the lower orders would have relaxation once a week, and his unaffected willingness to stoop to join their sports, exaggerated, and, in contrast with his attire, incongruous. He allowed Mr. Raikes but a few minutes in one spot. He was probably too much absorbed in himself to see and admire the sublime endeavour of the imagination of Mr. Raikes to soar beyond his hat.

p. 161, l. 13. *After 'nervously' deleted:* By-and-by he caught hold of Evan's arm, and breathed in an awful voice the words:

'We're watched!'

'Oh, are we?' said Evan, carelessly. 'See, there are your friends of last night.'

Laxley and Harry Jocelyn were seen addressing Miss Wheedle, who apparently had plenty of answers for them, and answers of a kind that encouraged her sheepish natural courtiers (whom the pair of youthful gentlemen entirely overlooked) to snigger and seem at their ease.

‘Will you go over and show?’ said Evan.

Mr. Raikes glanced from a corner of his eye, and returned, with tragic emphasis and brevity:

‘We’re watched. I shall bolt.’

‘Very well,’ said Evan. ‘Go to the inn. I’ll come to you in an hour or so, and then we’ll walk on to London, if you like.’

‘Bailiffs *do* take fellows in the country,’ murmured Jack. ‘They’ve an extraordinary scent. I fancied them among my audience when I appeared on the boards. That’s what upset me, I think. Is it much past twelve o’clock?’

Evan drew forth his watch.

‘Just on the stroke.’

‘Then I shall just be in time to stick up something to the old gentleman’s birthday. Perhaps I may meet him! I rather think he noticed me favourably. Who knows? A sprightly half-hour’s conversation might induce him to do odd things. He shall certainly have my address.’

Mr. Raikes, lingering, caught sight of an object, cried ‘Here he comes: I’m off,’ edged through the crowd, over whose heads he tried—standing on tip-toe—to gain a glimpse of his imaginary persecutor, and dodged away. *adding after* ‘We’re watched’ (l. 14) There was indeed . . . Seek me there (l. 21).

p. 161, l. 22. *After* ‘on’ *added*: relieved by the voluntary departure of the weariful funny friend he would not shake off, but could not well link with.

p. 181, l. 20. *After* ‘level’ *deleted*: Apples, my dear!—

adding: By the way, as to hands and feet, comparing him with the Jocelyn men, he has every mark of better blood. Not a question about it. As Papa would say—*We have Nature's proofs.*

- p. 183, l. 24. After 'property' deleted*: for poor Evan.
- p. 184, l. 28. After 'one' added*: I am working for Carry to come with Andrew. Beautiful women always welcome. A prodigy!—if they wish to astonish the Duke.
- p. 186, l. 3. After 'Adieu' added*: Carry will be invited with your little man. . . . You unhappily unable. . . . She, the sister I pine to see, to show her worthy of my praises. Expectation and excitement! Adieu!
- p. 202. After ('expression') l. 17 deleted*:
'You, Ferdinand Laxley!' said Aunt Bel, 'how terribly you despise our curiosity!'
- p. 202, l. 22. another of the twenty to strike in*: *altered from somebody to.*
- p. 202, l. 23. and achieved a cordial bow*: *altered from with a two-edged smile.*
- p. 209, l. 1. After 'anybody' added*: ever talked of as.
- p. 216, l. 33. After 'minutes' deleted*: The tail is that animal's tongue. 'Tis thus we talk.
- p. 217, l. 15. Before 'Jack replied' deleted*: In the tones of tragedy.
- p. 217, l. 17. After 'sisters' deleted*: Plainly, Harrington, her soul is prosaic. I have told her I am fain, but that fate is against it. She has advised me to get a new hat before I consider the question. These country creatures are all for show!

p. 219, l. 27. *After 'recollection' deleted*: I drank a pint of ale bang off to drown him, and still do feel the wretch's dying kicks.

p. 219, l. 28. delectable sort of young lady: *altered from* freshish sort of girl that.

p. 219, l. 32. *After 'for' added*: my run on.

p. 219, l. 33. *After 'her' deleted*: 'Well, you can stick up to her now.'

'Will you speak seriously, Jack?' said Evan.

'What is your idea of this letter?'

'I have,' returned Mr. Raikes, beginning to warm to his wine, 'typified my ideas eloquently enough, Harrington, if you weren't the prosiest old mortal that ever hoodwinked Fortune. I tell you, you may marry the girl: I kick out the crown of my hat. I can do no more.'

p. 220. *After ('together') l. 8 deleted*:

'You're too deep for me, Jack,' said Evan.

'Oh, you can afford to pun,' Jack pursued, painfully repressing his wrath at Evan's dulness and luck.

p. 220. *After ('lie') l. 17 added*:

'We knew it; but we feared your prowess.'

deleting as under:

Mr. Raikes whistled. 'That's very wrong, you know, Harrington.'

'Yes. I'm more ashamed of the lie than of the fact. Oblige me by not reverting to the subject. To tell you the truth,' added Evan, with frank bitterness, 'I don't like the name.'

Quoth Jack: 'Truly it *has* a tang. I should have to drink at somebody else's expense to get up the courage to call myself a sn—a shears-man, say.'

Evan had to bear with the sting of similar observations

till he begged Jack to tell him the condition of his father, and the limit of the distance between them.

'Pardon me, pardon me,' said Jack. 'I forget myself.'

Evan firmly repeated his request for the information.

'He is an officer, Harrington.'

'In what regiment?'

'Government employ, friend Harrington.'

'Of course. Where?'

'In the Customs—high up.'

Mr. Raikes stopped from the announcement to plunge at Evan's hand and shake it warmly, assuring him that he did not measure the difference between them; adding, with a significant nod, 'We rank from our mother'; as if the Customs scarcely satisfied the Raikes-brood.

p. 220, l. 20. After 'Evan' added: weak among his perplexities of position and sentiment.

p. 220, l. 22. this distasteful comrade's: altered from Jack's.

p. 220, l. 24. After 'she' deleted: does not love you—she . . .

p. 220, l. 25. After 'consented' added: in a desperation.

p. 220, l. 26. After 'Grist' deleted: a prospect that brought wild outcries of 'Alarums and Excursions!—hautboys!' from the dramatic reminiscences of Mr. John Raikes.

p. 220, l. 27. After 'imposition' deleted: said Evan; for having here signed the death-warrant of his love, he passionately hoped it might be moonshine;—adding: he said (l. 27) . . . eccentric's puppet (p. 221, l. 3).

p. 222. After 'him' (l. 20) deleted:

'Poor brute, indeed!' echoed Mr. Raikes, indignantly; for to have leisure to pity an animal, one must, according to his ideas, be on a lofty elevation of luck, and Evan's

concealment of his exultation was a piece of hypocrisy that offended him.

p. 222, l. 28. After 'peerin's' deleted: There is no middle grade in rustic respect. You're their lord, or you're their equal. So it is. Though I believe he thought me more than mortal.

p. 222. After 'admit' (l. 31) deleted:

'Eh, where are you now?' said Evan.

'Merely reflecting that these rustics are acute in their way,' Jack pursued. 'I'm not sure I shan't feel a touch of regret. . . .'

Mr. Raikes rubbed his forehead like one perplexed by self-contemplation.

'I fancy,' said Evan, trying to be shrewd, 'you're a man to be always regretting the day you've left behind you.'

Too deep in himself to answer, if indeed he did not despise his friend's little penetrative insight, Mr. Raikes silently accepted his last instructions about the presentation of the letter to Messrs. Grist, and even condescended to be quiet while the behaviour he was bound to adopt as tutor to a young lady was outlined for him by his companion.

'Even so,' he assented, abstractedly. 'As you observe. Just as you observe. Exactly. The poets are not such fools as you take them to be, Harrington!'

Evan knitted a puzzled brow at Jack beneath him.

p. 223. After ('is') l. 5 deleted:

These remarks appeared to Evan utterly random and distraught, and he grew impatient.

It was perhaps unphilosophical to be so, but who can comprehend the flights of an imaginative mind built upon a mercurial temperament? In rapidity it rivals any force

in nature, and 'weird' is the accuracy with which, when it once has an heiress in view, however great the distance separating them, it will hit that rifle-mark dead in the centre. The head whirls describing it. Nothing in Eastern romance eclipsed the marvels that were possible in the brain of John Raikes. And he, moreover, had just been drinking Port, and had seen his dream of a miracle verified.

When, therefore, Mr. Raikes, with a kindly forlorn smile, full of wistful regret turned his finger towards the Green Dragon, and said: 'Depend upon it, Harrington, there's many a large landed proprietor envies the man who lives at his ease in a comfortable old inn like that!' it was as the wind that blew to Evan; not a luminous revelation of character; and he gave Jack a curt good-bye.

Whither, with his blood warmed by the wine and his foot upon one fulfilled miracle, had Mr. John Raikes shot? What did he regret? Perhaps it was his nature to cling to anything he was relinquishing, and he accused his invitation to Beckley Court, and the young heiress there, as the cause of it. Now that he had to move, he may have desired to stay; and the wish to stay may have forced him to think that nothing but a great luck could expel from such easy quarters. Magnify these and consecutive considerations immensely, and you approach to a view of the mind of Raikes.

But he looked sad, and Evan was sorry for him, and thinking that he had been rather sharp at parting, turned half-way down the street to wave his hand, and lo, John Raikes was circling both arms in air madly: he had undergone a fresh change; for now that they were separated, Mr. Raikes no longer compared their diverse lucks, but joined both in one intoxicating cordial draught; and the last sight of him showed him marching up and down in front of the inn, quick step, with inflated cheeks, and his

two fists in the form of a trumpet at his mouth, blowing jubilee.

adding:

‘Console yourself with it or what you can get till we meet—here or in London. But the Dragon shall be the address for both of us,’ Evan said, and nodded, trotting off.

p. 223. Beginning of Chapter XVIII. deleted:

The laughable contrast of John Raikes melancholy and John Raikes revived, lingered with Evan as he rode out of Fallowfield, till he laughed himself into a sombre fit, and read the letter . . .

adding:

The young cavalier perused that letter . . .

p. 223, l. 26. After ‘pathos’ deleted: such as might chance.

p. 224, l. 31. After ‘heard’ added: sobbed.

p. 224, l. 33. The elements hereupon . . . First Edition: The elements undoubtedly had matter for volleys of laughter, for the moment the faint squeal had ceased, they . . .

p. 236, l. 31. After ‘him’ deleted: and he steps towards Rose red and angry.

p. 236, l. 33. he has the suspicion of malicious tongues at their work: altered from anything is said of him.

p. 237. After (‘mouths’) l. 2 deleted:

‘Come for a ride, Ferdinand?’ said Rose, jauntily.

‘Don’t mean to say you’re going alone?’ he answered.

‘Of course I am.’

‘Oh! I thought——’

‘Don’t think, please, Ferdinand; you’re nicer when you don’t.’

Rose marched on to the lawn, not glancing at Evan, whom she approached.

‘Do you snub everybody in that way?’ said Laxley.

‘I tell them my ideas,’ Rose coolly replied.

p. 237, l. 27. After ‘him’ deleted: and spoke sharply:

‘Which of us two is to leave this house?’

Laxley threw up his head, and let his eyes descend on Evan. ‘Don’t understand,’ he observed, removing his cigar, and swinging round carelessly.

‘I’ll assist your intelligence,’ said Evan. ‘You must go, or I will; if I go I will wait for you.’

‘Wait for me?’

‘Which implies that I intend to call you to account for your very silly conduct, and that you shall not escape it.’

Laxley vented an impatient exclamation, and seeming to command a fit of anger by an effort of common sense, muttered some words, among which Evan heard, ‘Appeal to a magistrate’; and catching at the clue, a cloud came over his reason.

‘You will appeal to a magistrate if a man beneath your own rank horsewhips you? But remember, I give you a chance of saving your reputation by offering you first the weapons of gentlemen.’

‘Of gentlemen!’ returned Laxley, who, in spite of the passion arising within him, could not forbear the enjoyment of his old advantage.

‘And,’ continued Evan, ‘I will do this for the sake of the honour of your family. I will speak to the Duke and two or three others here to get them to bring you to a sense of what is due to your name, before I proceed to ulterior measures.’

Laxley’s eyes grew heavy with blood. The sarcasm was just on a level with his wits, but above his poor efforts at a retort.

'What gentleman fights tailors?' was so very poor and weakly uttered, that Evan in his rage could laugh at it; and the laughter convinced Laxley that his ground was untenable. He, of all others, was in reality the last to suspect Evan of having spoken truth that night in Fallowfield; otherwise would he have condescended to overt hostility, small jealousies, and the shadows of hatred?

'You really would not object to fight a gentleman?' said Evan.

Laxley flung down his cigar. 'By Jove! as a gentleman you owe it me—you shall fight me.'

'I thank you,' said Evan. 'You require the assurance? I give it you.'

A shout of derision interrupted the closing of the pretty quarrel. It had been seen by two or three on the lawn that a matter was in hand between the youths. Drummond stood by, and Harry Jocelyn pitched against them, clapping them both on the shoulders.

'Thought you 'd be on to each other before the day was over, you pair of bantam-cocks! Welcome the peace-maker. Out with your paw, Harrington—Ferdinand, be magnanimous, my man.'

Harry caught hold of their hands.

At this moment the Duke, holding Mrs. Strike in conversation, hove in sight. The impropriety of an open squabble became evident. Laxley sauntered off, and Evan went to meet his sister.

adding:

The unhappy fellow (*l.* 28) . . . held in converse (*p.* 238, *l.* 21).

p. 238. *After* ('passed') *l.* 29 *deleted:*

Harry continued the praises that won him special condescension from the fascinating dame:

‘Harrington’s a cunning dog! he measures his man before he comes to close quarters. He——’

‘What English you talk! “Measures his man!”’ interposed the Countess, in a short-breathed whisper. Before she spoke she had caught an inexplicable humorous gleam travelling over Drummond’s features; at which her star reddened and beamed ominously on her. She had seen something like it once or twice in company—she had thought it habitual with him: now, and because she could not forget it, the peculiar look interpreted Mrs. Evremonde’s simple words in the Countess’s suspicious nature. She drew Harry, nothing loth, from the lawn to the park, and paid him well for what he knew of the private histories of Mrs. Evremonde and Drummond Forth.

p. 238, l. 33. After ‘former’ deleted: was the least difficult to deal with; he . . .

p. 239, l. 4. After ‘adolescent’ deleted: They paid Evan the compliment of appealing to his common sense, and Evan was now cool; for which reason he resolved that he would have all that his hot blood had precipitated him to forfeit he knew how much for; in other words, he insisted upon the value for his lie.

‘I bear much up to a certain point,’ he said: ‘beyond it I allow no one to step.’

It sounded well. Though Harry Jocelyn cried, ‘Oh, humbug!’ he respected the man who held such cavalier principles.

Drummond alone seemed to understand the case. He said (and his words were carried faithfully to the Countess by her dog): ‘Harrington has been compelled by Laxley to say he’s a gentleman. He can’t possibly retract it without injuring his ancestors. Don’t you comprehend

his dilemma? You must get Ferdinand to advance a step closer.'

Ferdinand refused; and the men acknowledged themselves at a deadlock, and had recourse to the genius of the women.

adding: Evan was placable (*l.* 4) . . . from being further (*l.* 9).

p. 239. *After* ('Shorne') *l.* 13 *deleted:*

The Countess heard that Miss Carrington added: 'People one knows nothing about!' and the Countess smiled wickedly, for she knew something about Miss Carrington.

p. 239, *l.* 18. *After* 'best' *added:* Defer the encounter between the boys until they see they are in the form of donkeys. They will; and then they 'll run on together, as long as their goddess permits.

p. 240, *l.* 30. *After* 'it' *deleted:* saying, as he shook Laxley's hand: 'Is this my certificate of admission into your ranks?'—*adding:* That done, he entered into his acted part, and towered in his conceit considerably above these aristocratic boors, who were speechless and graceless, but tigers for their privileges and advantages.

p. 240. *After* ('advantages') *l.* 33 *deleted:*

Laxley thought it sufficient to reply that he was quite satisfied; which, considering the occasion, and his position in life, was equal to a repartee.

Then Evan, to wind up the affair good-humouredly, said:

'It would be better if gentlemen were to combine to put an end to the blackguards, I fancy. They 're not too many, for them to begin killing each other yet'; and Seymour Jocelyn, for the sake of conviviality, said: 'Gad, a good idea!' and Harry called Evan a trump, and

Laxley, who had even less relish for commerce in ideas than in clothes, began to whistle and look distressfully easy.

p. 241, l. 27. her tyrant: *altered from him;—adding:*
For so he juggled with himself to have but another day
in the sunshine of Rose.

p. 244, l. 33. The Pope: *altered from St. Peter.*

p. 248, l. 20. *After 'gentleman' added:* I do praise myself
for managing an invitation to our Carry. She has been a
triumph.

p. 261, l. 27. within her bosom: *altered from* louder than
she intended.

p. 273, l. 20. Seymour: *altered from* Sir John.

p. 274, l. 20. *After 'father' added:* Happily Evan was
absent, on his peaceful blessed bed!

p. 281, l. 24. *After 'anywhere' deleted:* except, perhaps, in
bed.

p. 282, l. 6. *After 'pallor' added:* Providence had rescued
Evan from this!

p. 291, l. 29. *Before 'What my punishment' deleted:* If you
knew.

p. 293, l. 2. *After 'hurriedly' deleted:* with her head still
averted.

p. 293, l. 7. *After 'beloved' deleted:* 'I love you!'

Her hand, her arm, her waist, he seized, bending over
her. And . . .

p. 293, l. 11. *After 'me' deleted:* 'I know it.'

Anything but a denial, and he might have retrieved his

step, but that she should doubt his strong true love plunged him deeper.

p. 293, l. 12. After 'Rose' deleted: 'I have not a hope to win you; but I love you. My heaven! my only darling! I hold you a moment—and I go; but know that I love you and would die for you. Beloved Rose! do you forgive me?'—adding: and dare to say it—and it's unpardonable. Can you forgive me?

p. 293, l. 15. After 'said' deleted: smiling the soft inward smile of rarest bliss.

p. 294, l. 26. After 'hands' deleted: She was then warm beneath his mouth, and one eternal kiss hung ripe for him. The force of his passion plucked him down, but his lips rested on her forehead.

p. 301. After ('inexhaustible') l. 5 deleted:

Mrs. Melville was a specimen of the arrant British wife, —inflexible in her own virtue, and never certain of her husband's when he was out of her sight: a noble being (Heaven preserve the breed!), but somewhat wanting in confidence and Christianity.

p. 301, l. 12. After 'chuckled' deleted: Friendship between the sexes was her doctrine, and the arrant British wife aroused therefore her strong aversion.

p. 302, l. 31. not even kissed: altered from only kissed.

p. 302, l. 31. After 'forehead' deleted: A brother might do as much; and he would be her brother, her guardian;—adding: Surely he had been . . . call our weakness (p. 303, l. 5).

p. 303, l. 11. After 'hers' deleted: and the thought made his love irrevocable;—adding: Instantly the old time gave him its breath, the present drew back.

p. 303, l. 25. After 'heart' *deleted*: like a passionate nightingale.

p. 303, l. 26. After 'Rose' *deleted*: too, sat as if through the clatter of silly talk she at times heard a faint far music. She . . .

p. 303, l. 29. After 'dragging' *added*: in truth, her behaviour stamped his false position to hard print the more he admired her for it, and he had shrinkings from the feminine part it imposed on him to play.

p. 304. *Beginning of Chapter xxv. deleted*:

You will think it odd, not to say reprehensible, and a fatal declension from heroics, that Miss Rose Jocelyn should devote the better part of the day following her love-avowal, to dog-breaking; and I doubt not that you wonder how a young man could be inspired by such a person with transcendent, with holy, and with melting images. It was that Evan felt the soul of Rose, and felt it akin to his own. Her tastes, her habits, could not obscure the bright and perfect steadfastness which was in her, and which Evan worshipped more than her face; and indeed that firm truth of her character gave a charm to all her actions. Among girls you have creatures of the morning, of the night, and of the twilight. Rose was of Aurora's train: soft when you caught her, shy in your shadow; capable of melting wholly to your kiss, but untroubled, and light-limbed, and brisk, a fresh young maid when you withdrew the charm. Her friend Jenny Graine flitted bat-like round William's figure, and Juliana Bonner loved sombrely. There are some who neither thoroughly sleep, nor thoroughly waken, but dream while they walk, and toss while they lie. Rose was a cool sleeper, and the light flowed into her open eyes as into a house that lifts the blinds. Slightly, perhaps, even while

dog-breaking, a little thought would thrill her, and move a quivering corner in her lips, but it passed like a happy bird from the bough, and was as innocent under heaven.

p. 307, l. 19. After 'Rose' deleted: Let the skylark go up and sing of her.

p. 308, l. 30. After 'notes' added: without a reflection beyond the thought that money was in his hand.

p. 310, l. 5. one of us: altered from a gentleman.

p. 310, l. 5. After 'us' added: rather your own fault, you know!

p. 313, l. 24. After 'now' deleted: Materially, he was bound to Tailordom before; now he was bound in honour. At the thought he turned cold; it shot him in an instant millions of miles away from sunny Rose. And he must speak to her and tell her all. How would she look? The glass brought Polly Wheedle somehow to his mind; and then came that horrible image of Rose mouthing the word 'snip,' and shuddering at the hag-like ugliness it reduced her to. Speak to her, and see that aspect with his own eyes? Impossible. Besides, there was no necessity. A letter would explain everything fully. Evan walked up and down the room, rejoicing in the inspired idea of the letter, and not aware that it was the suggestion of his cowardice. The pains and aches of the word snip, too, set him thinking of his merits. He brought that mighty host to encounter the obnoxious epithet, and quite overwhelmed it; he all but stifled it. Unfortunately, it would give a faint squeak still. And in company his merits evaporated; and though there was no talk of tailors, snip arose in its might, and was dominant. I am doing the young man a certain injustice in thus baring to you his secret soul, for he made himself agreeable, and talked

affably and easily, while within him the morbid conflict was going on; but if you care for him at all, you should know the springs of his conduct.

That night the letter was written. When written, Evan burned to have Rose reading it to the end, just as condemned criminals long for instant execution.

adding: He was clutched . . . so vile a pretender (*p.* 314, *l.* 3).

p. 314, *l.* 9. *After* 'sleepy' *deleted*: and a delicious dreamy languor crept through his veins, and he felt an unutterable pang then.

p. 314. *After* ('friend') *l.* 27 *deleted*:

'BELOVED ROSE:

'I call you so for the last——'

p. 314, *l.* 28. just a word: *altered from* thus far.

p. 314, *l.* 29. *After* 'candle' *deleted*: thrust the letter in her bosom.

p. 314, *l.* 32. *After* 'thrill' *deleted*: scenting prey.

p. 319. *After* ('then') *l.* 31 *deleted*:

At this arch question he seized her and kissed her. The sweet, fresh kiss! She let him take it as his own. Ah, the darling prize! Her cheeks were a little redder, and her eyes softer, and softer her voice, but all about her looked to him as her natural home.

p. 320, *l.* 8. *After* 'strength' *deleted*: No! though all the ills on earth were heaped on me, I swear I could not surrender you. Nothing shall separate us.

p. 328, *l.* 4. *After* 'Harrington' *deleted*: do look at 'em!

p. 328, *l.* 7. *After* 'responded' *deleted*: Yes: they don't look bad.

p. 332. *After* ('legs') *l. 2 deleted*:

'Iron!' was heard in muttered thunder from Dandy aloft.

p. 333, *l. 15.* was alarming: *altered from* turned Mrs. Hawkshaw white.

p. 334, *l. 34.* *After* 'him' *deleted*: 'I never was suspected of such a thing. . . .'

'And I'll open the door, ma'am, and then—ha! Then!—though I am the only man in the house——'

p. 335, *l. 20.* *After* 'back' *deleted*: He knew it by the glass. No mistake. He believed the geese in the bed were not alive now, or they took a deuced deal of killing.

p. 345, *l. 13.* *Before* 'Rose' *deleted*: Leaning on his arm.

p. 345. *After* ('reply') *l. 17 deleted*:

Rose had not relinquished Evan's arm. She clung to it ostentatiously, with her right hand stuck in her side.

'Do you find support necessary?' inquired Mrs. Shorne.

'No, aunt,' Rose answered, immoveably.

'Singular habit!' Mrs. Shorne interjected.

'No habit at all, aunt. A whim.'

'More suitable for public assemblies, I should think.'

'Depends almost entirely upon the gentleman; doesn't it, aunt?'

Anger at her niece's impertinence provoked the riposte:

'Yes, upon its being a gentleman.'

Mrs. Shorne spoke under her breath, but there was an uneasy movement through the company after she had spoken. Seymour Jocelyn screwed his moustache: Mr. George Uploft tugged at his waistcoat: Laxley grimaced: and the ladies exchanged glances: all very quietly and of the lightest kind—a mere ruffle of the surface. It was enough for Evan.

p. 348, l. 13. *After 'much' deleted:* and he was told that he was better loved than ever.

p. 349, l. 16. *After 'himself' deleted:* The greater his punishment, the greater the mercy to him.

p. 350, l. 13. *After 'fact' deleted:* though I would rather have had it 'sweet scent.'

p. 351, l. 12. *After 'amused' added:* If you are sparkingly vulgar with the English, you are aristocratic.

p. 353. *After ('lords') l. 5 deleted:*
'Are ye judges?'
'We are not.'

p. 353, l. 18. *After 'fee' deleted:*

Mr. Raikes begged that all minor arrangements with the menials should be left to him.

'What's the fee?' Old Tom repeated. 'There's a fee for everything in this world. If you ain't lords or judges, you ought to be paid for dressing like 'em. Come . . .'

p. 353, l. 22. *After 'Excellent' deleted:* Most admirable!

p. 353, l. 22. *After 'Raikes' deleted:* 'Franco, you heard? Fred?'

'First-rate!' was the unanimous response from the curricule: nor was Old Tom altogether displeased at the applause of his audience. The receiver of the sixpenny bit gratified his contempt by spinning it in the air, and remarking to his comrade, as it fell: 'Do for the beggars.'

'Must be a lord!' interjected Old Tom. 'Ain't that their style?'

Mr. Raikes laughed mildly. 'When I was in Town, sir, on my late fortunate expedition, I happened to be driving round St. Paul's. Rather a crush. Some particular

service going on. In my desire to study humanity in all its aspects, I preferred to acquiesce in the blockade of carriages and avoid manslaughter. My optics were attracted by several effulgent men that stood and made a blaze at the lofty doors of the cathedral. Nor mine alone. A dame with an umbrella—she likewise did regard the pageant show. “Sir,” says she to me. I leaned over to her, affably—as usual. “Sir, can you be so good as to tell me the names of they noblemen there?” Atrocious grammar is common among the people, but a gentleman passes it by: it being his duty to understand what is *meant* by the poor creatures. You laugh, sir! You agree with me. Consequently I looked about me for the representatives of the country’s pride. “What great lords are they?” she repeats. I followed the level of her umbrella, and felt—astonishment was uppermost. Should I rebuke her? Should I enlighten her? Never, I said to myself: but one, a wretch, a brute, had not these scruples. “Them ’ere chaps, ma’am?” says he. “Lords, ma’am? why, Lor’ bless you, they’re the Lord Mayor’s footmen!” The illusion of her life was scattered! I mention the circumstance to show you, sir, that the mistake is perfectly possible. Of course, the old dame in question, if a woman of a great mind, will argue that supposing Lord Mayor’s footmen to be plumed like estridges—gorgeous as the sun at Midsummer—what must Lord Mayors be, and semper-annual Lords, and so on to the pinnacle?—the footmen the basis of the aristocratic edifice. Then again she may say, *Can* nature excel that magnificent achievement I behold, and build upon it? She may decide that nature cannot. Hence democratic leanings in her soul! For me, I know and can manage them.’

p. 353, l. 23. *After* ‘Thomas’ *added*: he addressed a footman.

p. 353. *After* ('Raikes') l. 24 *deleted*:

Mr. Raikes spoke peremptorily; but a wink and the glimpse of his comic face exhibited his manner of management.

p. 353, l. 26. *After* 'name' *deleted*: 'Be off!'

'M.P. let us hope we may shortly append,' pursued Jack. 'Methinks 'tis a purer ambition to have a tail than a handle to one's name. Sir John F. Raikes were well. John F. Raikes, M.P., is to the patriotic intelligence better. I have heard also—into mine ear it hath been whisperèd—that of yon tail a handle may be made.'

'If your gab was paid by the yard, you'd have a good many thousands a year,' Old Tom interrupted this monologue.

'You flatter me,' returned Jack, sincerely. 'The physiologists *have* said that I possess an eloquent feature or so. Ciceronic lips.'

'How was it you got away from the menagerie—eh?' said Old Tom.

'By the assistance of the jolliest old bear in the world, I believe,' Mr. Raikes replied. 'In life I ride on *his* broad back: he to posterity shall ride on mine.'

'Ha! that'll do,' said Old Tom, for whom Mr. Raikes was too strong.

'May we come to an understanding before we part, sir?' continued the latter.

'Go about your business,' cried Old Tom; and was at that moment informed that her ladyship would see him, and begged Mr. Raikes to make himself at home.

'Artful!' mused Mr. Raikes, as Old Tom walked away: 'Artful! but I have thee by a clue, my royal Henry. Thy very secret soul I can dissect. Strange fits of generosity are thine beneath a rough exterior; and for me, I'd swear thee client of the Messrs. Grist.'

Mentally delivering this, Mr. Raikes made his way towards a company he perceived on the lawn. His friend Harrington chanced to be closeted with Sir Franks: the Countess de Saldar was in her chamber: no one was present whom he knew but Miss Jocelyn, who welcomed him very cordially, and with one glance of her eyes set the mercurial youth thinking whether they ought to come to explanations before or after dinner; and of the advantages to be derived from a good matrimonial connection, by a young member of our Parliament. He soon let Miss Jocelyn see that he had wit, affording her deep indications of a poetic soul; and he as much as told her, that, though merry by nature, he was quite capable of the melancholy fascinating to her sex, and might shortly be seen under that aspect. He got on remarkably well till Laxley joined them; and then, despite an excessive condescension on his part, the old Fallowfield sore was rubbed, and in a brisk passage of arms between them, Mr. John Raikes was compelled to be the victor—to have the last word and the best, and to win the laughter of Rose, which was as much to him as a confession of love from that young lady. Then Juliana came out, and Mr. Raikes made apologies to her, rejecting her in the light of a spouse at the first perusal of her face. Then issued forth the swimming Countess de Saldar, and the mutual courtesies between her and Mr. Raikes were elaborate, prolonged, and smacking prodigiously of Louis Quatorze. But Rose suffered laughter to be seen struggling round her mouth; and the Countess dismayed Mr. Raikes by telling him he would be perfect by-and-by, and so dislocating her fair self from the ridicule she opened to him: a stroke which gave him sharp twinges of uneasiness, and an immense respect for her. The Countess subsequently withdrew him, and walked him up and down, and taught him many new things, and so affected him by her graces, that Mr.

John Raikes had a passing attack of infidelity to the heiress.

While this lull occurs . . .

This is followed by the passage beginning: We will follow (p. 353, l. 27).

p. 363, l. 9. *After 'out' deleted:* as if she made a footstool of trouble;—*adding:* and her head thrown back as in a distant survey of the lively people screening her from a troubled world.

p. 363, l. 23. *After 'hum' deleted:* it's a nuisance.

p. 368, l. 20. *After 'do' added:* with a mother who talked in this manner.

p. 370, l. 6. *After 'him' deleted:* and in a small speech, in which he contrived to introduce the curricie, remarked that the Hampshire air suited his genius, and that the friendship of Mr. Harry Jocelyn would be agreeable to him.

'Where's the tailor?' cried Harry, laughing.

'Tailor!' Jack exclaimed, reprovingly, 'oh! now, my dear fellow, you must positively drop that. Harrington's sisters! consider! superb women! unmatched for style! No, no; Harrington's father was an officer. I know it. A distant relative of Sir Abraham Harrington, the proud baronet of Torquay, who refused to notice them. Why? Because of the handle to his name. One could understand a man of genius!—a member of Parliament! but proud of a baronetcy! His conduct was hideous. The Countess herself informed me.'

'Ha! ha!' laughed Harry, 'I was only joking. I shall see you again.' And Mr. Raikes was left to fresh meditation.

p. 372, l. 30. *After 'Shorne' deleted:* as the wicked called that honourable lady.

p. 378. *After* ('face') l. 25 *deleted*:

I doubt if she really thought so, seeing that she did not pardon him.

p. 381, l. 10. *After* 'them' *added*: that young man or monkey, Raikes: *altered from* Mr. John Raikes.

p. 382, l. 19. The Duke's second notice of him was hardly a nod: *altered from* the Duke's second bow did not, Mr. Raikes sadly judged, retrieve the character of his first: his final bow was a mere nod.

p. 382, l. 33. *After* 'Duke' *added*: in his elastic mind.

p. 388, l. 1. *After* 'yes' *added*: With reason, alas!

p. 389, l. 5. *After* 'innocent' *deleted*: I know that.

p. 389, l. 22. *After* 'Harry' *deleted*: was staggered. He . . .

p. 389, l. 33. such a woman as this: *altered from* a woman.

p. 390, l. 17. implied an engagement: *altered from* engaged.

p. 392, l. 25. *After* 'anxious' *deleted*: 'ha! ha!'

'That fortunate man is a foreignere!' exclaimed Mr. Raikes.

'Anglicized!—anglicized!' said the Countess. 'Will you do this? You know how interested I am in the man. If he is not my husband, some one ought to be!'

'Capital!' cried Jack. 'Lord! how that would tell on the stage. "Some one ought to be!"'

'Away, and do my hest,' the Countess called to him with the faint peep of a theatrical manner.

It captivated Mr. John Raikes: 'Yea, to the letter, though I perish for 't,' he pronounced, departing, and subsequently appending, 'Nor yet the damnèd reason can perceive.'

p. 392, l. 28. *After* 'away' *deleted*: from Mr. Raikes.

- p. 396, l. 26. *After 'Beckley Court' added*: he was fatally mercurial.
- p. 398, l. 30. I confess that the hand here writing is: *altered from* I admit that I myself am.
- p. 398, l. 31. *After 'champagne' deleted*: I feel the earthly muse escaping me, and a desire for the larger-eyed heavenly muse.
- p. 402, l. 2. *After 'jollity' deleted*: said;—*adding*: interposed, as if specially charged by Providence to make plain to the persecuted Countess his mission and business there.
- p. 402, l. 10. *After 'kind' deleted*: From place to place he travels on, tracked by the loud guffaw!
- p. 402, l. 11. *After 'enviable' deleted*: "'Gad,' our mercurial friend added, in a fit of profound earnestness, 'I know nothing I should like so much!' But lifting his head, and seeing in the face of the ladies that it was not the profession of a gentleman, he exclaimed: 'I have better prospects, of course!' and drank anew, inwardly cursing his betraying sincerity.
- p. 402, l. 15. *After 'she' added*: but had not apparently discovered it.
- p. 402, l. 16. *After 'it' deleted*: Mr. Raikes looked at her with keen admiration. 'I can laugh at a monkey all day long,' she continued. Mr. Raikes drifted leagues from her.
- p. 402, l. 34. *After 'background' deleted*: No creatures grinding their teeth with envy of her! None bursting with admiration and the ardent passions!
- p. 402, l. 35. implored Providence: *altered from* asked her judgement.

p. 404, l. 31. *After 'women' deleted*: and Mr. John Raikes.

p. 408, l. 28. *After 'heart' deleted*: nourishing him. With this angel lifting him up, what need he fear? If he reddened, the blush was taken up by love.

p. 409, l. 10. *After 'blow' deleted*: She talked, she laughed, —she was unaware of what passed in the world.

p. 410, l. 11. *After 'Evan' deleted*: and take his hand.

p. 420, l. 24. *After 'gone' deleted*: Gone, I say!

p. 420, l. 24. *After 'disgraced' deleted*: I'm betrayed.

p. 420, l. 30. *After 'tell' deleted*: returned Jack, groaning.
'Harrington . . .'

p. 420, l. 35. *After 'Grist' deleted*: for tailor No. 2 had to go nine days, you know.

p. 421, l. 11. *After 'despair' deleted*: I feel as if I were frying on my own conscience.

p. 421. *After ('advise') l. 12 deleted*:

'Eh?' quoth Evan, 'a tin plate? Is that the foundation of your fortune? Oh, change your suit and renounce the curriole.'

'Will you measure me?'

'Jack! Jack!' said Evan, softly.

'There, pardon me, Harrington, pray. It's bile. My whole digestion's seriously deranged.'

'You seemed happy this morning?'

'Yes, but there was still the curst anticipation of its oozing out. I confess I didn't think I should feel it so acutely. But I'm awfully sensitive. And now it's known, I don't seem to live in front. My spirit somehow seems to

have faced about. Now I see the malignant nature of that old wretch!

adding:

Evan stared a moment . . . Raikes moaned (*l.* 22).

p. 421, *l.* 27. *After 'me' deleted:* 'And he has! Harrington, I 'm like a ship. Literally I carry my name behind. "John F. Raikes, Gentleman." I see the eyes of the world directed on it. It completely blasts my genius. Upon my honour—I got it in your service—and you ought to claim part proprietorship. Oh! I shall give up Fallowfield. Fancy the hustings! It would be like hell! Ungenerous old man! Oh! why didn't I first—ass that I was!—stipulate for silence. I should never have been in danger then, except when dancing, or in a high wind. All my bright visions are faded.'

adding: He said I should lead the life of such a gentleman as the world had not yet seen—on that simple condition, which appeared to me childish, a senile whim; rather an indulgence of his.

p. 430, *l.* 13. *After 'attitude' deleted:* A fine young man!

p. 440, *l.* 35. My family's dishonour is mine, Caroline: *altered from* The dishonour of my family, Caroline, is mine, and on me the public burden of it rests.

p. 441, *l.* 1. *After 'me' deleted:* I will not be moved from what I have resolved.

p. 441. *After ('sobbing') l.* 25 *deleted:*

'The dishonour of my family is mine, and on me the burden of it rests.'

That was the chant that rose in Caroline's bosom.

p. 448, *l.* 28. stand long in her room: *altered from* sit long by her side.

p. 449, l. 18. *Before* 'I can' *deleted*: Then she will, madam!

p. 454, l. 22. *After* 'room' *deleted*: But as Rose had entered, she did not leave it.

p. 454, l. 25. moaned: *altered from* departed.

p. 455, l. 12. *After* 'Rose' *added*: She had borne so much that this new drop was poison.

p. 461, l. 11. *After* 'into' *added*: damnable.

p. 499, l. 3. *After* 'said' *deleted*: I will write.

p. 499. *After* 'no' (l. 22) *deleted*:

'Are my hopes false?' asked the mellow voice.

No reply was heard.

p. 510, l. 29. *After* 'solemnity' *deleted*: as Evan said: 'You know, Andrew, that if your brother will come to me with you for a time—I am in his debt doubly: I owe him both for the money, and a lesson; if he doesn't mind coming, I shall be very happy to receive him.'

Andrew drew his hand tightly down his cheeks and chin, and nodded, 'Thank you, Van, thank you, I'm sure. Never doubted your good heart, my boy. Very kind of you.'

'And you are certain to come?'

'Hem! women in the case, you know, Van!'

'Well, if I may work for you and yours, Andrew, I shall thank my destiny, whatever it is.'

Andrew's mouth twitched, and his eyelids began blinking fast. With a desperate effort, he avoided either crying or laughing, but at the expense of Evan's ribs, into which he drove his elbow with a 'pooh' and an apology, and then commenced a conversation with the coachman.

p. 511, l. 16. *After* 'tin' *added*: on a man's person.

p. 511, l. 17. changes in him: *altered from* total changes in a man.

p. 511. After ('him') l. 17 *deleted*:

'I suppose,' said Evan, 'it 's just as natural to you as the effect produced by a small circular tube of brass.'

'Ugh! here we are,' Jack returned as they drew up under the sign of the hospitable Dragon.

adding:

'You are a donkey to wear it,' said Evan.

'I pledged my word as a gentleman, and thought it small, for the money!' said Raikes.

p. 538, l. 6. After 'breeding' *added*: In character he is exquisite; a polish to defy misfortune.

deleting:

'Eh? like tomatas?' quoth Andrew, in the same fit of distraction, and to the same deaf audience.

p. 547, l. 35. to Lady Jocelyn: *altered from* to Mr. Harry Jocelyn, in reversion from my lady his mother.

p. 553, l. 4. There was no reply: *altered from* Evan did not reply.

p. 557, l. 13. After 'love' *added*: in a pure girl's thought

VITTORIA

- Vol. I, p. 2, l. 24. *After 'are seen' deleted*: dim as dreamed music.
- I, p. 46, l. 14. *After 'honest' added*: I, too, have visited England.
- I, p. 125, l. 31. *After 'was astonished' deleted*: He shrugged, with his mouth open, gesticulating to express speech, but not a word came.
- I, p. 157, l. 16. 'Come, Beppo, daughter sake, now, at once, immediate, Beppo, signor': *altered from* 'Come to me, Beppo, for my daughter's sake, now, at once, immediately, Beppo, signor.'
- I, p. 157, l. 22. *After 'expediting oath' added*: He had heard the oath of emphasis in that island: but . . .
- I, p. 168, l. 30. *After 'behind you' deleted*: Here is chocolate for her!
- I, p. 172, l. 16. *After 'exclaimed' deleted*: 'Give me my chocolate, signor Carlo. If Zotti does not fail me I won't munch a morsel; I promise.'
- I, p. 184, l. 20. *After 'story of her' deleted*: blood, through a mask of innumerable printed lines that told the story of her . . .
- I, p. 185, l. 13. *After 'Italian girls' added*: of that period.
- I, p. 191, l. 15. *After 'squadron of' deleted*: brown hussars, a squadron of the . . .

I, p. 200, l. 18. *After 'without a' deleted*: comrade and without a . . .

I, p. 227, l. 26. *Added*: He tapped angrily at the little ink-flask in his coat-pocket.

Vol. II, p. 35, l. 35. *After 'veneration' deleted*: all sorts of.

II, p. 74, l. 1. *After 'Schöneck' deleted*: or to General Wohlimleib.

II, p. 126, l. 9. *After 'within her breast' added*: or it was a mere outburst of hate.

II, p. 141, l. 11. *After 'rocket' deleted*: if such a piece of description can be accepted.

II, p. 157, l. 6. *After 'facts' deleted*: It is as though the ground should revolt against the house being built on it;—and earthquakes are not common. They are not good things to entreat high Heaven to bestow on us. Of what avail is this one voice of mine? I speak—who listens?

II, p. 157, l. 7. *After 'Italian freedom' deleted*: It is a bed of reeds, with the nest of a wild swan! Do you not, signorina, with your overpowering imagination, conceive the picture? A wind comes, and the reeds all try to lean together, and up goes our swan and sings a death-song; and another wind blows the reeds another way. But I drop comparisons—they are for poets, *farceurs*. All similes followed out are mazes; they bring us back to our own face in the glass.

II, p. 158, l. 18. *After 'changes' deleted*: All changes for the better are welcome to me.

II, p. 187, l. 8. *After 'with light' deleted*: Agostino's conceits ran like sparks over dead paper: 'The moon was in her nunnery below': 'The clock on the high tower (quasi-campanile) of the Villa Ricciardi blazed to the sunset,

deeming it no piece of supererogation to tell the God of Day the hour': 'Or to tell a King he is beaten,' said Vittoria, so reminding him of their many discussions upon Charles Albert. Carlo laughed at the queer fall of Agostino's chin.

adding:

Agostino and Vittoria fell upon their theme of discord as usual—the King of Sardinia.

II, p. 187. *After* ('conduct ourselves') l. 16 *deleted*:

'If you mean that you will allow the hour to pass without discord, I approve you,' said Violetta.

II, p. 188, l. 32. *After* 'Hagar' *deleted*: sums of money to every form of assistance.

II, p. 205, l. 2. men are when pushed: *altered from* men alone can be when they are pushed.

II, p. 237, l. 18. *After* 'unnerved' *deleted*: or depressed.

II, p. 241, l. 25. *After* 'life' *deleted*: a stage shall prove your excellency. Life is humbug to a tune of drum and brass, all fools in front.

II, p. 257. *After* ('Carlo's return') l. 1 *deleted as under*:

When he appeared, he led Vittoria before the men—with some touch of scenic irony, as Agostino thought, for it was foreign to his habitual manner—and presented the person to whom they were indebted. Violetta coloured, but kept her composure.

'Countess Violetta will do us the honour to take her chamber in this house till I start,' Carlo whispered to his mother.

Violetta stooped to intercede, and Countess Ammiani lent her a more willing ear.

'She would like to go to it immediately,' said Carlo;

whereupon his mother rose, and the two ladies withdrew in the stiff way that women have when they move under constraint.

Agostino slapped his shoulder, calling him Duke of Ferrara, and a name or two of the princely domestic tyrants.

substituting:

When he appeared he informed his mother that the Countess d'Isorella would remain in the house that night, and his mother passed out to her abhorred guest, who, for the time at least, could not be doing further mischief.

II, p. 261, l. 17. *After 'had for it' deleted:* I could have had nothing but actual fear of him, so I must be able to deceive myself terribly, and what I am I no longer comprehend.

II, p. 268, l. 5. You would have me making a scene with Violetta: *altered from* Shall I call down Violetta d'Isorella?

II, p. 268, l. 7. *Before 'Set the woman' deleted:* 'Yes; see her . . .'

II, p. 268, l. 9. *Before 'Carlo smiled' deleted:* 'And have the poor wretch on her knees, and the house buzzing?'

II, p. 268, l. 10. *After 'sleep' added:* I have her here harmless for the night.

II, p. 295, l. 18. *Added:* now by promotion for service.

II, p. 307, l. 11. For Nagen . . . of a murderer (l. 19): *substituted for* Weisspreiss succeeded in establishing his ascendancy; upon which he spoke to the prisoners, telling Carlo that for his wife's sake he should be free on the morrow, and Angelo that he must expect the fate of a murderer.

II, p. 307, l. 32. *After 'his superior' deleted:* in the command.

THE ADVENTURES OF HARRY RICHMOND

- Vol. I, p. 17, l. 26. *After 'Hamlet' deleted*: (I cannot say why, but . . .
- I, p. 155, l. 5. path of living: *altered from* path of right living.
- I, p. 252, l. 21. *After 'creature's name' deleted*: Previously they had reckoned on my father for sparing her, and had done as they liked.
- I, p. 252, l. 24. *After 'cavalier' deleted*: Mervyn Penrhys.
- I, p. 253. *After ('Lady Wilts') l. 17 deleted*:
 My reply to this attack was mixed up with the broad vowels of eloquent discomposure:
 'Really, Miss Penrhys, you are under a delusion; I shall be happy; I like the mountains, I——'
 'No delusion at all. But will you wait before you form a positive opinion of me?'
 'I can't, for I've formed it already, and it's exactly the reverse of what you seem to have heard.'
 'Who calls you shy!' she returned, leaving me dissatisfied, I was sure.
- I, p. 269, l. 18. *After 'father' deleted*: and have been myself a prince deserving curses.
- I, p. 310, l. 24. pressure of my hand: *altered from* pressure of my lips on her hand.
- I, p. 316, l. 18. *After 'then' deleted*: and it's sound.
- I, p. 329, l. 4. *After 'I replied' deleted*: and gained it by abnegation.

I, p. 333. *After* ('at once') l. 26 *deleted* :

'Be seated,' he said.

I bowed my head, and sat—a disadvantageous thing to do before an irritated man, erect and prepared to put harsh questions. My deliberate method of obeying him served for a reminder of what was due from him to me in courtesy, and he placed a chair in front of me, but could not persuade himself to occupy it immediately.

I, p. 334, l. 28. *Before* 'Much, sir' *deleted* : I rose.

I, p. 334. *After* ('Much, sir') l. 28 *deleted* :

'Then, pray be seated.'

He set me the example, repeating 'Much?'

From the excitement he was quite unable to conceal it was evident to me that the princess had done her part bravely and fully. I could not suffer myself to be beaten down.

I, p. 334, l. 29. *After* 'he said' *deleted* : again.

I, p. 339. *After* ('observances') l. 11 *deleted* : If I did laugh it was involuntarily.

I, p. 342. *After* ('prostrate bodies') l. 29 *deleted* : I walked my part of the twenty-five paces' interval at a quick step, showing a parade front, irresolute about employing the disgusting little instrument I had in my clutch at all. Suddenly I felt a shock as of ice-cold water upon heated lungs. I remember staring at Bandelmeyer's spectacles and nodding like a bulrush. Eckart caught me. 'Give it him off the ground,' he cried in a frenzy. 'You have a shot! a shot! a shot!' screamed Bandelmeyer, jumping. I could plainly see Prince Otto standing ready to receive my fire. I looked up, and was invited by the swimming branch of a tree to take aim in that direction. Down came the sky. I made several attempts to speak

for the purpose of telling Bandelmeyer that it was foolish of him in the open air to smoke a pipe half as long as himself, but nothing seemed to matter much;—*adding*:

A silly business on all sides.

Vol. II, p. 1. *Beginning of Chapter xxxiii. deleted*:

Otto's bullet found its way right through me, as harmless as a comet in our atmosphere—the most considerate of intruders.

II, p. 2, l. 12. *After 'hear of it' deleted*: by-and-by. 'But the means?'

II, p. 7, l. 19. *After 'way to it' deleted*: Remember that.

II, p. 9. *After ('speak') l. 3 deleted*: My devotion and qualities of mind were not tested by herself only. It was not because she thought lightly of the treasure, but highly of the vessel that she embarked in it. And how much she had prepared herself to cast away I had still to learn.

II, p. 32, l. 12. *After 'at a bound' deleted*: and I reversed my hold of my riding-whip.

II, p. 32. *After ('to witness') l. 19 deleted*: I raced up closer, but I had to await the lady's orders before I dared strike between them.

Ottilia drew rein. 'Now!' she said, and her hand was suffered to fall.

Then to me: 'Mr. Richmond, I have my servant.'

This was enough.

II, p. 68, l. 19. *After 'sham' deleted*: It was given them to exercise the choice whether they would be prey to the natural hawk, man, if they liked it; pity was waste of breath, nonsense. Temple bantered him capitally by tracing the career of the natural hawk gorged with prey, and the mighty service he was of to his country. Heriot

retorted that all great men had, we should find, entertained his ideas about women; but he was compelled to admit that a vast number of very small ones were similarly to be distinguished.

- II, p. 68, l. 34. *After 'country' deleted*: to be denied a chance of heirs of their gallant bodies?
- II, p. 85, l. 35. *After 'sermon' deleted*: from the new rector.
- II, p. 92, l. 31. *After 'desert' deleted*: not made for cookery.
- II, p. 114, l. 31. *After 'whip-cord' deleted*: The reply came quick and keen to my thought. I suspected a mishap to one or the other of my friends, little guessing which one claimed my sympathy. My father desired her to enlighten him upon his fortune at an extreme corner of the station, where martins flew into sand-holes, which was his device to set her up in money for her journey. After we had seen her off, he spoke of her, and puffed, remarking that he had his fears; but he did not specify them.
- II, p. 131, l. 2. serve as a club: First Edition: serve as a tub.
- II, p. 132, l. 27. *After 'town' deleted*: Ik Deen, some say. That 's the worst of a foreign language: no two people speak it alike.
- II, p. 161, l. 12. *After 'confess' deleted*: in my opinion, very much worse towards my father.
- II, p. 163, l. 23. *After 'greatness' deleted*: Heriot did not come to help me through my contest, for the reason, scarcely credible to his friends, that he was leading some wealthy lady to the altar. Janet's brows were gloomy at his name. That he, who was her model of gallantry, should marry in hot haste for money, degraded also her, who admired and liked him, and had, it may be, in a fit of

natural rallying from grief, borne her part in a little game of trifling with him. The sentiments of Julia Bulsted were not wounded, by any means. She rejoiced to hear of Walter Heriot's having sense at last: to marry for money was the best thing he could do; and she rather twitted Janet for objecting, as a woman, to what was a compliment, and should be a comfort, to a jealous mind.

II, p. 168. *After* ('perilous both') *l. 10 deleted*: We did not part without such a leave-taking as is held to be the privilege of lovers.

Then deleted as under:

A FIRST STRUGGLE WITH MY FATHER

JANET'S desire that her grandada should taste of her happiness, sent her to intercept him on his way to the breakfast-table. The blush of her cheek sufficed. I knew what had occurred when he hailed me freshly, rubbing his hands. 'So you're one of the Commons, Hal? Whacking majority? No? You're in, though, like the thief who filched St. Peter's keys.—"Come out," says Peter. "No," says Bob Thief, "I was a first-rate thief, more than your match t'other side the gate, and now I'm here for the reward of my craft," says he, "I'm washed white in a jiffy."—All he had to do was to learn to sing. Lord forgive us! and let's to prayers. Harry there's a seat for you next to Janet. Captain and his wife'll take chairs opposite. Dorothy, my dear, we can't wait for them. Sooner breakfast's over the better; I want to have a talk with Mr. Hal. Harry, boy, I shall drink your health to-night. We'll scrape together a party. Janet, my girl, I don't mind a dance. The pleasure of life is to feel at home in your own house, and deuced few who do.'

Notwithstanding the continued absence of Captain

Bulsted and Julia, the squire insisted on my taking a chair beside Janet's; and I certainly felt a difference in being seated near, or away, from her. The hot flush of yesterday's triumph had not cooled. At a little distance, I yearned to have her within reach of an arm, but I could weigh her looks and actions. Close to her, close upon touching her, the temptation was lightly resisted, but my senses accepted everything she did, uncritically. And they might well do so. She supposed that we were one at heart, and betrothed; and a marvelously alluring, faintly-shadowed impossibility for her eyes to dwell hard or long on mine in the newness of her happiness, would have pleased even the critic I no more could be. Nor was there too much of this, as with damsels and dames inclining to push their prettinesses by overacting the delicate emotion. Her smile was not the accustomed staring daylight one, and had narrowed and gentler dimples. The frown of her marked eyebrows was rare, and when it came quivered. It never had been a frown of darkness; now it was like a bird alighting. She talked of the election: she wished she had been there.

'Just as well go to battle,' said the squire; and eyeing her: 'I believe you, my dear. You're the girl to back a husband. No; you keep out of the dust. Don't you be henchman to your lord and master till the house is attacked. Tough work yesterday, Hal?'

'And, Harry, why were you all in white?' Janet interposed.

'Oho! they floured him, did they?' the squire laughed.

'There was an idea in it, I am sure,' said Janet.

'Meant, "I'm a clean-looking fellow, the right sort of man for you"; eh, Hal?'

'Something the Romans did, or the Greeks, grandada, depend upon it.'

She nodded knowingly at a turn of mine for tiny pedantries.

‘What was it, Hal? Let’s hear.’

‘Well, sir, it was a white suit in the morning.’

‘Top to toe? Hat and all?’

‘Cap-à-pie, sir.’

‘Humph,’ he put on a right English pucker of the features. ‘Ha! All in white. Why, ’mn it! that’s a penitent’s dress. Was that the idea? Long sheet and candles? Didn’t they call you a crowing chorister? I think I should have chaffed you, Mr. Hal. Froth’s white, so’s goose, curate, eggflip, give-up-the-ghost, oysters, and the liver that hoists the feather. I’d have been down upon you; couldn’t ha’ kept my tongue off you, if I’d been there. White! by the Lord, I’d ha’ clapped a round of orange-blossoms on you. Why, you must have looked as if Lot’s wife had dropped you after she turned her head back. All in white, by George! like a candidate for the sepulchre. Did you go about horizontal? Vote for the corpse! Be dished, Hal, if that white suit was your own idea!’

‘There I’m against you, grandada,’ said Janet, and appealed to my aunt Dorothy, who was of her opinion that the squire had better not be allowed to catch scent of my father in Chippenden, and observed: ‘Harry always had a liking for light colours; so had his mother.’

‘A little ballast won’t do him harm. A pitcher o’ common sense at his elbow!’ rejoined the squire. ‘Hang that “all in white!” I shall have a nightmare o’ that. It’s not English. I hate a fellow in a Tom Fool’s uniform. Fancy how you’d look in a caricature. Wonder the mob didn’t borrow you to chalk their ale-house scores! White! why, election time’s the time for showing your colours.’

‘Yellow and blue stand out well on white,’ said Janet.

We saw that he was scenting hard in the track of my

father, for sign of which he asked first: 'Were you the only one in white?' And then: 'How much did this election cost you?'

I stopped him by saying: 'To begin with, we may put down the cost of the white hat for five-and-twenty shillings.'

'Oh, I shall pay all the costs, and I mean to look at the items for myself,' said he.

Inspired by Janet, he recovered his cheerfulness, but it was a fleeting glimpse of domestic sunshine. He carried me off to the library, where, telling me he had seen by his girl's face that all was right, he wished to know whether I objected to his driving over to Ilchester at once: nothing but a formality, he remarked. The formality terminated, a word to his lawyer, and the parson had only to publish the banns. It was painful to see him waving his flag of contentment from the summit of his house of cards, which a breath from me was to overturn instantly. I tempered it as well as I could; and indeed I was guilty of something more. We were threatened with a repetition of previous scenes between us. 'I'm an old man,' he said, almost tremblingly, but frowning, at my request to him not to hurry me. 'That princess of yours has thrown you over, what do you want to wait for? A month's enough. I mean to see my family floated in a cradle before I'm off, and a girl like my Janet to look after it. She won't breed dolts nor cowards. I can leave her, with a heart content, to suckle Englishmen. You're not going to keep me in suspense now you're come to your senses? It seems to be you that's for playing the girl.'

To my mind it seemed that Janet might have played her sex's part, if but a very little. Not reflecting on her natural impulse (for she loved him) to make him happy in his heart's dearest wish, my vision of her was ruffled

and darkened by the unfeminine precipitancy. I admitted that a kiss was as good as a pledge in the estimation of a frankly-natured girl who respected the man she loved, but considering that no distinct word had been spoken by me, I thought she should also have delayed her confidences. It was true that she had betrayed herself by no more than a blush and altered eyes; the old man dwelt on it to prove his penetration. I blamed her because it was necessary to me that she should appear blameworthy, and worthy merely of such esteem as the wording of his praises of her kindled in the imagination of a most exquisitely-refining idiot. We entered upon the well-known wrangle; the misunderstandings, the explications, the highly-seasoned phrasings of wrath: with this difference, that I did consent slightly to temporize, and he to coax and bribe. He hinted at the matter of the banker's book as a thing of small account, supposing I now meant to behave like a man. I was tempted. A reflux of sentiment brought Ottilia's voice to my ear. I said bluntly: 'I can't be bound. I can do nothing until I hear from the princess herself that she refuses me.'

He seized on the salient feature promptly: 'So you stick 'twixt two women, do you, ready for one or t'other!' His exclamation, for a comment on a man in such a position, was withering.

He offered to pay my father's debts under five thousand pounds.

I could not help smiling.

'Sneer away,' said he. 'The fellow lets you think he snaps his fingers at money. He's a hound by day and a badger by night after it. Come now, quick, Harry, you! are we where we stood when he tried to palaver me in my bailiff's cottage? or does all go easy, with a shake o' the hand? I'm a man of my word. I gave you my word

about your princess, but not if you turn out a liar, the fellow's confederate, hunting in couples with him, and waiting for my death to shoot up my money in fire-works. And you can't have her!—she's rejected you; we have it printed. Janet showed it to me. What are you lifting your eyebrows at? She had a right to show it. She smuggles a lot, I wager; I don't always see my own newspapers! Come: do you take her, or not?'

I stated my regret that, as I stood at present . . . He cut me short. 'Then tell him I expect to hear from him on the day appointed—five days from the present, that is. I won't have excuses. I'll have the money down. It's for you, not for me—it's your money. But he shall be as good as his word to me—fiddle his word!—or I draw back mine to you, and you may go courting your princess on your own funds. There, go, or I shall be in for a fit of the gout. I generally have a twinge whenever I catch sight of you now.'

Janet was walking on the lawn. We both glanced at the window, and he muttered, 'None of that game of yours of two at a time. I won't have my girl worried. You think she can't feel—you don't know her yet. She has felt your conduct all her life: she grows straight and strong because she never pities herself. Girl's as sweet as a nut—she's straight as a lily. She's a compassionate thing. You don't think she's not been proposed for? I've kept her out of the way of every other young fellow as much as I could. I haven't been kind—I haven't been kind to her. May God bless her! and I hope she'll forgive me.' The old man's voice came through tears—I had not to look in his face to be aware of it. The pain of evading Janet was sharp, and stung pride as well as tenderness. Her figure on the lawn, while my old grandfather spoke of her, wore the light of individual character

which defined her clearly from other women. She was raising the head of a rose at her arm's length, barely bending her neck to it, nor the line of her back. 'A compassionate thing,' as he who loved her said of her, the act and the attitude combined to symbolize the orderly, simple unpretendingness of her nature. A flower had a flower's place in her regard, and, I knew, a man a man's. She could stoop low to me,—to me this stately girl could bend, and take the shapes and many colours of a cloud running up the wind. Her heart was mine. I felt as though I were tossing and catching, and might, at one moment, miss it, when I had left the house.

I felt, too, that I must sound my nature for the cause of these perpetual slippings from self-respect, and, while following out the Platonic inquiry as to Temperance, determined to ensure it, in the modern sense, for the beginning of a new scheme of life that should tame my blood, and help me to be my own master.

Grievously dissatisfied with myself, I was rendered more competent to deal with my father. The blow had to be struck at once; so I told him that the squire expected the money to be paid, adding that if it was not paid, I should have to consider myself disinherited. 'And this is final, sir, you may be sure of it.' I had come prepared for verbosity. He looked profoundly grave, and was silent. Casting an eye on him after a while, I saw that he was either meditating to a great depth, or was in a collapse of his powers. He breathed heavily, his hands resting on the length of an arm-chair, lifted and fell. Was this an evidence of feeling, of reflection, or of stupefaction? I pressed him:—'Borrowing a sum like that is out of the question; besides, I won't consent to the attempt. Would it be as well to write to Prince Ernest for the amount sunk over there?'

Without hearing a word from him, my quickly-lighted

suspicious gathered that this sum had been repaid, in which case it had, to a certainty, been spent.

‘Then we can’t reckon upon it. We have nothing, as far as I can see. I don’t know what I have been fancying possible. I believed you when you said you would be ready for the day. Are there still any resources you have unknown to me?’

He tapped on the arm-chair. ‘Let me think, Richie,—let me think.’

His act of thinking resembled that of sleeping. I stated my intention to return to him at dinner-time, and went off in search of my consoler, Temple, of whom I asked the favour of a bed under his happy roof.

‘It’s your own room there,’ said Temple. ‘Do you go to the House to-night? I’ll sit up for you. Heriot was here this morning.’

He was too full of a catastrophe that had overwhelmed Heriot’s marriage-ceremony to listen much to me. The gist of it was, that a gipsy girl known to us two had presented herself—he was not sure whether before the altar or at the bride’s house—and effectually stopped the marriage. Heriot came to him in a laughing fury, to say that he stood released. He was mortally dreading to behold the affair in newspaper print—which seemed to be his principal concern; and I was not sorry I had a companion in that most melancholy of apprehensions. Sorry for Heriot himself no friend of his could well be. He had a way of his own of regarding things, and a savage humour defying sympathy. He confided to Temple his modest wish to catch and ‘thrash’ the black girl, out of compliment to her predilection for a beating with hands rather than wordy abuse. Her fiery boldness had captured his admiration, though it made him smart.

‘No, but just fancy!’ Temple continued saying, even after I had related my weightier circumstances.

Like others who contrive always to keep the plain straight lines of the working world, he enjoyed from compassionate amusement the deviations of his friends, and he obtained his recreation in that manner, with a certain abuse of his natural delicacy, for he would go on speculating: 'What can she have meant by it?' when a thought might have told him that she must have had, by her interpretation, a right to act as she had done. Perceiving this at last, his feast on the startling and the dramatic was displaced by a sense of outraged propriety, and he was hardly like my old friend at all in the way he spoke of the girl.

My father had been thinking to very little purpose during my absence. He denounced the squire's hardness and obstinacy in not being satisfied with a princess and a Member of Parliament. The interval had restored his tongue to him. Yet he had a scheme, he said, a plan, a method: but he was impatient for the dinner-bell, and would not communicate it. He looked exhausted, several times he begged me to preserve my good spirits, declaring that I suffered my health to droop, and there was no occasion for it, none whatever: I did not take wine enough.

The mention of wine as a resource in a situation like ours revolted me. I conjured him to abandon his house, society, the whole train of his extravagances, all excepting, if he pleased, the legal proceedings, which were, I ventured to observe, hopeless in the opinion of most unprejudiced persons fit to judge of them.

'Dettermain and Newson,' he rejoined, 'have opened a battery that will have immediate effect.'

Collecting himself, as if he felt that he had been guilty of talking reason to one bordering upon lunacy—'Wine, Richie, wine is what you want.'

'I shall drink none, sir,' was my reply.

'Richie, your pulse,' said he, and was for insisting on the physician's sagest exhibition of his science. 'I have despatched a letter to Sarkeld this afternoon. *Now* you light up, my dear boy. A taste of our empress—not margravine! I remember Mr. Temple's excellent word—and a bottle of emperor will bring you round. Why, one would suppose we were beaten. The world has never yet said that to me.'

Resolutions coming on a spur of disgust may be reckoned upon to endure for an evening. I was challenged to drink at table, and declined. Temple responded to the invitation manfully.

My father complimented him.

'I was telling Richie upstairs in my dressing-room I bear in mind your capital "margravine of wines," Mr. Temple. It brings back the day, the sunset, and the two dear lads wondering and happy, and making me happy. Not to drink good wine is to cut yourself violently from every glorious day you have lived, and intend to live. My wine is my friend, my prime minister, my secret cabinet, my jewel-case, my Aladdin's garden. I gain my cause fifty times over on wine. On the bare notion of water, by heaven! it floats drowned, like a young woman I saw once, a pretty creature, stretched out on straw: she had dressed herself with great care. I have detested water ever since: 'tis a common assassin, Richie!'

He challenged me again. My mind being now set against him, I heard nonsense in everything he uttered, and I reviewed the days when I had treasured his prolific speech, then marvelled, then admired and partly envied, then tolerated, then striven to tolerate. It had become scarcely bearable to my nerves to hear him out.

'I once, Mr. Temple,' he took refuge with his wine-drinking ally, 'while affording shelter far from conveyances

to a lady under an umbrella, during a thunderstorm in this identical London—which led, by the way, to an agreeable intimacy considerably more to my profit than I could have anticipated in my dreams—Kellington, her name was, now departed—behold the very poorest, squalid, refuse-wretch of all mankind opposite in the street receiving on his shoulders the contents of the house-spout. It has never been known to me why he preferred the house-spout to the shower. We may *say* we do. The instinct of humanity is entirely opposed to it in practice. Mistress Kellington—she was a maiden lady of some seven-and-thirty: we do not, Mr. Temple, ever place a lady's age exactly on the banks of forty, for fear she should fall over on the other side, where the river is: I commend you to the rule through life—fumbled after her purse. I stated at the time that it would be to pay for a shiver. I am not uncharitable. I contended then, and do still, the wretch committed a deed of unmitigated wantonness; I would have had him castigated: an infinitely worse act than that of the unhappy girl who cast herself into the water headlong! But the effect on me of a man drinking water where there is wine is to remind me of both. The horrors of an insane destitution pour down my back.'

He shivered in earnest, calling to me: 'Come, Richie,' with his wine-glass in hand.

I nodded, and touched the wine with my lips.

He sent his man Tollingby for the oldest wine in his cellar: a wine by no possibility paid for, I reflected in the midst of his praises of the wine. This buying and husbanding of choice wine upon a fictitious credit struck me as a key to his whole career, and I begged firmly to be excused from touching it.

'He doubts me,' my father addressed Temple—
'Richie doubts me. He doubts my devotion to him;

he doubts my cause; he doubts my ability to perform my obligations and my particular promise.'

Drawing a breath like one who has taken a blow, he talked excitedly, forgetting the men in attendance, and then subsided, only to renew his florid self-justifications and proofs of his affection for a son that would not drink wine with him. He made a better case of it in the delivery, from his own point of view, than I am doing, and succeeded in impressing it upon Temple, whose responding 'Yes' and 'Yes' between appreciative sips of the old wine, showed how easily two lively spirits, at work upon him in unison, could unsettle a sedate judgment. But I was dumb. My father grew agitated. The footmen were evidently unused to see him in that condition. He kept away from family subjects until the table had been cleared, and the decanters went round.

'One glass, Richie, of the very lightest and purest claret ever shipped. Will you now, to humour me?'

I shook my head.

He struck the table, declaring that I did him injury. Unjust, unfilial, ungrateful, blind, were some of his epithets. I heard him speak of going into bondage for my sake, of his having reserved that bitter cup to toss it off in case of necessity on my behalf, and of a lady of wealth whom he respected and would swear to love for her service to his son. While Woman lived, he said he had unlimited resources, and snapped his fingers at fate; Woman was his treasury of happy accidents, his guardian goddess, his guarantee of rosiest possibilities. All with a barely intelligible volubility speeded along by incoherent conjunctions, dashes, parentheses. I feared for his reason—such as was native to him. The wine was somewhat to blame. He drank copiously. I did not rebut his accusation that I meant to read him a lesson. I would have had it a sharper one.

It was only when Temple and I were in the street, walking to his house, my sweeter home, that I discovered, upon a comparison of notes, my father to have signified his intention to repair our circumstances by marrying a wealthy woman; which lady, Temple and I gathered from sundry intimations, could be no other than Lady Sampleman.

II, p. 168. *Beginning of Chapter XLIV.* (Memorial Edition) *added*:

My grandfather had a gratification . . . the higher I climbed (*l.* 20).

II, p. 170, *l.* 7. *After 'will fall' deleted*: The fatal mistake of not trusting to your grandfather's affection, and the working of a merciful Providence, is to blame.

II, p. 170, *l.* 21. *Begins Chapter III.* ('My Father is miraculously relieved by Fortune') vol. iii. of First Edition.

II, p. 172. *After ('Newson's') l. 5 deleted*: An ignoble-looking rascal, calling himself Kellington, ran some steps after his carriage. Unable to obtain the shedding of a single glance, he slunk back to me, and gabbled a tale of his sister's having bequeathed all her money to Roy Richmond to live in splendour, leaving him destitute. A tale delivered in alcoholic breath under a tipsy hat does not inspire confidence. I tossed him a sovereign, fancying I had heard my father mention his sister's name.

"If you 're Roy Richmond's son, sir," he said, "tell him from me Mrs. Disher can't keep her husband's bills in the ledger much longer, and old Bagenhope's drinking himself to death; and there's his last witness gone. I'm no enemy to him, nor to you, sir, as long as I get my pension. That's mine, I say."

Mrs. Waddy knew of this man Kellington as being 'one of the pensioners.'

II, p. 173, l. 21. *After 'passingly' added*: perhaps ironically.

II, p. 176, l. 33. *After 'dinner' deleted*: I heard laudation of the dinner and the Chassediane, the music and the cook, down even to the sherry, which must have been answerable for the discussion among certain younger male guests of Lady Edbury's conduct in coming. I gathered that she had defied some opposition of her family. Edbury joined this knot of talkers, saying: 'He's a Jupiter! I shall take to swearing by him.' Apparently they were aware of what had happened in the house at a particular hour of the morning. 'Richmond!' Edbury nodded to me, with a queer semi-interrogation in his look, very like a dog's weighing the disposition of the hand that holds the stick. Otherwise it was not a face to betray secrets, for there was nothing but a sheet behind it. The ladies present were not, I could judge, such as my father would have surrounded Lady de Strode with, though they had titles, and were in the popular eye great ladies.

II, p. 180, l. 21. *After 'investigation' deleted*: My father's necessities had extracted four thousand. He pleaded for an excuse an unconscionable creditor, and was lightly exonerated by me, considering that I had determined to make a round of payments as soon as the notification had fulfilled its mission at Riversley. My pending affair with Edbury kept me awaiting an answer from Heriot, and when that came I found that I had to run down to see a patient under nursing charge of Lady Maria Higginson over Durstan ridges.

II, p. 181, l. 4. *After 'I took the train' deleted*: to see Heriot, instead of my own people; for he, I said to myself, was unwell, and Janet, I did not say to myself, was in suspense; moreover, I had a strong objection to being interrogated as to whether I had sold stock and spent a

farthing of the money by Dorothy Beltham. She had written two letters of a painfully miserly tone, warning me not to touch it. My heart was moved when driving within eyeshot of Riversley, but I cheated it, and set my face to Durstan, little imagining that adventures to change and colour the course of one's life may spring across the passage of a heath;—*adding after* 'I took the train' (p. 181, l. 4): for Riversley, and proceeded from the station to Durstan, where I knew Heriot to be staying. Had I gone straight to my grandfather, there would have been another story to tell.

II, p. 182. *After* ('heathland') l. 27 *deleted*:

Heriot had promised to meet me at the station. His hostess signified, in the inimitable running half-sentences of her sex and class, when bent upon explaining something to make it equal to nothing, that she had not let him go because it was as well that he should not go, on account of the state of his arm, lest the horses should take fright, in which case, or any other, he would be totally helpless, and she, as his nurse, had exercised authority over her patient—one of the worst of patients—having reason to think it best to keep him under her eye. They were related, I learnt; subsequently I learnt that the match recently broken off was of Lady Maria's making. She just alluded to it under a French term. She came behind me in a newly-planted walk of evergreens, and called Heriot's name: I was very like him in figure, she said.

II, p. 182, l. 29. *After* 'estate' *deleted*: He carried his right arm in a sling. I glanced at it once or twice.

II, p. 183. *After* ('atoning pathos') l. 9 *deleted*: He was still too young and healthy for more than a transient affectation of the cynical survey of their escapades. Pathos was imperiously called for at the close; it covered them over

prettily, 'tucked them up,' as it were, for the final slumber: pathos was necessary, otherwise the ever-execrable husband appeared to triumph. Cissy is now the tall pale woman who is seen walking at a regular hour in the shade of the fashionable gardens, with a female attendant at her elbow and a strong man behind; she cannot pass a beggar. Isabella, still beautiful, nurses day and night her injured liege lord, the crusty incurable. That unvisited cottage by the Thames with the blinds down is the home of Georgina and the last child of her living three. To be just to him, Heriot brushed the pathos softly, and as if to escape from a sneer; but he could not have done well without it, for without it the tales of the ladies would have been rank fox-and-goose play, spider and fly; tales of rampant animalism decorated with jewellery and millinery and upholstery, and flavoured with idiocy. Now I can listen to a story of a fool and a woman even when a husband intervenes, so long as the passion, apart from circumstances, continues respectable; that is, true to itself. Let the woman take herself off with her fool, and them make the best of it together; it is not impossible for them to do well, though it is hard. But I thank my training I behold the pair under no sentimental light when the husband is retained.

II, p. 183, l. 12. *After 'parson' deleted*: The fretful feminine ocean incessantly tossing him had knocked the common sense out of him in whatsoever concerned women: he talked of me to Edbury shrewdly enough. I could not sit and listen to him when he hinted that Julia Bulsted might have made another man of him. We had no very amicable five minutes after Lady Maria's departure from the dessert. One's duty is to warn a friend when there is danger of a rising disgust, and I spoke out.

II, p. 183, l. 12. *After 'Kiomi' deleted*: too.

II, p. 183, l. 14. *After 'devilry' deleted*: He did not open his mind to me, for he could only have done it by leading through sentimental innuendoes—the stuff he had taken to feed on.

II, p. 183, l. 25. *After 'adopted' deleted*: and I was comforted by the larger charity—so large that it embraced pitiful contempt—afforded to me by my insight.

II, p. 184, l. 10. *After 'worthy of me' deleted*: Why had I not gone to one of our Universities, to have a wider choice of discriminating friends among the land's elect! I exacted as much compliance from men as from the earth I trod.

II, p. 184, l. 32. *After 'pitch' deleted*: to retaliate.

II, p. 186, l. 11. *After 'undermine me' deleted*: Boxers know the severity of the flat-fisted stroke which a clever counterfeinting will sometimes fetch them in the unguarded bend of the back to win a rally with.

II, p. 195. *After ('for her') l. 9 deleted*: I thought of the old ballad of the slain knight and the corbies, when

‘Down there came a fallow doe . . .’

She was nothing to me, and as little romantic a creature as could be, but her state was that of ‘such a leman’ whom every gentleman in evil case might pray for to cherish him: and she had nursed me on her bosom. I said the best I could think of. I doubt if she heard me.

II, p. 195. *After ('wait and see') l. 24 deleted*:

To some chiding on my part, she rejoined: ‘Shall I take a slap in the face from one of mine because she’s an aunt and can’t show herself all for walking off the line?’

II, p. 195, l. 30. *After 'public' deleted*: letting me at the same time understand that she thought their men right in

making the tents uninhabitable to a rye guilty of spoiling the blood. Nevertheless it is the delicacy of the slipped woman which condemns her to be an outcast. Her women will receive her though she often has to smart for it, as Eveleen worked on poor Kiomi's sensitiveness; and I fancy the men would come round by degrees, though they should smite and wither her at first.

II, p. 204, l. 27. he at least persuaded himself: *altered from*
I was almost persuaded.

II, p. 216. *After* ('her heart') l. 33 *deleted*: I shook my head perusingly, murmuring 'No'; and then a decisive negative and a deep sigh. The moods of half-earnest men and feeble lovers narrowly escape the farcical, if they do at all.

She adopted my plan in a vigorous outline of how to proceed.

'I think it would be honourable, Harry.'

'It would be horrible, horrible! No, since she has come . . . I wish!—but the mischief is done.'

'You are quite a boy.'

I argued that it was not to be a boy to meet and face a difficult situation.

She replied that it was to be a boy of boys not to perceive that the sacrifice would never be accepted.

'Why, an old maid can teach you,' she said, scornfully, and rebuked me for failing to seize my opportunity to gain credit with her for some show of magnanimous spirit.

'Men are all selfish in love,' she concluded, most logically.

II, p. 224. *After* ('father's') l. 3 *deleted*: Might it also mean,
'I am still in that road extra muros?'

II, p. 241, l. 20. *After* 'her' *deleted*: no one living is like her.

II, p. 259, l. 30. *After* 'please' *deleted*: his English is of a faltering character. Still . . .

II, p. 273, l. 27. His Last Outburst: *altered from His Last Innings.*

II, p. 282, l. 21. *After 'dropped' deleted:* he reminded me of the figure he had sketched to Temple of the man under the house-spout, he looked so resigned to his drenching.

II, p. 285. *After ('madman') l. 26 deleted:* A madman? it's rather a compliment to Bedlam.

II, p. 295, l. 25. *After 'as well' deleted:* The correspondence ceased absolutely.

Janet's formal, stiff, spiritless writing produced the effect on the mind of a series of maxims done in round-hand. How different were they from the chirruping rosy notes of Jenny Chassediane, a songstress in prose! I compared them, and yelled derision of the austere and frozen, graceless women of my country. Good-night to them! Jenny met me when I was as low as a young man can imagine himself to fall, or the nether floors of mortal life to extend. All but at one blow disinherited by my grandfather, unseated for Parliament, discarded of the soul I loved, I was perfectly stripped: which state presents to a young man's logical sensations a sufficient argument for beginning life again upon the first pattern that offers. I determined to live, as we say when we are wasting life. It is burlesque to write that my Ilium was in flames, but it was heavy fact that I had Anchises on my back. Forked heads of the hydra, Credit, glared horrid in the background; scandal devoured our reputations; our history was common property for any publisher, with any amount of embellishments. These things were a terrible conflagration to gaze behind upon. The future appeared under no direction of celestial powers, but merely a straight way paved with my poor old Sewis's legacy to the edge of a cliff. My father meanwhile lived almost in solitude, in

complete obscurity, blameless towards me certainly; I had robbed him of his friend Jorian, and his one daily course was from our suite of rooms to his second-class restaurant and back: a melancholy existence, I thought. He declared it to be the contrary, and that he had no difficulty whatever in wearing that air of cheerfulness which, according to his dictum, 'it should be a man's principle of duty to wear in contempt of rain and thunder, as though it were his nuptial morning—even under sentence of death.'

I might as well have been at the Riversley death-bed.

II, p. 295, l. 28. *After 'them' added*: The squire was dead.

II, p. 295, l. 29. *After 'Bulsted' deleted*: where we heard that the squire was dead.

II, p. 296, l. 8. *After 'she said' deleted*: and intimated that my father's behaviour in Paris would not make the promise difficult to keep. I could not persuade her of his innocence.

II, p. 306, l. 15. *After 'parted' deleted*: She was middle-aged, rich, laughter-loving, and no stranger to the points of his history which he desired to have notorious.

II, p. 306. *After ('events') l. 24 deleted*:

Lady Edbury was in Vienna, too. My father's German life and his English were thus brought in reflection upon the episode he was commencing, and as I would not take part in it, and he sprang in one of his later frenzies from the choice of the obscure ways offered him by my companionship, we no longer went together now that there might have been good in it.

II, p. 307, l. 2. *After 'the same' deleted*: Very submissive! I could see that modesty bewrayed expression, but the

want of clearness had a corresponding effect on my sentiments.

II, p. 307. *After* ('Prince Hermann') *l. 17 deleted*:

I replied in a series of commendably temperate and philosophical lines, as much the expression of my real self as the public execution of a jig on the Salzach Brücke would have been. We two were evidently not only diverse, but adverse, I said. She had a strong will: so had I, and unfortunately our opinions always differed. We would be friends, of course. As to her nature, she would learn that it is the especially human task to discern in what it is bad, and in what it is good, and to shape it ourselves. (I was still more prolix and pedantic than I dared to show: even worse than impertinent. 'The dog cannot change its nature: how are we to judge of the dog's master upon that plea?') It was an unpardonable effusion. But one who would write like a high philosopher when he feels like a wounded savage, commits these offences. The letter was despatched to do its work.

II, p. 308, *l. 30. After* 'now' *deleted*: No, she was faithful to the death! This I repeated hotly, in the belief that it was only to support her praises. My aunt Dorothy and Temple had kept me informed of her simple daily round of life, sometimes in London, mainly at Riversley: she was Janet still. Temple in his latest letter had mentioned 'a Lady Kane' vaguely in connexion with Janet.

II, p. 312, *l. 34. After* 'between us' *deleted*: I would reward her for this! Or to phrase it becomingly, and more in harmony with my better feelings, I would claim, beg for, the honour and happiness of dedicating my life to her. She was mine, the very image of fidelity. I loved her person, her mind, her soul: I could not but be sure of it now.

Could I be less fierily sure of myself when I beheld her at last? It was sweeter than the dream of seeing her tending roses. She was seated beside an arm-chair, soothing a sleeper with a hand on his, and he was my father.

II, p. 312, l. 35. My aunt Dorothy . . . engaged to be married (p. 313, l. 18) is a condensation of the following deleted passage: My aunt Dorothy came up to me and embraced me, murmuring a hush. Janet did not move. The curtains of the room were down: there was a dull red fire in the grate: I heard my father's heavy breathing.

'Harry!' Janet said softly.

I knelt to her.

'My own and only Janet!'

'Do not awaken him,' she whispered.

'No, but I am home.'

'I am glad.'

One hand she was obliged to surrender. I kissed it. She seemed startled at my warmth.

'I cannot wait to say how I love you, my Janet! You have not written to me once. I do not blame you; all the faults are mine. I have learnt to know myself. Why do you take back your hands?'

An exchange of glances, like a flash over a hidden terror, shot between Janet and my aunt Dorothy.

'Did you read aunty's last letter?' Janet asked.

'No recent letters,' said I, checked by the tone of her voice. 'Why should I? My truest Janet! I came home for you. On the faith of a man, I love you with all my soul.'

'Do not touch me,' she said, shrinking from my arm.

The sleeper stirred and muttered.

'We are expecting Harry,' my aunt Dorothy said to him.

‘Eight Harrys have reigned in England,’ he ejaculated.

‘It is time for your drive,’ said Janet.

My aunt Dorothy led me out of the room. ‘He must be prepared for the sight of you, Harry. The doctors say that a shock may destroy him. Janet treats him so wonderfully.’

‘She ’s a little cold to me, aunty. I deserve it, I know. I love her with my whole heart, that ’s the truth. I believe I have only just woke up.’

‘You did not receive my last letter, Harry?’

‘I ’ve had no letters for nine months and more. By the way, my father’s case is over, and that ’s a good thing; he went like a ship on the rocks. Tell me how it was Janet brought him here. I could swear she has not taken him to Riversley! Has she? And I love her for her obstinacy: anything that ’s a part of her character!’

‘Harry, remember, you wrote cruelly to her!’

‘I wrote only once.’

‘The silence was cruel.’

‘I will pay all penalties. I will wait her pleasure, be the humblest of wooers.’

From the windows of the front drawing-room, where we stood, I saw Janet accepting my father’s hand to mount to a seat in her carriage, and he stepped after her, taking her help in return, indebted to it for some muscular assistance, it was plain from the compression of her lips and knitted brows.

‘Why does she go without speaking to me again, aunty?’

‘She gives him his drive every day, so that he may say he has shown himself. He cannot bear to think people should suppose him beaten, and she is so courted that they have to pay court to him as well.’

‘How good of her!’

My aunt Dorothy fell to weeping. I pressed her on my heart and cheered her, still praising Janet. She wept the faster.

'Is there anything new the matter?' I said.

'It's not new to us, Harry. I'm sure you're brave?'

'Brave! what am I asked to bear?'

'Much, if you love her, Harry!'

'Speak.'

'It is better you should hear it from me, Harry. I wrote you word of it. We all imagined it would not be disagreeable to you. Who could foresee this change in you? She least of all!'

'She's in love with some one?'

'I did not say exactly in love.'

'Tell me the worst.'

'She is engaged to be married.'

II, p. 313. *After* ('engaged to be married') l. 18 *deleted* (vol. iii., Chapter XIV.) *as under*:

JANET AND I

JANET and I were alone.

When your mistress is faithless to you in your absence, and you hear of the infamy, your prompt inquiry is for the name of the man. His name!—just that. Unto what monster has the degraded wretch sunk to link herself?

And that was the question of my mouth after hearing my aunt Dorothy's tidings. But men are not all made alike, and I, burning to ask for it, was silent, dreading a name that would give shape and hue to my hate and envy; for the man chosen by Janet would be pre-eminently manful, not one to be thought little of: and I had no wish to think of him. I very soon escaped from the house, promising to return in the evening or next day. I could not quit the street. So Janet, driving my father back

from the park, surprised me pacing up and down; my father had me by the hand, and I was compelled to go in with them.

The prescription of an hour's rest before dinner withdrew my father; Dorothy Beltham went to dress: Janet remained.

We exchanged steady looks. She was not one to wince from a look.

Whoever the man, the act of the ceremony was as good as performed when Janet gave him her word to wed him.

Her comely face was like marble. She stood upright; I could not fancy it challengingly, but I had expected an abashed or partly remorseful air in the woman who took advantage of my absence to plight herself to another, and my nerves had revelled since the touch of her hand (this unknown man's absolute possession), in descending from the carriage, all the way up to the drawing-room, anticipating the shrewd bitterness of seeing that dim taint of guilt on her conscious figure. She stood gravely attentive.

'Janet, I have to thank you for your great kindness to my father.'

'You feel, Harry, that I had to make amends for old unkindness.'

'I thank you with all my heart.'

'It is my happiness to please you even in trifles.'

'This is not a trifle.'

'It was no effort to me.'

'You found him involved in debts?'

She jerked her shoulders slightly.

'There were debts, which do not exist now.'

'You were determined to bind me hand and foot in gratitude?'

'No; only to do what you would have done, as far as it lay in my power.'

‘I came home imagining you were disengaged.’

‘Aunty wrote——’

‘She did: the letter never reached me; otherwise I should not be here now. Or, who knows? I should have been here earlier.’

‘You have come, Harry.’

‘This I can say, Janet, that, through those old days when I was pulled to pieces, and unjust and unkind to you, and Heriot praised you as one who would be the loyalest woman to her husband in all England, I echoed him.’

‘Well, Harry, I won’t thank you for compliments. I think I can keep my word.’

‘To this man? You are not married yet.’

‘No,’ she uttered mechanically.

‘Has the marriage been delayed? Pardon me, you seem to speak of it in a tone——’

‘I put it off from the winter to summer, Harry, hoping that you would come and be by me at the altar.’

‘I? Why, what character did you assign to me in it?’

‘A friend’s, I hoped: my old and best friend’s!’

‘Why, you and I were as good as betrothed!’

‘Surely never!’

‘You would have had me help to give you away?’

‘I thought I might look to Harry for that.’

‘Give away what has been mine longer than I can recollect! Give you?—Oh! I talk; I wish I could only feel you the Janet I could have taken and doubled myself with her, as Heriot said. It was, I believe, in my heart, you that I loved, Janet. Stand by you, and see you given away? But I have had you in my arms! I have kissed you! You can’t forget me! And to be true, you cannot give yourself except to me. Unless you confess to me that you have quite changed. Make that confession, and there’s the end. If you are true you are mine. What is this keeping of the word? You

pledge your pride, and are afraid to break it for pride's sake. You love, you must love me; you love none but me. I'm as used to it as the air I breathe. Why, good heaven, I could not treat you as the wife of any but myself. I laugh at a marriage-service that pretends to bind you to a law and exclude me. Not only it can't be, but, supposing it were, I would not hesitate to break it: and because I have the right; and because I would do right by you. We have been betrothed almost since we were born; certainly since we were children. I know the ways, the turn of your mind, your moods, your habits, from the plainest to the sweetest. Do you not half drop your eyelids—? But answer me: can a man with such memories as I have let you go? I claim you for the very reason that you are true and can't swerve.'

Her straightforward intellect was bewildered by these raving sophistries. The marvel of the transformation of me, too, must have added to her momentary sense of helplessness.

'Harry! your last letter!' she said, breathing in pain.

'The letter of a fool, a coxcomb! Is it to punish me for that?'

'Not to punish. But that letter: I searched for a word of love, the smallest sign; I had it on my heart all night to see if I could dream of something better than I found in it:—not one!'

'But I was ruined at the time I wrote it. Reflect! Had I lost such a little? And to fill the cup you shut your doors on my father! I could have excused and accounted for your doing so at a moment when I was less sharply wounded and he less inoffensive. How can I explain my situation to you—you don't understand it? Yet I see myself in your eyes. I'm not a stranger there. Janet, come to me!'

Her voice was hoarse in uttering some protest.

'Is this marriage-day fixed then?' I demanded.

'It is. Let me go now, Harry. Your father likes to see me grandly dressed.'

'Does this man dine with you who is to marry you?'

'Not to-day.'

'Not he to-day, but I! Your father and mother approve the match?'

'Yes.'

'Then it 's a nobleman. Am I right?'

'He is of noble birth.'

'You speak like a ballad. And it was you that fixed the day?'

'Yes.'

'Then you belong to the man!'

'I cannot but think that I do indeed. And now, Harry, let me go.'

'One word,—you love him?'

'You must read me by my deeds.'

'Come, your deeds have not been of the kindest to me; do you love me?'

'I loved my dear friend Harry, who would once have spared me such a question, if it distressed me,' said Janet, and my aunt Dorothy entering the room with my father helped her to fly.

Dining with my shattered father was a dismal feast: dining as Janet's guest after such a conversation as ours had been was no happy privilege. The strangeness of the thought that she was not to belong to me numbed my senses. At intervals a dark flash of fancy pictured her the bride of another, but it seemed too dark, impossible to realize: she talked and smiled too pleasantly to make it credible. She was a woman who would talk and smile while stepping to the altar, perhaps be a little paler; how give her finger to be ringed? Why, the hateful creature would extend it with matter-of-fact simplicity,

as she did her hand to the wine-glass: but to whom? who was the man? She was giving it for a title. Her love unsatisfied, she had grown ambitious. The idea of her marrying for social rank cooled and relieved my distemper, but at her expense, for, though she complimented me, I must despise her! She had resolved that I should owe her much: her management of my father was a miracle of natural sweetness and tact; she helped out his sentences, she divined his unfinished ones. Could it have been predicted that we should ever have sat together on these terms? She affected to relish him. On whose account but Harry Richmond's? Was it merely to do me friendly service? No, she was mine still!

My self-cajoling heart rushed out to her adoringly, more hopelessly captive from every effort to escape. For she was not mine; she never would be. The qualities I loved in her, that made her stand side by side with my bravest manhood, and had once preserved her for me in defiance of coldness, were against me now: my chance had gone.

And studying her acutely in the careless looks one throws at table, I perceived what had not been so visible when we were alone, a singular individual tone in her developed womanliness, a warmth of grace in her temperate nature: the frown was very rare, and the lips would be at play under it. The soft-shut lips had a noble repose. She had gained the manner of a perfect young English gentlewoman, without being fashioned after a pattern, without the haunting shadow of primness, which has been charged to the lack of the powers of educated speech in the reputed fairest of earth's ladies. She had learnt the art of dressing, and knew her tricks of colour, my Janet.

'Will you go to the opera for an hour to-night, Harry?' she asked me.

It sounded to me: 'Will you run with me and see the man I am plighted to?'

'Yes,' I said.

The solemnity of the affirmative amazed her.

My father spoke.

'Richie has a dress-suit in the right-hand drawer of the third compartment of my rosewood wardrobe, and the family watch bequeathed me by my mother lies on it, stopped at a quarter to ten.'

His voice broke.

Janet put her hand out to him.

'Yes! Do I not remember? You told us you would keep his "uniform" for him, so that if he liked he might go into society the moment of his return.'

My father said he was a general.

I went up to Janet.

'Will you give me that letter?'

'What letter?'

'The letter you had on your heart all night.'

She blushed: she shook her head.

I knew the blush innocent, but it was a blush, and my heart burst out on it like a hound, chasing it through all the shifts and windings of feminine flight. I felt that I was master.

How if the man should be the manly good fellow I supposed him of necessity to be, sincerely fond of her? Why, then I pitied him and loved her none the better for surrendering to me. And in truth, she would certainly have chosen no other kind of man than the best of our English blood.

She liked my half-indifferent manner on the road to the opera; I was able to prattle, and we laughed and chatted. My father appeared somewhat agitated: he sat erect, saying: 'I show myself; I show myself.' Janet laid her hand in his. 'Ay, the most absolute

self-command,' said he; and with a look on me: 'Old Richie!'

My aunt Dorothy accounted for the observation we attracted upon entering the box.

'Janet has been much noticed.'

'Do you see the man she is engaged to, aunty?'

She gazed round the house.

'No.'

I quitted the box to look at her myself from the outside, and strolled about the lobby only to fall into the clutches of Lady Kane.

'Here, come with me,' said this detestable old woman; 'I want to talk to you and taste you after your travels.'

I had to enter her box and sit beside her.

'I can take liberties with you now; we're almost relatives,' said she.

'Really?' said I.

'Don't acknowledge it, if you don't like it,' she ran on; 'I find it quite enough to be great-aunt to one young man. That's a fardel pretty nearly off my shoulders. Well, and how have you been? and what have you seen? Are you going to write a book? Don't. It's bad style. Are you not ashamed of yourself to have put us back six months? I begged, I implored. No. A will of iron! All the better, though we feel the pinch of it just at present. I like a young woman with plenty of will, though it's nasty to find it in opposition. Got rid of your disappointments, poor boy? You mustn't play high stakes without good backing. I shall take you in hand, and train you and set you up. Do you like this opera-shouting? You haven't brought back a Circassian, eh, sir? Hm'm, there's no knowing your tricks. If I'm to do anything for you in the market I must have a full confession. So I said to my monkey, and he went on his knees, and I listened. You are Calibans!

You all of you want washing and combing to make you decent.'

Her sick old stale-milk-shot eyes wavered across me nimbly while she rattled her licensed double-dowager's jargon, suitable to Edbury's ears.

'You're gloomy,' she said, peering intently. One could have imagined her fluttering in suspense like a kite over the fallows.

'I'll tell you what, my lady,' said I, for she pressed me obstinately to open my mind to her. 'I've been so long out of England that I hardly remember the language, and I am going round the house to take lessons.'

'Very well, go along'; she dismissed me: 'and call on me to-morrow early. Yes, there he is'; she glanced at Janet's box. 'We don't object to her showing him about; I don't mind it a bit for my part; I have no bourgeois prejudices—if she's quite sure he won't break out again. But you've had enough of scandal, eh? You'll take him in hand now you are back. Go, you bronzed boy, and try and finish your toilet early to-morrow morning: I will see you at eleven. I think I've a match for you in my head.'

Janet's eyes dwelt on me a half instant when I resumed my place behind her seat.

'Do you ever see that old woman, Lady Kane?' said I.

She answered: 'You have been talking to her.'

I threw my remarks into the form of a meditation:

'Some of those old women of society are as intolerable as washing-tub shrews. She couldn't have been more impudent to me or concerning you if she had been bred in the fish-market. Why does one come to be stared at and overhauled in public by a gabbling harridan!'

'We have to consider whether it is good medicine for our patient,' said Janet. 'Your father likes it, Harry.'

'My dearest, my friend!' I whispered, and saw the edge of the cheek before me burn with crimson colour that stole on like a flood tide round among the short spare wisps of curls free of the up-driving comb on her bare neck. A sight heavenly sweet to see; convincing of my mastery!

I touched her dress. The trial of so true a heart as hers had my sympathy, and I was soothed by the thought that I could in my soul respect her even after I had subdued her, for supposing we had not been in public, I would still have refrained from a lover's privileges, and rather have helped her to reflect upon what we, who were under a common spell of love, could best do in reason than have struck her senses.

But it was too hard to sit near that divinely-flaming tell-tale neck and face, merely to speak and hear short replies. I fled to an upper circle, where Temple met me and drew me into the box of Anna Penrhys.

She exclaimed: 'I am so glad to see you not unhappy!'

'Why should I be?' said I.

'Men change. I wished it once, but if you are satisfied now, we won't any of us complain. I like you the more, Harry, for not being like the majority.'

I guessed at her meaning: 'Hunting the heiress? no, that's not my pursuit.'

'But I'm in love with Janet Ilchester,' said Anna, warmly. 'She has improved him wonderfully.'

'My father? yes.'

'I was speaking for the moment of a more fortunate person, Harry. Look down there.'

I looked down at Janet's box, and beheld the Marquis of Edbury occupying my place.

Anna replied to the look I levelled at her.

'Didn't you know? Lady Kane managed it cleverly,

they say. I was one of the surprised, but I am still under thirty.'

Temple did me a similar service.

'I wrote you word of the engagement, Richie.'

'You told me she had engaged herself to Edbury?' said I, and shut my eyes; for if ever a man had devils within him I had. She must have caught sight of her betrothed lover in the house when she threw me on such an ocean of conceit with her treacherous blush.

CHAPTER XV

JANET'S HEROISM

I WENT to the dear peaceful home of Temple that night, and should have been glad if his sisters had kissed me as they did him.

Next day, having, with Mr. Temple's help, procured a set of furnished chambers, I sent a note to my father by messenger, in which I requested him to come to me immediately.

The answer was Janet's. It ran:—

'MY DEAR HARRY—

'We do not think it prudent to let your father be away from us.

'He watches the door for you. Bear in mind that he has passed through an illness.

'We hope you will not allow it to be later than to-morrow before you visit us.

'Your affectionate,

'JANET.'

So she attached no idea of shame to her approaching alliance with Edbury. She wrote to me as though she had not in the slightest degree degraded herself!

Janet was a judge of what men were; she must have read him through. Was it that she was actually in secret of the order of women who are partial to rakes, and are moved by the curiosity of their inexperienced kinship? Or had the monstrous old intriguer Lady Kane hoodwinked and spellbound my girl?

I was not to be later than to-morrow in visiting her:—therefore Edbury was expected to-day. It would be as well to see them together, measure them and consider how they were sorted. ‘With all my heart I’m sorry for her!’ I said. I thought I was cured.

Presently—and this is the bitter curse of love—the whole condition of things passed into imagination, holding proportionate relations to reality, but intense as though I walked in fire, and shivering me with alternate throbs of black and bright.

I despised her: I envied him.

I felt certain that I could outrun him, and I loathed the bestial rivalry.

Her choice of the man painted him insufferably fair to me: the shadow of him upon her distorted her features.

But that shadow gave her a vile attractiveness, and thereof begat a sense of power in me to crush his pretences.

I won her; she was tasteless. I lost her; she was all human life.

Was it not a duty towards the dead as well as the living that I should take her in contempt of reluctance?

Would it not be stirring a devilry for me to interpose?

And so forth; lovers can colour the sketch. It wants the cunning of the hand that sweeps the lyre to sound the incessant revolutions which made day or night for me upon a recurring breath; shocks that were changes of the universe.

The pain of this contest in imagination when passion predominates is, that you can get no succour of trivial

material circumstances: things are reduced to their elements. The idea of Edbury, such as he was, would have afflicted me with no jealous pangs: but I had to contemplate him through the eyes of the woman who had chosen him: I could not divorce him from her.

I tried recourse to my brain; I thought calmly—she has a poor mind; I have always known it. The word ‘always’ seized me on a whirlwind, sweeping me backward through the years of our common life to the multitude of incidents, untasted in their sweetness then, to pour it out now like gall.

Ottilia’s worldly and intellectual rank both had been constantly present to temper my cravings; but Janet was on my level—mentally a trifle below it, morally above—hard as metal if she liked. She invited conflicts, she defied subjugation. My old grandfather was right: she would be a true man’s mate. All the more reason for withdrawing her from that loose-lipped Edbury. He had the Bolton blood: I remembered Colonel Heddon’s anecdote of the mother.

II, p. 313. *After* (‘engaged to be married’) l. 18 *added*:
Janet came into . . . her pledged word (l. 24).

II, p. 313, l. 28. the matchmaker’s: *altered from* Lady Kane’s.

II, p. 314. *After* (‘excuse her’) l. 2 *deleted as under*:

I went to her house after the lapse of a day. She met me quietly and kindly, but with I know not what hostility of reserve, whose apparent threat of resistance challenged an attack.

‘Why do you frown at me?’ I commenced.

‘Have you forgotten my old habit, Harry? I ’m not quite cured of it,’ she answered.

‘You will soon have nothing to frown at.’

She smiled.

'That sounds like a promise of heaven. Do you mean that I shall not see you, Harry?'

'My dear Janet, I have to tell you this. But first let me ask you: You hold yourself irrevocably plighted to this man Edbury?'

'Yes.'

'You have sworn your oath?'

'I do not swear oaths.'

'Then you are exceedingly unlike the partner you have selected. You fancy you are bound in honour?'

'I am.'

'If you were to learn that you had committed an error, you would still hold yourself bound to take the step?'

'I should hold myself bound not to punish him for my mistake.'

'It would not be to punish him to marry him without respecting him!'

'I don't know,' said she, suddenly letting her wits break down, and replying like a sullen child at a task; a swing of her skirts would have completed the nice resemblance.

'Well then, Janet, let me tell you I don't respect, and have strong reasons for disliking, the man you propose to yourself for your husband, and therefore, if you become the man's wife——'

'You knew him years ago, Harry. He is different——'

'You imagine you have performed miracles!'

'No, I think most young men are alike.' She added softly, 'in some things.'

This was her superior knowledge of mankind, entirely drawn from my old grandfather's slips of conversation regarding the ways of men, in the presence of the country-bred girl.

'You know nothing whatever of him or us,' said I.

She answered, 'I know as much as I care to hear.'

‘Concerning the remainder, it doesn’t matter?’

‘At least, he has not deceived me.’

‘He must have pushed his confidences beyond the customary limit!’

‘Harry, can you say that he is much worse than other young men?’

It was in the attitude of an inquisitor that I received the thrust full in the breast from my own weapon. Is there, indeed, a choice for purely-trained young women among the flock of males?—if we would offer ourselves to their discriminating eyes as fitting mates upon the ground of purity!

‘Oh, quite as intelligent—quite as noble!’ I covered my retreat, feeling myself trotting in couples with Edbury and his like, as though at her command.

It enraged me. My conduct grew execrable. I made hot love to her, merely to win one clasp of the lost figure in my arms. She listened, fenced, frowned, reddened, and, perhaps, learnt to know more of men in a minute than she had through the course of her life. Who could respect Edbury’s betrothed?

She seemed to apprehend what was overshadowing me: she said: ‘Harry, it’s the loss of my respect for you that’s the cruellest.’

But she could not rob me of my savage consolation in having fixed a permanent blush on her face. Let the wretch redden for her idiot lover; this bit of crimson was mine. I had stolen a trifle.

The trifle became a boundless treasure, a relic, a horrible back-thought, a thing with a sting, all in the space of a few breathings. I had no pleasure of it, no more than a wild beast has of its bolted meal. Passion has none when you let it run counter to love.

‘Harry, I leave you,’ she said, not ungently; rather to provoke my gentleness.

‘Good-by, Janet,’ I replied.

‘We shall see you to-day? to-morrow?’

‘Hardly.’

She sighed :

‘You know your power.’

‘Power ! if I could keep you from throwing yourself away on this fellow, I would renounce every chance of my own. Don’t speak to me in those undertones. If you look at me in that manner I won’t answer for myself. You tempt me to believe you the faithfulest woman alive ; I go abroad, I return to you to lay my life at your feet, and I find I am not to touch you, only to see you at stated hours ; you ’ve ring-fenced yourself with the coronet of the loosest titled dog in the country. Was I right or wrong in coming to you, supposing you always true to me ; who taught me to think her faithful unto death ?’

Janet bent her head.

‘I may be a little guilty,’ she said.

My bounding paradoxes, which were like reason playing contortionist with its cranium between its heels, gained that confession from her. So there had been a struggle and a sense of infidelity in her heart ! But the confession of ‘a little guilt’ coloured her to my blacker taste : the wild beast sprang for another meal.

She submitted ; I paid the cost of it. Dead lips, an unyielding shape and torture on the forehead, make up a vulture’s feast.

She left me without a word.

What could she think of me ! Madness must have stricken me, and none of the illusions of madness to divert the pain.

I went to my chambers. Behold the carriage of Lady Kane at the door of the house !

‘Oh ! you really were out !’ cried she, staccato.
‘Why didn’t you keep your appointment, naughty

fellow? Here, step in, and you shall tell me fie-fie stories of the harem, if you like.'

I excused myself for declining the honour, bluntly: whereupon she proceeded to business:—My father was very much in the way in Janet's house. Did I not think it severe upon an ardent lover that neither his relatives nor he himself were permitted to call on her except at hours when it pleased a broken invalid to have a nap. That was all she had to say: I had looked after him so long, that in her opinion I was the best nurse possible for him.

I told her I shared the opinion, and I referred her to Janet.

'Oh! dear me, no, I've had enough of that,' she said, shuddering ludicrously.

I felt myself a sharer in her particular sentiments likewise.

Her fury for my delightful society was not to be appeased save by the 'positive' promise that I would at once take my father under my own care.

Again I sent for him, hoping to see Janet's handwriting, and taste a new collision.

My aunt Dorothy came.

'Harry, you meant your letter for a command?'

She pressed her bosom for breath.

'The simplest in the world, aunty. My father ought to be with me. He is well-cared for, but he is liable to insult.'

'No one is allowed to call but when he is upstairs.'

'Yes, so I've heard. I suppose he wishes me to be near him, and as things are you must be aware that I can't well be visiting Janet. And, finally, I have decided on it.'

'Do you forget Janet's good influence over him, Harry?'

'On the whole, I don't think it better than mine.'

'You are resolved?'

'Quite resolved.'

'Then I must let you know the truth. I disobey Janet——'

'A miraculous tyrant, upon my honour!'

'In anything that touches your happiness, Harry, yes; as far as she may be now.'

II, p. 314, l. 3. Dorothy Beltham told me something of Janet that struck me to the dust: *altered from* Dorothy Beltham waxed strangely agitated. I kissed her and held both her hands.

II, p. 315. *After* ('called aloud') l. 10 *deleted as under*:

MY SUBJECTION

My aunt Dorothy required good proof that the malady she spoke of had not fallen upon me likewise.

The state of her feelings upon that subject could barely be hidden when she took my arm to walk back to Janet's house. My outcries of misery and perdition had unnerved her.

I said as calmly as possible: 'You mentioned her gentleness and firmness, aunty; that set me off. Don't you understand? You needn't be alarmed.'

'I understand there is a contrast,' Dorothy Beltham said.

Explanations were fruitless to reveal to her how such a contrast so simply spoken would act upon a lover situated as I was, hearing what I heard.

Janet gave me her hand again. I took it with bloodless fingers.

I could not but tell her of the load of debt she laid me under.

'Since you know of it, dear Harry,' she said, 'you will

agree with me that I am likely to be the best nurse for the present.'

'You cannot continue it long.'

'While I can.'

So long as she was free, that meant.

She could scarcely have discovered a method of phrasing it so as not to imply the grievous indication. I was but half cured in spirit, and in heart all one wound: any breath blowing on me from her did me a hurt.

I held a fair way for a time between gentleness and brutality, and then said abruptly: "'While you can.'" I don't know the date.'

'What date, Harry?'

'Of your marriage.'

'It is named for next month.'

'It is? that is to say, *you* have named next month and the day of it. I'm thinking of my father. He will have to come to me some days before. You will have to look to your dresses, et cætera. The Marquis of Edbury had the habit, owing to an infantine fondness for amusement, of treating your patient upstairs to his notions of fun.'

'They do not meet.'

'I know they do not. But while my father is here—"while you can" look after him, he may instigate the Marquis's lively mind to talk of him—volubly, is quite within his capacity.'

Irony was loss of pains: she might have been susceptible to the irony of thunder not too finely distilled.

So I thought, seeing her unmoved.

She answered to the point.

'He is not what he was. I hoped you would be friendly to him, Harry, to please me.'

'And I will be, to please you.'

Soft delight shone through fresh surprise in her face.

These must have been the first kind words I had spoken to her since my return to England.

Happily for myself, I had not to accuse my heart of intending them two-edged.

I dropped into a flat sincerity like a condition of stupor.

The description of the bond of alliance between Janet and Edbury—could it by any ingenuity be analyzed? Not without once beholding them together. I waited for that dreary spectacle to gain the bitter advance in wisdom for which I thirsted. Even to so low a condition did I descend, who had once made of each day a step in philosophy, dragging a heart, it was true, but not the slave of my burden.

II, p. 316. *After ('her husband') l. 7 deleted as under:*

I could afterwards meet the Marquis of Edbury with sufficient self-containment to make civility an easy matter, nay, to be glad of the improvement manifest in him. He paid his betrothed a morning visit. I had been summoned early to the house to see my father, and had stepped down from his bed-room. The meeting was a surprise. Janet stood up to make the best of it. Edbury came to me affably, much less in his reeling style, with the freshest of faces, 'jocund,' if you like; a real morning air, allowing for the redolent cosmetics and tobacco upon his person.

'Delighted to see you, Richmond. Brown as a Turk, by Jove! How are you? Fellows that go to the East come back like brown-paper parcels marked "fireworks": you never can get anything out of them except with a lucifer. Lots to tell? We had jolly hunting this year. If ever I go it won't be in the winter; I'm headlong for winter in England; so's Janet. She and I usually lead the field, and when you're alone with a woman at the tail

of the hounds on a straight scent, by Jove, it 's awfully jolly !'

These were his memorable words. He had not yet mastered the whole of our alphabet, certain consonants of which I supply for him.

Janet talked rapidly with him. She treated him as a lad.

Expression of any ulterior sentiment regarding him in her bosom she showed me none. Many a high-flying young lady similarly situated would, I suspect, have propitiated the critical third person of the three with some slight token of individual loftiness. I should have relished her better at the moment had she done so. She appeared to me like a humane upper-boy, who has an odd liking for a lively dolt—to be accounted for by the latter having a pretty sister at home.

He succeeded, however, in persuading her to drive to the North and South Cricket-Match. Perhaps she wished to give me a sign of her dependency : I could not tell.

At night she sent for me. The hour was late, the case urgent. I sympathized with Lady Ilchester in her desire that Janet should be spared the task of watching my father ; it inflicted a grave and ceaseless anxiety, and, as he constantly cried for me in my absence, I thought I might take him ; but my aunt Dorothy said his call for Janet was wilder.

I found that Janet had soothed him to sleep. All the household were at rest. We sat together on the central ottoman of the drawing-room, conversing at intervals with low voices. The physicians declared my father's affliction to be one of the nerves, not of the brain, she said ; and confirmed their opinion from her own experience. She was very tired, but could not sleep—was happy, she said, now that I was in the house, and between-whiles shut her eyes, breathing deeply, and opened them

wide to listen. No sound disturbed us. The nurse attending on him came down once to inform us that he slept still.

'Harry, this is nice, our sitting so quiet here,' Janet said.

'You sigh.'

'I am tired, Harry.'

'Why not go to bed?'

'I can't: I shall not sleep.'

'He will soon be on my hands.'

'Let me think you will not have trouble, Harry.'

Her look was sorrowful: I steeled my heart to endurance.

II, p. 316. *After* ('immortality') l. 20 *deleted*:

Janet and I sat long into the night, not uttering one word of love.

'Morning 's outside,' I said.

She answered, 'I don't know what morning is.'

'You have a dark line under your eyes.'

'My own doing.'

'Mine.'

'Then it will not disfigure me.'

We gazed at the clock on the mantelpiece, named the hour, and forgot the hour.

When we parted she kissed me—she bent over to me at half arm's-length, and put her lips to my cheek.

Might I then have overcome her resolution by taking advantage of the thankful tenderness which blessed me for respecting her?

Forms of violation that trample down another's will are pardonable—can well be justified in the broad working world, considering what it is composed of. If you admit the existence of a more delicate and a higher world, you understand that I did not lose by abnegation. My

love for my Janet partly slipped the senses into reason, and pity and esteem brought back hers for me. In plainer words, I began to love her as an honest man should love; she me, as a plighted woman should not, and the struggle in me diminished, in her was greater.

II, p. 316. *After* ('immortality') l. 20 *added*: But again . . . most to bear (l. 25).

II, p. 316, l. 26 *begins* Chapter xvii. of vol. iii. of First Edition ('I meet my First Playfellow and take my Punishment').

II, p. 320, l. 14. his family: *altered from* Lady Kane.

II, p. 322, l. 27. *After* 'again' *deleted*: I received a smart letter on the subject from Lady Kane, glad that in my conscience I could despise it. The old woman worked zealously for her monkey, as she called him. I contrasted her labours with those of my friends; Temple with a wig on half his time, and Heriot the boastful emptying bottles. Other friends, notably Charles Etherell, were kind in what they said of the prospects of a future career for me; but a young man does not commonly realize a prospect without the vision of himself in it, and the Harry Richmond of the days to come appeared a stricken wretch, a bare half of a man, a sight from which one gladly turns one's face to the wall.

II, p. 323, l. 26. *After* 'wheels' *deleted*: He said things that would have melted another than iron Janet.

II, p. 325. *After* ('Kiomi') l. 4 *deleted*:

He looked at the babe in her arms.

Kiomi sucked her throat in at a question of mine.

'I shan't do you mischief this time,' she said.

II, p. 325, l. 28. *After* 'Kesensky' *deleted*: stating that his chief wished to see me urgently and . . .

- II, p. 325, l. 35. *After 'von Redwitz' deleted*: whose short experience of sea-voyaging down the Adriatic and across our channel had sickened him.
- II, p. 327, l. 20. *After 'caught' deleted*: conceive my amazement to hear the . . .
- II, p. 329, l. 3. *After 'say' deleted*: it may have been good.
- II, p. 330, l. 26. *After 'year' deleted*: and nine months.
- II, p. 338, l. 6. *After 'Lady Kane' added*: who managed him.
- II, p. 338, l. 13. *After 'way' deleted*: Janet said 'Well?' Lady Kane muttered a word or two. 'Have you to accuse *me* of anything?' said Janet, and walked by.
- II, p. 343, l. 20. *After 'silently' deleted*: She wept more when little Kiomi was found after a winter night stretched over the grave of her child, frozen dead; more when news came to us that our friend Heriot had fallen on an Indian battlefield.

BEAUCHAMP'S CAREER

Vol. I, p. 1, l. 8. *After 'savagery' added*: The case occurred in old days now and again, sometimes, upon imagined provocation, more furiously than at others.

I, p. 1, l. 15. It was known that a valorous General of the Algerian wars . . . *altered from* Not very long before a valorous General of the Algerian wars had . . .

I, p. 112, l. 10. *After 'intention' deleted*: *bien entendu*.

I, p. 117, l. 7. the pound, the English pound: *altered from* the round, the English round!

I, p. 137, l. 25. *After 'were' added*: composed of.

I, p. 180, l. 5. It is not possible: *altered from* It has never that I know been possible.

I, p. 181. *After* ('in a broad-chested fitness') l. 21 *deleted*: Banish the thought of change! A kind of policeman would be sitting above us; leaving nothing to nature, nothing to chance. Parliament would be a close club, with a Saturn's ring of black balls.

I, p. 181. *After* ('upon us') l. 31 *deleted*: colds incessant, coughs, chills, unaccountable sneezes.

I, p. 181, l. 32. *After 'concentrating' deleted*: It would be to make Pagan gods of them; and heaven knows how ready some of them are to fill that lofty station. Some of them this very day are walking in the complete accoutrements of those immortals. They only want the fellowship

of a dozen or so to pull the ladder up after them, and send the rest of us back howling and butting among the brainless. At present, mercifully, they are a scattered fire, sparks here, sparks there, in our midst, animating the lump dispersedly. They think they are much, but they are not yet joined in thinking it; they prefer to lead free divisions, in the Press, or in society; and . . . *adding*: At present . . .

I, p. 182, l. 31. *Added*: of a very small minority.

I, p. 258, l. 29. *After* 'to' *added*: the ideas of.

Vol. II, p. 11, l. 25. *After* 'underscores it' *deleted*: 'Interest fighting interest, none to direct, none to command, and the great interest of the country, the poor, left to sicken.'

II, p. 66, l. 32. *After* 'The writer' *added*: in this country.

II, p. 102, l. 14. applying for the title: *altered from* taking the title.

II, p. 103, l. 34. *After* 'dilemma' *added*: with the maidenly among women.

II, p. 108, l. 27. *After* 'was now' *added*: by consent.

II, p. 123, l. 31. *After* 'trust in him' *deleted*: like a good sword.

II, p. 129. *After* ('She was trembling') l. 26 *deleted*: For a long minute she submitted to silence; then she could not speak.

II, p. 159, l. 9. to understand patient endurance: *altered from* for patient endurance.

II, p. 161. *After* ('perish') l. 15 *deleted*: They have to learn that in these days their minds must move them, if they would not be out of the race; the fireside-shovel will do it no longer. They have one glory—their political advancement, and it allows no standing still.

- II, p. 220. *After* ('walk with me?') l. 26 *deleted*:
She did not answer.
- II, p. 221, l. 17. *After* 'they are' *deleted*: The alternative,
'I am engaged,' was intolerable. She imagined herself
uttering it to Nevil Beauchamp, and dropping to the
ground in shame.
- II, p. 229, chapter-title. *Before* 'of the trial' *deleted*: In the
Heart of Cecilia; and . . .
- II, p. 231, l. 16. *After* 'closely approaches' *added*: or easily
inclines.
- II, p. 239, l. 29. proper to an acknowledgement that it had
existed: *altered from* proper to it.
- II, p. 259. *After* ('her hand') l. 13 *deleted*:
'No, no hope,' he said.
- II, p. 289, l. 18. *After* 'Beethoven' *added*: and made her
selections.
- II, p. 311, l. 11. our healthy relations *altered from*: our
relations.
- II, p. 312. *After* ('Lydiards') l. 30 *deleted*: Tuckham and his
wife and the old colonel remained for the winter in Italy.

THE EGOIST

- Vol. I, p. 2, l. 11. We may with effort get even him : *altered from* We may get him.
- I, p. 2, l. 21. After 'matter' *added* : (extending well-nigh to the very Pole).
- I, p. 68, l. 5. sharpened to think that after all it was not so severe a trial : *altered from* thankful to her ordeal for being over. And, after all, it was not so severe a trial.
- I, p. 114, l. 5. After 'And' *added* : they are the . . .
- I, p. 138, l. 13. 'The mountains tame luxurious dreams, you mean . . .' *altered from* 'Luxurious dreams, you mean : the stupid portion . . .'
- I, p. 148, l. 24. After 'strike' *deleted* : he was anything but obtuse.
- I, p. 151, l. 29. After 'revolt' *deleted* : from the Egoist.
- I, p. 152, l. 31. Her busy brain : *altered from* Her giddy brain.
- I, p. 277. After 'Lesbia Quadrantaria' (l. 14) *deleted* :
 She must be sculptured Griselda with him not in her soul to suffer the change ; she must have the power of halting midway between celestially good and brutishly. But . . .
- Vol. II, p. 2, l. 23. conscience will be made to walk the plank for being of no service to either party : *altered from* he will be made to walk the plank : why not, he is . . .

- II, p. 15, l. 32. intercept : *altered from* interrupt.
- II, p. 44, l. 33. An anticipatory story : *altered from* A ready-made story.
- II, p. 57, l. 28. *Beginning of paragraph deleted* : He was anything but obtuse . . .
- II, p. 58, l. 31. *After 'up to' added* : the verge of.
- II, p. 61, l. 2. *After 'the maid' deleted* : Anything but obtuse, as it has been observed . . .
- II, p. 62, l. 35. *After 'gracefully' deleted* : to escape the touch.
- II, p. 75, l. 14. *After 'in season' deleted* : The à propos puffs us to the heroic size.
- II, p. 77, l. 16. *After 'his dish' added* : behind the head.
- II, p. 78, l. 18. *After 'your time' deleted* : This, which does not happen in cases of petty larceny or felony or murder, is so positive that one need not hesitate to say it is equal to an offence done to our animal health in the unerringness and swiftness of the chastisement. There could be no stronger proof of the divinity of that bright and black young person than his alacrity in hitting back, or countering.
- II, p. 81, l. 9. *Before 'He felt' deleted* : He was anything but obtuse, and . . .
- II, p. 81, l. 17. blinding : *altered from* escaping.
- II, p. 84, l. 8. *Beginning of paragraph deleted* : Anything but obtuse.
- II, p. 86, l. 17. *Beginning of line deleted* : almost inflaming.
- II, p. 92, l. 24. *After 'surrendered' added* : unto benignant sleep.

- II, p. 95, l. 17. He is a true friend : *altered from* He is the one man who can be a friend.
- II, p. 134, l. 28. the outer conflagration : *altered from* the conflagration.
- II, p. 152, l. 1. After 'and he' *deleted* : anything but obtuse.
- II, p. 164, l. 3. After 'ominous' *deleted* : he was anything but obtuse.
- II, p. 171, l. 11. After 'accompanied' *added* : and reported of.
- II, p. 186, l. 14. Before 'Willoughby' *deleted* : Anything but obtuse.
- II, p. 225, l. 7. After 'flying' *deleted* : Well, perhaps we do manage somehow to work in common, without sticking. We did, that night.
- II, p. 225, l. 15. After 'Dr. Corney nodded' *added* : 'I have to visit my patient here presently.'
- II, p. 280, l. 3. Before 'He could read' *deleted* : Anything but obtuse.
- II, p. 320, l. 7. through her suite, here at the doors, there at the windows : *altered from* round her room, here at the door, there at the window.
- II, p. 330, l. 34. After 'She was' *added* : I am certain.
- II, p. 331. After ('no one else') l. 4 *deleted* :
 'Now would you, could you have judged from her physiognomy that she was a girl to fall in love with a man like Mr. Whitford?'
 'Going by the mythology, ma'am, I should have suspected the God Mars.'

THE TRAGIC COMEDIANS

- p. 52, l. 35. He stood in the centre of the throng: *altered from* He stood a head above the throng.
- p. 54, l. 28. After 'babble' *deleted*: and brabble.
- p. 74, l. 11. his shoulders: *altered from* his great square shoulders.
- p. 83, l. 16. After 'situation' *deleted*: which the writer could know.
- p. 83, l. 23. After 'happiness' *deleted*: to give pleasure to the abstemious noble friend.
- p. 87, l. 15. After 'kind' *deleted*: Politics he thought of as the dust of battle when the generous heat has cooled: love, the conquest after victory.
- p. 111, l. 12. After 'success' *added*: departed; *and deleting*: The loss of the woman by his personal act towered above him like a wrathful vanishing of his guardian goddess in a cloud, for a sign of success and strength departed.
- p. 166, l. 27. After 'Colonel von Tresten' *deleted*: and Dr. Störchel were to breakfast with him when Clotilde had been asked by them for her answer—scarcely more than a formality when the answer was to be given in their presence, which would convince the girl of her lover's ability to defend her: and the colonel . . .

DIANA OF THE CROSSWAYS

PREFATORY NOTE *added* :

A lady of high distinction for wit and beauty, the daughter of an illustrious Irish House, came under the shadow of a calumny. It has latterly been examined and exposed as baseless. The story of Diana of the Crossways is to be read as fiction.

p. 12. After ('there') l. 16 deleted as under :

The excerpts italicized are from Henry Wilmers.

Her summary of the agency of Credit and Debit is humanely malicious, but recalls her father to remind us of the comic sparkle he would have informed it with : 'They are reserved to tickle the primary relations of men and men, suggesting a maturer.'

Of these primary relations : 'We are connected with the original tendency of men to eat one another by mounted stages, by linked ties ; and at any instant to blink the fact or stop refining on the appetite is dangerous to civilization, as it is to the thrones of rulers when they forget that the world grows from molars.'

The sentence wants more working to line the thought ; or, if you will, the thought to nib expression. There is a broad thought, significant of an attitude of mind opposed to the sentimental—the melodists upon life and the world—concerning whom she says acutely, 'They have the bad trick of dozing subjects proper to the intellect with sensational vapours' ; and so they set a sensual world in motion, as much under guidance as a smoke beneath winds.

p. 12, l. 17. *Added*: But she would have us away with sentimentalism.

p. 12, l. 35. *After 'shades' deleted*: She worked with her head for payment, she admitted; yet in translucent conscience. She notes in one place how 'A brown cone drops from the fir-tree before my window, a nibbled green from the squirrel. Service is our destiny in life or in death. Then let it be my choice living to serve the living, and be fretted uncomplainingly. If I can assure myself of doing service I have my home within.'

p. 19, l. 19. *After 'essence' deleted*: There is a peep-show and a Punch's at the corner of every street, one magnifying the lace-work of life, another the ventral tumulus, and it is these for you, or dry bones, if you do not open to philosophy; so that we may follow the Diarist, transcribed from knowledge, show you flesh-facts, truer than the bone—fragrant with truth! and paint for you the woman and the man, infuse blood to the hero, blood, brains to the veiled virginal doll, the heroine.

p. 210, l. 7. filmy of mere sensations: *altered from* tenuous of mere sensations.

p. 296, l. 17. tenderness for what would have been his loss: *altered from* tenderness for his loss of his dear adored wife.

p. 296, l. 33. remorseful on account of and notwithstanding: *altered from* remorseful notwithstanding.

p. 400. l. 15. *After 'man' deleted*: She is shamelessly independent of the world's wickedness.

p. 422, l. 17. *After 'licence' deleted*: and was only more forbearing and less obtuse.

ONE OF OUR CONQUERORS

- p. 159, l. 30. afflicted people as foes: *altered from* afflicted foes.
- p. 178, l. 4. After 'time' *deleted*: a dweller in books, good for quoteing at best.
- p. 209, l. 26. After 'mouth' *deleted*: to the sour mute negative.
- p. 213, l. 10. But he cannot perform his part in return: *altered from* No, he cannot do it.

LORD ORMONT AND HIS AMINTA

- p. 192, l. 27. To bear what she had borne she must be a passionless woman; and she was glad of her present safety in thinking it: *altered from*: She was passionless.
- p. 221. After ('failed') l. 15 *deleted*:
'Lady Ormont, pardon me.'
- p. 221, l. 17. Before 'I hope' *deleted*: Oh, do not ask!
- p. 234, l. 10. After 'story' *deleted*: Hark to it, and tune up to a jolly *innamorato*.
- p. 278, l. 23. was proposed as a finale of one of the detestable feminine storms: *altered from* was proposed in one of the detestable feminine storms.
- p. 279, l. 13. the minute evolutions: *altered from* the tenuous and minute evolutions.
- p. 305, l. 25. After 'backward' *deleted*: Had he his eccentric novel benevolent purpose, it caused her a shudder, as at threats of Python's acrid slaver seen down the gaping jaws.
- p. 341, l. 5. After 'Harwich' *added*: on her way to London, if we like to think it.

THE AMAZING MARRIAGE

- p. 181, l. 30. *After 'Kit Ines' added:* He pointed at an upper window, seemed to be issuing directions. Kit nodded; he understood it, whatever it was. You might have said, a pair of burglars.
- p. 185, l. 10. *After 'moonless night' added:* The drive from Canleys to the Royal Sovereign could be done by good pacers in an hour and a half, little more—with Ines and the stables ready, and some astonishment in a certain unseen chamber. Fleetwood chuckled at a vision of romantic devilry—perfectly legitimate too. Something more to inflict than enjoy, was due to him.
- p. 199, l. 30. *After 'said' added:* And he might do as he liked in it—enter it like a thief, if it pleased him, and off like one, and they no wiser.
- p. 232, l. 9. *After 'supper-table' added:* though it is admitted he left the Ball-room at night.
- p. 232, l. 11. certainly was in his place among the Peers: *altered from* sat among the Peers.
- p. 299, l. 5. *After 'boy' added:* He was her boy, and strangely bestowed, not beautifully to be remembered rapturously or gratefully, and with deep love of the father. She felt the wound recollection dealt her. But the boy was her one treasure, and no treasure to her husband.
- p. 349, l. 24. *After 'gasps' deleted:* or heaved on them.

p. 509, l. 19. After 'sad fact' deleted: Dr. Glossop has the dates.

p. 509, l. 21. After 'remaining property' deleted: his freedom.

p. 509, l. 21. After 'become' added: there is one report.

p. 509, l. 24. After 'Lord Feltre' added: Or some say and so it may truly be, it was an amateur monastery established by him down among his Welsh mountains, in which he served as a simple brother, without any authority over the priests or what not he paid to act as his superiors. Monk of some sort he would be.

p. 510, l. 15. After 'austerities' added: or his heart.

FARINA

p. 5, l. 12. became the sign of inferiority, so that: *altered from* became a sign of wretchedness, so abject that.

p. 26, l. 14. *After* 'instant' *deleted*: as if he would have asked why Paradise was to be so quickly forsaken.

p. 34. *After* ('darkened together') l. 20 *deleted*:

For some time the people loitered about in expectation of a new excitement. Whistling urchins, and a sprinkling of graver folk, came to inspect the place, where it was bruited that old Gottlieb had been wounded by one of Baron Werner's band in the morning. They discovered the pool of blood, and separated with tidings that Gottlieb was thought to die at the midnight hour; which sent another body of anxious investigators who reported in addition that the Fräulein Margarita had pitched head-foremost out of window, because of her mad love for the robber Baron Werner. Ere long the house was believed to be burnt to the ground, and all within suffocated: not before a terrible misfortune had befallen the Frau Lisbeth Groschen, the nature of which was hinted by those significant upliftings of hands and eyes which are the language of the dread unmentionable.

p. 34, l. 21. *After* 'Rhine-stream' *deleted*: impatient of the folly that waylaid him, for strict accounts of these calamities.

p. 50, l. 28. *After* 'snakes' *deleted*: and before thou'rt aware!—

Aunt Lisbeth crossed herself, and leaned her head dolorously to the left.

- p. 51, l. 16. *After 'breakfast' deleted*: in the name of fasting friars.
- p. 59, l. 6. *After 'sigh' deleted*: Höllenbogenblitz was strong in her that morning, and she regarded Margarita as her own.
- p. 94, l. 22. *After 'grass' deleted*: and watched the stillness in alien trance.
- p. 95, l. 27. *After 'track' deleted*: Her own shadow was but the fainter effluence of her form, and moved pale . . .
- p. 95, l. 31. *After 'fluttered' deleted*: at whiles faint, and again fresh.
- p. 108, l. 1. *After 'heads' deleted*: There was a plastering pause.
- p. 111, l. 34. *After 'Margarita' deleted*: Farina bowed.
- p. 114, l. 28. *After 'hostel' deleted*: now bearing the name of the Lily, and . . .
- p. 114, l. 32. bumpers of the best Scharzhofberger: *altered from* bumpers of the ancient Armbruster's best Scharzhofberger and Liebfrauenmilch.
- p. 117, l. 6. *After 'Pfalzgraf Nase' added*: as the old chronicles call him in their humour, but assuredly a great noble.
- p. 117, l. 14. the Kaiser is reported to have said: *altered from* cried the Kaiser.
- p. 118, l. 24. *After 'Pfalzgraf Nase' added*: but this time we have been well led.
- p. 118, l. 30. this Nether reek: *altered from* the reek of Sathanas.
- p. 120, l. 13. a Farina: *altered from* twelve Farinas.

THE CASE OF GENERAL OPLE AND
LADY CAMPER

- p. 173, l. 28. *After* 'General Ople was' *added*: holding her prayer-book.
- p. 176, l. 14. She teaches them nothing when they are whirling: *altered from* Whirling she teaches nothing.
- p. 181, l. 28. *After* 'strike' *added*: when we think them wanted.

THE HOUSE ON THE BEACH

- p. 106. *After* ('Tinman') l. 3 *added*:

It was a letter of the imposing size, with THE HORSE GUARDS, very distinctly inscribed on it in Tinman's best round-hand, to strike his vindictive spirit as positively intended for transmission, and give him sight of his power to wound if it pleased him,—as it might.

ON THE IDEA OF COMEDY

- p. 5, l. 22. After 'an eminent Frenchman' deleted: M. Littré.*
- p. 10, l. 25. passingly pleasant to read: altered from pleasant to read.*
- p. 11, l. 2. Added: but only a Rabelais could set him moving with real animation.*
- p. 11, l. 26. study in the poetically comic: altered from study in the comic.*
- p. 12, l. 1. After 'comedy' added: He certainly inspired that fine genius.*
- p. 15, l. 6. The gradual similarity of their impressions: altered from the similarity of their impressions.*
- p. 16, l. 22. After 'vigour of conception' added: Scene v. Act 2 of the Misanthrope, owing, no doubt, to the fact of our not producing matter for original study, is repeated in succession by Wycherley, Congreve, and Sheridan, and as it is at second hand, we have it done cynically—or such is the tone; in the manner of 'below stairs.' Comedy thus treated may be accepted as a version of the ordinary worldly understanding of our social life; at least, in accord with the current dicta concerning it. The epigrams can be made; but it is uninstructional, rather tending to do disservice.*
- p. 19, l. 24. Before 'by evident preparation' deleted: palpably, and . . .*

p. 24, l. 27. After 'Epicurus' added: *Μισούμενος* the lover taken in horror, and *Περικειρομένη* the damsel shorn of her locks, have a promising sound for scenes of jealousy and a too masterful display of lordly authority, leading to regrets, of the kind known to intemperate men who imagined they were fighting with the weaker, as the fragments indicate.

p. 26, footnote, l. 3. the crusty critical view: *altered from their views.*

p. 28. After ('colère') l. 15 deleted: And to have killed it too wrathfully! Translating Molière is like humming an air one has heard performed by an accomplished violinist, of the pure tones, without flourish.

p. 28. After ('si') l. 32 deleted: Native Italian Comedy did not advance beyond the state of satire, and the priests were the principal objects of it.

p. 34, l. 8. After 'humorous' added: of a kind.

p. 34, l. 13. After 'Duke Pasquier' added: in his later years.

p. 36, l. 15. After 'productive' added: Where would pessimist and optimist be? They would in any case have a diminished audience.

p. 38, l. 5. dragged forth particular women: *altered from dragged forth women.*

p. 43, l. 6. After 'philosophers' deleted: apart from his grandeur as a poet.

p. 43, l. 7. deficiency: *altered from attribute.*

p. 54. After ('spy-glass') l. 31 deleted:

This is the Comedy we are now importing. French farces are very funny, and altogether preferable. The

names of English writers for the stage who have ability to produce good original work will occur to you. In a review of our modern comedies, those of the late Mr. Robertson would deserve honourable mention. Mr. Tom Taylor can write excellent dialogue. Mr. Gilbert, if he could look with less contempt at the present condition of the public taste, would write well-considered comic plays of his own. Mr. Burnand has hints of comedy in his most extravagant pieces.

A LIST OF
THE ALTERATIONS IN THE
TEXT OF THE POEMS

BY

ARUNDELL ESDAILE

AND

JOSEPH WARREN BEACH

POEMS

NOTE.—The version following the word *for* is that of the first publication of the poem, whether in a periodical or in a volume. Intermediate versions are occasionally given, and are distinguished by the dates.

A Ballad of Fair Ladies in Revolt (ii. 100).

xxii. 5. present, *for* tainting.

A Ballad of Past Meridian (ii. 48).

i. 1. Last, *for* One.

A Faith on Trial (ii. 241).

p. 244, l. 21. dark, *for* dark's.

p. 249, l. 6. by humaner, *for* by our humaner.

p. 255, l. 32. of, *for* on.

Appreciation (ii. 15).

3. wast, *for* wert.

Archduchess Anne (ii. 116).

ii. viii. 1. waning heart, *for* human wane.

Autumn Evensong (i. 128).

ii. 6. Steel-surfaced to the light the river looks, *for*
A purple bow the shadowless river looks.

Beauty Rohtraut (i. 9).

iii. 1. Under a grey old oak, *for*
Beneath an old oak tree once.

By Morning Twilight (i. 249).

Stanza ii. omitted in 1898, as follows:—

Night has eyes of Heaven :
 Eyes of Earth has Day.
 How darkly over the pillow
 The locks from your forehead stray !
 How like yon tangled darkness
 From the arch of pearly gray !

And now the blush steals on it, like the stream
 Of rose across the crocus-bed,

 In the pearly eastern arch.
 I 'm half in love with morning,
 Morning fresh on her march,
 To see you : but O for the shadowy gleam
 Of our dark jewell'd mistress,
 Bearing the baby-dream
 On the infinite vales of her bosom !
 My love ! I must up and away.

By the Rosanna (i. 151).

In 1862 the ten lines after *l.* 44 were omitted; in 1898
 all after *l.* 20, as follows:—

I find it where I sought it least ;
 I sought the mountain and the beast,
 The young thin air that knits the nerves,
 The chamois ledge, the snowy curves ;
 Earth in her whiteness looking bold
 To Heaven for ever as of old.

And lo, if I translate the sound
 Now thundering in my ears around,
 'Tis London rushing down a hill,
 Life, or London ; which you will !

And men with brain who follow the bubble,
And hosts without, who hurry and eddy,
And still press on : joy, passion, and trouble !
Necessity's instinct ; true, though unsteady.

Yea, letting alone the roar and the strife,
This On-on-on is so like life !
Here 's devil take the hindmost, too ;
And an amorous wave has a beauty in view ;

And lips of others are kissing the rocks :
Here 's chasing of bubbles, and wooing of blocks.
And through the resonant monotone
I catch wild laughter mix'd with shrieks ;
And a wretched creature's stifled moan,
Whom Time, the terrible usurer, tweaks.

And yonder a little boy bellows the Topic ;
The picture of yesterday clean for a penny :
Done with a pen so microscopic
That we all see ourselves in the face of the many.

Business, Business, seems the word,
In this unvarying On-on-on !
The volume coming, the volume gone,
Ghosts, glancing at Beauty, undeterred :
As in the torrent of cabs we both
Have glanced, borne forward, willing or loth.

Is it enough to profane your mood,
Arcadian dreamer, who think it sad
If a breath of the world on your haunts intrude,
Though in London you 're hunting the bubble like
mad ?

For you are one who raise the Nymph
Wherever Nature sits alone ;
Who pitch your delight in a region of lymph,
Rejoiced that its arms evade your own.

I see you lying here, and wistfully
Watching the dim shape, tender and fresh ;
Your Season-Beauty faithless, or kiss'd fully,
You 're just a little tired of flesh.

She dances, and gleams, now under the wave,
Now on a fern-branch, or fox-glove bell ;
Thro' a wreath of the bramble she eyes me grave ;
She has a secret she will not tell.

But if I follow her more and more,
If I hold her sacred to each lone spot,
She 'll tell me—what I knew before ;
For the secret is, that she can't be caught !

She lives, I swear ! We join hands there.
But what 's her use ? Can you declare ?
If she serves no purpose, she must take wing :
Art stamps her for an ugly thing.

Will she fly with the old gods, or join with the new ?
Is she made of the stuff for a thorough alliance ?
Or, standing alone, does she dare to go thro'
The ordeal of a scrutiny of Science ?

What say you, if, in this retreat,
While she poises tiptoe on yon granite slab, man,
I introduce her, shy and sweet,
To a short-neck'd, many-caped, London cabman ?

You gasp! she totters! And is it too much?
Mayn't he take off his hat to her? hope for a touch?
Get one kind curtsey of aërial grace
For his most liberal grimace?

It would do him a world of good, poor devil!
And Science makes equal on this level:
Remember that!—and his friend, the popular
Mr. Professor, learned and jocular,
Were he to inspect her, and call her a foam-bow,
I very much fear it would prove a home-blow.
We couldn't save her!—she 'd vanish, fly;
Tho' she 's more than that, as we know right well;
But who shall expound to a hard cold eye
The infinite impalpable?

A Queen on sufferance must not act
My Lady Scornful:—thus presuming,
If Sentiment won't wed with Fact,
Poor Sentiment soon needs perfuming.
Let her curtsey with becoming tact
To cabman caped and poet blooming!—

No, I wouldn't mix Porter with Montepulciano!
I ask you merely, without demanding,
To give a poor beggar his *buon' mano*:—
Make my meaning large with your understanding!

The cicada sits spinning his wheel on the tree;
The little green lizard slips over the stone
Like water: the waters flash, and the cone
Drops at my feet. Say, how shall it be?

Your Nymph is on trial. Will she own
 Her parentage Humanity?
 Of her essence these things but form a part;
 Her heart comes out of the human heart.

Tremendous Thought, which I scarce dare blab, man!
 The soul she yet lacks—the illumination
 Immortal!—it strikes me like inspiration,
 She must get her that soul by wedding the cabman!

Don't ask me why :—when Instinct speaks,
 Old Mother Reason is not at home.
 But how gladly would dance the days and the weeks!
 And the sky, what a mirth-embracing dome!
 If round sweet Poesy's waist were curl'd
 The arm of him who drives the World!

Could she claim a higher conquest, she?
 And a different presence his would be!
 I see him lifting his double chin
 On his three-fold comforter, sniffing and smirking,
 And showing us all that the man within
 Has had his ideas of her secretly lurking.

Confess that the sight were as fine—ay, as fair!
 As if from a fire-ball in mid-air
 She glow'd before you woman, spreading
 With hands the hair her foot was treading!

'Twere an effort for Nature both ways, and which
 The mightier I can't aver:
 If we screw ourselves up to a certain pitch,
 She meets us—that I know of her.

She is ready to meet the grim cabman half-way !
Now ! and where better than here, where, with
thunder
Of waters, she might bathe his clay,
And enter him by the gate of wonder ?

It takes him doubtless long to peel,
Who wears at least a dozen capes :
Yet if but once she makes him feel,
The Man comes of his multiform shapes.

To make him feel, friend, is not easy.
I once did nourish that ambition :
But there he goes, purple, and greasy, and wheezy,
And waits a greater and truer magician !

Hark to the wild Rosanna cheering !
Never droops she, while changing clime
At every leap, the levels nearing :
Faith in ourselves is faith in Time !

And faith in Nature keeps the force
We have in us for daily wear.
Come from thy keen Alps down, and, hoarse,
Tell to the valleys the tale I bear,
O River !

Now, my friend, adieu !
In contrast, and in likeness, you
Have risen before me from the tide,
Whose channel is narrow, whose noise is wide ;
Whose rage is that of your native seas ;
Buzzing of battle like myriad bees,

Which you have heard on the Euxine shore
 Sounding in earnest. Here have I placed
 The delicate spirit with which you adore
 Dame Nature in lone haunts embraced.
 Have I frightened it, frail thing, aghast?
 I have shown it the way to live and last!

How often with these long links of foam
 Cry to me in my English home,
 To nerve me, whenever I hear them bellow,
 Like the smack of the hand of a gallant fellow!

I give them my meaning here, and they
 Will give me theirs when far away.
 And the snowy points, and the ash-pale peaks,
 Will bring a trembling to my cheeks,
 The leap of the white-fleck'd, clear light green—
 Sudden the length of its course be seen,
 As, swift it launches an emerald shoulder,
 And, thundering ever of the mountain,
 Slaps in sport some giant boulder,
 And tops it in a silver fountain.

Chillianwallah (i. 1).

iv. 7. wrought, *for* work.

Daphne (i. 52).

viii. 1. Down from Pindus bright Peneus, *for*
 Peneus from the heights of Pindus.

viii. 2. Tells, *for* takes.

After x. this stanza omitted:—

Soon the sweetness of the scenery,
 And the balm of flower and herb,
 Soothe his senses, check his swiftness,
 Smoothe him with a gentle curb!

xi. 1. Then, *for* And.

After *lix.* this stanza is omitted :—

And another and another !
And a cry more keen and strong
Sends the babbling nymph to follow
That first message of wild song.

Dirge in Woods (ii. 240).

See below : *In the Woods*.

Foresight and Patience (iii. 89).

p. 91. After *l.* 10, these lines omitted in 1901-1910 :—

Their banner flying sings of generous wealth ;
'Tis their fresh Youth, that offers life for health :—
Truth's brawny brother ! he persuading Truth,
For service done, to lend her eyes to Youth.

p. 95. After *l.* 2 :—

Your toilers toil as ever : to one end,
The central, their prime starting-point, they tend.

That language formerly effective rang,
In irony I like more tenuous twang.

After *l.* 22 :—

Is prompt to chase the scut of mad surmise ;
While, vowed to the credulity of eyes,
In mind 'tis furnished with the boring mole's ;
Has windy yearnings, which it calls the soul's ;

p. 96. After *l.* 6 :—

I see it as a motley form that plays
God's Jester snared to thread a Pagan maze.
Or, if you will, the limping Momus crowned
With nettle-bells in Christian burial-ground.

All faces under sun have shadow-sides ;
 In the full shade more equal hue abides,
 A poet says. The thing it is, you sum
 When History writes, with all its actors dumb.
 Her fairest Age that out of dust we rake,
 Would greet you with derision or the stake ;
 But this accepts you, though men listen less
 Than hum your aria for its witchingness ;
 And hold the admonitions it contains
 As inharmonious bass to heavenly strains ;
 Or of some songful child a vixen nurse
 They hear with languid senses, not perverse.

p. 96. After l. 10 :—

The weak are strengthened and the torpid stir.

Bubbles the mud, and blossoms top the burr !
 Now giants are the atoms armed with sparks.
 Aspiring hedgehogs, suicidal larks,
 Show us the stale ways quitted for the fresh ;
 The voluble are lords, hailed King is Flesh
 Specific Doctors drumming in his place,
 A banished Devil views with sly grimace ;
 Spies the grain meagre, plenteous heap the chaff ;
 Immense machinery rouse the stomach-laugh ;
 Obedient echoes leap to bear reply,
 And tainted of their burden whining die.
 By gastric ardours goaded past his needs,
 The shark for Pleasure shivers while he feeds.
 Perdition has him in his appetites,
 The nostrum-mongers in his recreant-frights.
 Whate'er his act,—Silenus, scourging friar,—
 Instant the secondary hounds the prior.
 He hugs the hair-shirt and he shuns a crease ;
 Tempts him the starveling, tortures him obese ;

Insanely a lost sanity pursues ;
 'Twixt interdict and drug Hygeia woos ;
 Enjoyment claims as creditor, else thief ;
 Drinks impious wine, despatches haunted beef !
 What conscience the tormented wretch meanwhile
 Allies to Life, behold in jets of bile !
 But can my thoughtful sister verily hope
 Of days when moles are guides and seers grope ?—
 These crooked to excavations in the pits,
 Those heading by the grace of eyeless wits :
 Around them shades of History cast before
 From quills that men must fence or kiss the floor !

Beneath the surface your ephemerals reave,
 Enough for me to feel my people heave.
 Heaved they eruptive at volcano-pitch,
 Less shamed were earth than by those wallowing rich !

p. 97. After *l.* 28 :—

'Tis ours to reach, to touch ; but is it feigned
 Our own—as in our shifty breasts contained—
 Surer than drunken helmsman will it wreck !
 Soured, on our firmament we spy a fleck !

France 1870 (iii. 140).

- ii. 3. drove, *for* struck (altered in 1887).
- ii. 19. horrible, *for* a horrible (altered in 1887).
- iv. 2. grasped, *for* seized (altered in 1887).
- iv. 10. Are, *for* They are (altered in 1887).
- vii. 9. have, *for* they have (altered in 1887).
- vii. 15. icily, *for* mercilessly (altered in 1887).
- vii. 26. firm, *for* sound (altered in 1887).
- vii. 48. broken, *for* forfeit (altered in 1887).
- vii. 50. cut off from, *for* cut from its (altered in 1887).

- vii. 54. hear, *for* to hear (altered in 1887).
 vii. 59. Her faith was on, *for* Her Gods were then (altered in 1887).
 vii. 62. Dishonour, *for* Dishonourer (altered in *Odes*, 1898).

After vii. this section omitted in 1887-1910 :—

Behold the Gods are with her now, and known :
 And to know them, not suffering for their sake,
 Is madness to the souls that may not take
 The easy way of death, being divine.
 Her frenzy is not Reason's light extinct
 In fumes of foul revenge and desperate sense,
 But Reason rising on the storm intense,
 Three-faced, with present, past, and future linked ;
 Informed three-fold with duty to her line.
 By sacrifice of blood must she atone,
 (Since thus the foe decrees it) to her own :
 That she who cannot supplicate, nor cease,
 Who will not utter the false word for Peace,
 May burn to ashes, with a heart of stone,
 Whatso has made her of all lands the flower,
 To spring in flame for one redeeming hour,
 For one propitious hour arise from prone,
 Athwart Ambition's path, and have and wrench
 His towering stature from the bitter trench,
 Retributive, by her taskmasters shown,—
 The spectral trench where bloody seed was sown.

After xi. 6 (now x. 5) these four lines inserted in 1887-1910 :—

Deride the vanquished, and acclaim
 The conqueror, who stains her fame,
 Still the Gods love her, for that of high aim
 Is this good France, the bleeding thing they stripe.

and the following four sections omitted :—

Once more, O earthly fortune, speak !
Has she a gleam of victory ? one
Outshining of her old historic sun ?
For awhile ! for an hour !
And sunlight on her banner seems
A miracle conceived in dreams,
The faint reflux of orient beams
Thro' a lifting shower.

Now is she in the vulture-grasp of Power,
And all her sins are manifest to men.
Now may they reckon with punctilious pen
Her list of misdemeanours, and her dower
Of precious gifts that gilded the rank fen
Where lay a wanton greedy to devour.

Now is she in the vulture-grasp of Power.
The harlot sister of the man sublime,
Prometheus, she, though vanquished will not cower..
Offending Heaven, she grovelled in the slime ;
Offending Man, she aimed beyond her time ;
Offending Earth, her Pride was like a tower.

O like the banner on the tower
Her spirit was, and toyed and curled
Among its folds to lure the world—
It called to follow. But when strong men thrust.
The banner on the winds, 'twas flame,
And pilgrim-generations tread its dust,
And kiss its track. Disastrously unripe,
Imperfect, changeful, full of blame,
Still the Gods love her, for that of high aim
Is this good France, the bleeding thing they stripe..

After xvi. (now xi.) 13, these lines omitted in 1887-1910 :—

Cast hence the slave's delights, the wanton's lures,
O France ! and of thy folly pay full price ;
The liminary nature that immures
A spirit dulled in clay shall break, as thrice
It has broken on a night of blood and tears,
To give thy ghost free breath, and joy thy peers.

xvi. (now xi.) 34. Do thou stoop to these graves here
scattered wide, *for*

Stoop to these graves here scattered
thick and wide (altered in 1887).

xvi. (now xi.) 37. and strain, *for* and to (altered in 1887).

xvi. (now xi.) 38. Strip off, *for* And to (altered in 1887).

xvi. (now xi.). Omitted in 1887-1910, after 45, Fire lift
thee to the heights meridional.

xvi. (now xi.) 49. as, *for* like.

54 and last. head, *for* lead (altered in *Odes*, 1898).

From labours [Fragment iii.] (iii. 258).

4. may deem, *for* ones call.

Grandfather Bridgeman (i. 165).

ii. 3. offshoot, *for* the offshoot.

v. 2. As a warm, *for* a warm.

xviii. 3. save, *for* unless.

Il y a Cent Ans (iii. 259).

After stanza viii. the following stanzas omitted :—

Will there be rise of fountains long repressed,
To swell with affluents the forward stream ?
Will men perceive the virtues in unrest,
Till life stands prouder near the poet's dream ?

Our hopes, in battling acts embodied, dare
 Proclaim that we have paved a way for feet
 Now stumbling ; air less cavernous, and air
 That feeds the soul, we breathe ; for more entreat.

ix. 4. the humblest, *for* a wayside.

In the Woods [including *Whimper of Sympathy*, *Woodland Peace*, and *Dirge in Woods*].

[*The Fortnightly Review*, August 1870, p. 179.]

I

Hill-sides are dark,
 And hill-tops reach the star,
 And down is the lark,
 And I from my mark
 Am far.

Unlighted I foot the ways.
 I know that a dawn is before me,
 And behind me many days ;
 Not what is o'er me.

II

I am in deep woods,
 Between the two twilights.

Whatsoever I am and may be,
 Write it down to the light in me ;
 I am I, and it is my deed ;
 For I know that paths are dark
 Between the two twilights :

My foot on the nodding weed,
 My hand on the wrinkled bark,

I have made my choice to proceed
By the light I have within ;
And the issue rests with me,
Who might sleep in a chrysalis,
In the fold of a simple prayer,
Between the two twilights.

Flying safe from even to morn :
Not stumbling abroad in air
That shudders to touch and to kiss,
And is unfraternal and thin :
Self-hunted in it, forlorn,
Unloved, unresting, bare,
Between the two twilights :

Having nought but the light in me,
Which I take for my soul in arms,
Resolved to go unto the wells
For water, rejecting spells,
And mouthings of magic for charms,
And the cup that does not flow.

I am in deep woods
Between the two twilights :

Over valley and hill
I hear the woodland wave,
Like the voice of Time, as slow,
The voice of Life, as grave,
The voice of Death, as still.

III

Take up thy song from woods and fields
Whilst thou hast heart, and living yields
Delight : let that expire—

Let thy delight in living die,
Take thou thy song from star and sky,
And join the silent quire.

IV

With the butterfly roaming abroad
On the sunny March day,
The pine-cones opened and blew
Winged seeds, and aloft they flew
Butterfly-like in the ray,
And hung to the breeze :
Spinning they fell to the sod.
Ask you my rhyme
Which shall be trees ?
They have had their time.

V

I know that since the hour of birth,
Rooted in earth,
I have looked above,
In joy and in grief,
With eyes of belief,
For love.
A mother trains us so.
But the love I saw was a fitful thing ;
I looked on the sun
That clouds or is blinding aglow :
And the love around had more of wing
Than substance, and of spirit none.
Then looked I on the green earth we are
rooted in,
Whereof we grow,
And nothing of love it said,
But gave me warnings of sin,

And lessons of patience let fall,
 And told how pain was bred,
 And wherefore I was weak,
 And of good and evil at strife,
 And the struggle upward of all,
 And my choice of the glory of life :
 Was love farther to seek ?

VI.

Hawk or shrike has done this deed
 Of downy feathers, a cruel sight.
 Sweet sentimentalist, intercede
 With Providence : it is not right !

Complain, revolt ; say heaven is wrong,
 Say nature is vile, that can allow
 The innocent to be torn, the strong
 To tower and govern—witness how !

O it were pleasant with you
 To fly from this struggle of foes,
 The shambles, the charnel, the wrinkle :
 To be housed in the drop of dew
 That hangs on the cheek of the rose,
 And lives the life of a twinkle.

VII

Sweet as Eden is the air,
 And Eden-sweet the ray.
 No Paradise is lost for them
 That foot by branching root and stem,
 And lightly with the woodland share
 The change of night and day.

Here all things say
‘We know not,’ even as I.
‘We brood, we strive to sky,
We gaze upon decay,
We wot of life through death.
We are patient : what is dumb
We question not, nor ask
The hidden to unmask,
The distant to draw near.’

And this the woodland saith :
‘I know not hope nor fear :
I take whate’er shall come ;
I raise my head to all things fair,
From foul I turn away.’
Sweet as Eden is the air,
And Eden-sweet the ray.

VIII

The lover of life holds life in his hand,
Like a ring for the bride.
The lover of life is free of dread :
The lover of life holds life in his hand,
As the hills hold the day.

But lust after life waves life like a brand,
For an ensign of pride.
The lust after life is life half-dead :
Yea, lust after life hugs life like a brand,
Dreading air and the ray.

For the sake of life,
For that life is dear,
The lust after life
Clings to it fast.
For the sake of life,
For that life is fair,

The lover of life
Flings it broadcast.

The lover of life knows his labour divine,
And therein is at peace.
The lust after life craves a touch and a sign
That the life shall increase.

The lust after life in the chills of its lust
Claims a passport of death.
The lover of life sees the flame in our dust
And a gift in our breath.

IX

A wind sways the pines,
And below
Not a breath of wild air :
All still as the mosses that glow
On the flooring and over the lines
Of the roots here and there.
The pine-tree drops its dead :
They are quiet as under the sea.
Overhead, overhead,
Rushes life in a race,
As the clouds the clouds chase :
And we go,
And we drop like the fruits of the tree,
Even we,
Even so.

Invitation to the Country (i. 124).

At the beginning these four lines omitted in 1898 :—

There 's a charm in all weathers with thee, my friend !
And a meadow unreat' d by the bee, my friend,
Is a very good image of me, my friend,
While my wishes all flower for thee, my friend !

2. that, *for* who.
4. a warmer, *for* and a warmer.
5. a sweeter song, a dearer ditty, *for*
and a sweeter song, and a dearer ditty.

After 11 this line omitted :—

No serpent—but of a dye as bright !

16. watch for, *for* watch thee.
36. fullest, *for* full.

After 39 these lines omitted :—

Come, while the larches burst bud, and the palm
Sheds its white down, ere the odorous balm
Of flowers has wasted its first keen sense
Of Elysian air, and pastoral sweetness,
Which fills us with godlike power intense,
To enjoy the wise insight to nature's completeness.

Come like a flower, and grow in the rains !
While the fields are preparing the sweet May-mirth.
Feel the yearning of Summer below the green earth,
That March foretells, and April feigns.

41. molest, *for* regret.
45. wilt, *for* shalt.

At the end the same lines omitted as at the beginning.

Juggling Jerry (i. 134).

- i. 8. and he has, *for* and has.
- iii. 3. Easy, *for* It 's easy.
- iv. 3. Couldn't I whip off the bail from the wicket, *for*
Couldn't I juggle the bale off the wicket.

iv. 5, 7. them, *for* 'em.

x. 6. Many a Marquis would hail you Cook, *for*
Duke might kneel to call you Cook.

x. 8. your old, *for* old.

xii. 8. He 's, *for* He is.

xiii. 8. Drop, *for* Give.

Jump to Glory Jane (iii. 5).

xviii. 4. where, *for* when.

Lines to a Friend Visiting America (ii. 2).

xxviii. 3. curled, *for* aped.

xxx. 4. The . . . the, *for* A . . . a.

After xxxviii. this stanza omitted:—

It is their pride that they have long
Consented to be harmless quite.
Conciliation is their song
At home, and peace abroad, and night.

London by Lamplight (i. 68).

xi. 1. how, *for* now.

Love in the Valley.

[First version (as below), in the Limited Edition de Luxe of the Complete Works, *Poems*, iii. 182, omitted from the Memorial Edition. The rewritten second version appeared in *Macmillan's Magazine* in 1878 as it is in the Limited Edition, *Poems*, i. 158, and Memorial Edition, ii. 80.]

Under yonder beech-tree standing on the green sward,
Couch'd with her arms behind her little head,
Her knees folded up, and her tresses on her bosom,
Lies my young love sleeping in the shade.
Had I the heart to slide one arm beneath her!
Press her dreaming lips as her waist I folded slow,
Waking on the instant she could not but embrace me—
Ah! would she hold me, and never let me go?

Shy as the squirrel, and wayward as the swallow ;
Swift as the swallow when athwart the western flood
Circling the surface he meets his mirror'd winglets,—
Is that dear one in her maiden bud.
Shy as the squirrel whose nest is in the pine tops ;
Gentle—ah ! that she were jealous as the dove !
Full of all the wildness of the woodland creatures,
Happy in herself is the maiden that I love !

What can have taught her distrust of all I tell her ?
Can she truly doubt me when looking on my brows ?
Nature never teaches distrust of tender love-rites,
What can have taught her distrust of all my vows ?
No, she does not doubt me ! on a dewy eve-tide
Whispering together beneath the listening moon,
I pray'd till her cheek flush'd, implored till she faltered—
Fluttered to my bosom—ah ! to fly away so soon !

When her mother tends her before the laughing mirror,
Tying up her laces, looping up her hair,
Often she thinks—were this wild thing wedded,
I should have more love, and much less care.
When her mother tends her before the bashful mirror,
Loosening her laces, combing down her curls,
Often she thinks—were this wild thing wedded,
I should lose but one for so many boys and girls.

Clambering roses peep into her chamber,
Jasmine and woodbine, breathe sweet, sweet,
White-necked swallows twittering of Summer,
Fill her with balm and nested peace from head to feet.
Ah ! will the rose-bough see her lying lonely,
When the petals fall and fierce bloom is on the leaves ?
Will the Autumn garners see her still ungathered,
When the fickle swallows forsake the weeping eaves ?

Comes a sudden question—should a strange hand pluck
her !

Oh ! what an anguish smites me at the thought,
Should some idle lordling bribe her mind with jewels !—

Can such beauty ever thus be bought ?

Sometimes the huntsmen prancing down the valley

Eye the village lasses, full of sprightly mirth ;

They see as I see, mine is the fairest !

Would she were older and could read my worth !

Are there not sweet maidens if she still deny me ?

Show the bridal Heavens but one bright star ?

Wherefore thus then do I chase a shadow,

Clattering one note like a brown eve-jar ?

So I rhyme and reason till she darts before me—

Thro' the milky meadows from flower to flower she flies,
Sunning her sweet palms to shade her dazzled eyelids

From the golden love that looks too eager in her eyes.

When at dawn she wakens, and her fair face gazes

Out on the weather thro' the window panes,

Beauteous she looks ! like a white water-lily

Bursting out of bud on the rippled river plains.

When from bed she rises clothed from neck to ankle

In her long nightgown, sweet as boughs of May,

Beauteous she looks ! like a tall garden lily

Pure from the night and perfect for the day !

Happy, happy time, when the grey star twinkles

Over the fields all fresh with bloomy dew ;

When the cold-cheeked dawn grows ruddy up the twilight,

And the gold sun wakes, and weds her in the blue.

Then when my darling tempts the early breezes,

She the only star that dies not with the dark !

Powerless to speak all the ardour of my passion

I catch her little hand as we listen to the lark.

Shall the birds in vain then valentine their sweethearts,
 Season after season tell a fruitless tale?
 Will not the virgin listen to their voices,
 Take the honeyed meaning, wear the bridal veil?
 Fears she frost of winter, fears she the bare branches?
 Waits she the garlands of spring for her dower?
 Is she a nightingale that will not be nested
 Till the April woodland has built her bridal bower?

Then come merry April with all thy birds and beauties!
 With thy crescent brows and thy flowery, showery glee;
 With thy budding leafage and fresh green pastures;
 And may thy lustrous crescent grow a honeymoon for
 me!
 Come merry month of the cuckoo and the violet!
 Come weeping Loveliness in all thy blue delight!
 Lo! the nest is ready, let me not languish longer!
 Bring her to my arms on the first May night.

Lucifer in Starlight (ii. 12).

7. Afric's sands, *for* Africa.

Margaret's Bridal Eve (i. 241).

iv. xvi. 3. still, *for* stiff.

iv. xvii. 1. was *omitted after* loud.

Martin's Puzzle (i. 261).

After i. this stanza omitted in 1883-98:—

Now, I 'm a rough fellow—what 's happened to me?
 Since last I left Falmouth I 've not had a fight
 With a miner come down for a dip in the sea;
 I cobble contented from morning to night.
 The Lord gives me all that a man should require;
 Protects me, and 'cuddles me up,' as it were.
 But what have I done to be saved from the fire?
 And why does His punishment fall upon her?

vii. 4. the, *for* Thy (altered in 1883).

x. 8. I might try at, *for* Suppose I try (altered in 1883).

Modern Love (i. 181).

[All alterations not noted as made in 1898 were made in 1892.]

iii. 2. a, *for* our.

iii. 6. out from her on him, *for* from her unto him.

v. 13. his, *for* that.

vii. 12. we are, *for* we 're.

viii. 3. Poor twisting worm, *for* O abject worm.

xi. 6. pour, *for* send (altered in 1898).

xii. 6. times, *for* time.

xii. 14. will, *for* must.

xiii. 16. Whirls life within the shower of loosened hair, *for*
Sounds thro' the listless hurricane of hair.

xiv. 11. Swim somewhat for possessions forfeited, *for*
Whirl giddily for what she forfeited.

xv. 3. face, *for* head.

xv. 10. good! *for* well!

xvi. 3. red chasm, *for* chasm.

xvii. 10-12. Enamoured of an acting nought can tire,
Each other, like true hypocrites, admire;
Warm-lighted looks, Love's ephemeræ . . .
for Enamoured of our acting and our wits,
Admire each other like true hypocrites.
Warm-lighted glances, Love's Ephemeræ . . .

xvii. 15. the, *for* our.

xviii. 13. Heaven, *for* God; seem, *for* are.

xix. 3. her, *for* she.

xx. 14. some aged, *for* a blasted.

xx. 15. those times, *for* that time.

xxii. 7. What sight in view? *for* What does she view?

xxii. 16. and, *for* but.

xxiii. 11. enchain, *for* sustain.

xxv. 2. quite, *for* most.

- xxv. 16. some think, *for* they say.
 xxvii. 8. clear as widowed sky, *for* fair as widow'd
 Heaven.
 xxviii. 12. as a, *for* like the.
 xxx. 5. which, *for* this.
 xxxiv. 3. on, *for* through.
 xxxiv. 4. Time leers between, above his twiddling
 thumbs, *for*
 Time leers between us, twiddling his thumbs.
 xxxiv. 15. commonplace, *for* truisms.
 xxxviii. 10. arrowy, *for* arrow'd.
 xl. 4. Commits, *for* Commit.
 xlii. 7. a taper, *for* the taper.
 xlii. 16. on, *for* in (altered in 1898).
 xlvii. 2. them, *for* their (perhaps a misprint in 1862).
 xlvii. 15. Where I have seen, *for* And still I see.

Napoléon (iii. 116).

- ix. 21. endless, *for* tireless.
 xiii. 26. vengeful, *for* repercussent.
 xiii. 57. Insensate, *for* Relentless.

Ode to the Spirit of Earth in Autumn (i. 254).

- p. 254, l. 20. thy, *for* the.
 p. 256, l. 10. wide, *for* old.
 p. 257, l. 23. circles of pine, *for* circle of pines.
 p. 258, l. 18. Great Mother, *for* Oh, Mother.
 p. 259. Between the stanzas beginning 'She can lead us'
 and 'She knows not loss,' these lines omitted:—

Hark to her laughter! And would you wonder
 To hear amazing laughter thunder
 From one who contemplateth man?—
 Knowing the plan!

The great procession of the Comedy,
 Passes before her. Let the curtain down!

For she must laugh to shake her starry crown,
To mark the strange perversions that are we ;
Who hoist our shoulders confident of wings,
When we have named her Ashes, dug her ditch ;
Who do regard her as a damnèd witch,
Fair to the eye, but full of foulest things.
We, pious humpback mountebanks meanwhile,
Break off our antics to stand forth, white-eyed,
And fondly hope for our Creator's smile,
By telling him that his prime work is vile,
Whom, through our noses, we 've renounced, denied.

Good friends of mine, who love her,
And would not see her bleeding :
The light that is above her,
From eyesight is receding,
As ever we grow older,
And blood is waxing colder.
But grasp in spirit tightly,
That she is no pretender,
While still the eye sees brightly,—
Then darkness knows her splendour,
And coldness feels her glory.
As in yon cloud-scud hoary,
From gloom to gloom swift winging,
The sunset beams have found me :
I hear the sunset singing
In this blank roar around me !

Friends ! we are yet in the warmth of our blood,
And swift as the tides upon which we are borne :
There 's a long blue rift in the speeding scud,
That shews like a boat on a sea forlorn,
With stars to man it ! That boat is ours,
And we are the mariners of the great flood

Of the shifting slopes and the drifting flowers,
 That oar unresting towards the morn !
 And are we the children of Heaven and earth,
 We 'll be true to the mother with whom we are,
 So to be worthy of Him who afar,
 Beckons us on to a brighter birth.

Phaëthôn (ii. 200).

1. the all-luminous charioteer (1887-98), *for* in his
 jubilant Orient.

After 1 omitted :—

When his rays suffuse the fair face of the morn, and his
 chariot,

All irradiating, upward curvets red to his sovereignty,

After 3 omitted :—

Greeting him who makes them trustful, greeting him, O
 beneficent !

4. shudder to black, *for* shuddering lost.

7. ocean-hollows, *for* ocean-bottoms.

16. and his, *for* his.

49. delight, *for* glories (altered in 1898).

After 50 omitted :—

Higher, higher than the mountains, than the eagle fleeing
 arrows !

After 55 omitted :—

Pearl-breasted, Eos, grey-eyed, quiet, true to men wish-
 ing her.

- 62, 63. held in restraint ; but the voice of Gods ;
 None but Gods can curb . . . *for*
 could hold in check ; but Gods alone :
 None but Gods restrain . . .

64. reins, *for* the reins.

66. was this gift granted, *for* has this been granted.

72. Troubled East, *for* Orient.

94. conflagration, *for* the conflagration.
 121. our earth, *for* the earth.
 122. Lithier, *for* lithe and.

Shemselnihar (i. 250).

- iv. 4. life, *for* fair life.
 vii. 4. Bespangle, *for* Spangle over.

Should thy Love die (i. 163).

5. when, *for* where.

Song, Spring (i. 85).

4. for, *for* and.

Song, Autumn (i. 85).

5. in his, *for* with.

Sorrows and Joys (i. 86).

- In 1851. Line 3. there, *for* then.
 20. divine, *for* intense.

Stanzas 6 and 7 are transposed.

Omitted after stanza 7 :—

O make thy sorrows holy—wise—
 So shall their buried memories rise,
 Celestial, e'en in mortal skies.

22. thy, *for* their.
 23. homeless and, *for* all unshriven.

Stanza 9 :—

O, think again what now they are—
 Motherly love, tho' dim and far,
 Imaged in every lustrous star,

for

O, think again what they will be
 Beneath God's bright serenity,
 When thou art in eternity !

Summer glows warm on the Meadows (i. 81).

After 6, this line omitted :—

Besprinkled with labour, and with the pure brew of the
malt right cheery.

9. Heaven's blue, *for* The blue heaven.

14. Never, *for* For never.

15. bosom, *for* fair bosom.

16. full sure, *for* surely; fiery, *for* hot fiery; leaves
seal, *for* shall leave its brown seal.

17. Heed, *for* Still heed.

23. kindness, *for* kindliness.

26. smell of white meadow-sweet, sweetest, *for* sweetest
the smell of white meadow-sweet.

32. Call, *for* Low call.

33. Round on the western, *for* From elms round the
western.

34. tangled, *for* dusky.

36 and 45. Joy, *for* O joy.

Sunrise (i. 117).

17. glimmering, *for* green glimmering.

Tardy Spring (iii. 85).

27. Breaks, *for* Cracks.

48. Thought of the girl, *for* The thought of her.

The Beggar's Soliloquy (i. 146).

vii. 4. on intimate terms with, *for* acquainted with.

vii. 7. taps, *for* raps.

The Cageing of Ares (iii. 170).

p. 170, l. 6. Close, *for* One.

p. 173, l. 20. them, *for* us.

p. 174, l. 10. of, *for* by.

The Centenary of Garibaldi (iii. 243).

Stanza ii. beginning 'That aim,' added in *Last Poems*.

ix. 2. amid his, *for* begirt by.

ix. 3. battle's, *for* warfare's.

The Crown of Love (i. 139).

ii. 2. shall, *for* must.

ii. 3. on sky, *for* the sky.

iii. 3. will, *for* would.

ix. 3. their, *for* a.

The Doe (i. 3).

p. 4, l. 23. gleams, *for* gleam.

p. 7, l. 14. shut, *for* stifled.

p. 8, l. 8. from sea, *for* from the old sea.

20. sank, *for* sunk.

32. subtler sweet, *for* subtler.

The Lark Ascending (ii. 67).

p. 69. After l. 6, these lines omitted :—
But not from earth is he divorced,
He joyfully to fly enforced ;

The Main Regret (iii. 211).

Altered in 1901 :—

i. 2. all ruthlessly, *for* so ruthlessly.

i. 4. they of, *for* charged on ; past the one, *for* past all.

ii. 1. under soil, *for* in the earth.

ii. 4. a half-sloughed life, *for* acceptance of life.

The Meeting (i. 145).

i. 2. pine, *for* pines.

v. 1. hummed, *for* made.

The Moon is alone in the Sky (i. 21).

- 11. stirred, *for* is heard.
- 12. all unheard, *for* like a bird.
- 13. evermore, *for* evermore, evermore.

The Nuptials of Attila (ii. 162).

- vi. 5. Looked he backward, *for* Attila looked.
- At the end of vii., xi., xii., xvi., xviii., xix., and xxiii. the refrain, 'Make the bed for Attila,' is omitted.
- viii. 38. West with print, *for* the West with the print.
- x. 6. beheld, *for* let fall.
- xvi. 1. with, *for* in.

The Old Chartist (i. 158).

- viii. 2. I could let fly a laugh, *for* I can't help laughing out.

The Orchard and the Heath (ii. 90).

- v. 5. rays, *for* sun (altered in 1883).
- xi. 1. on, *for* in (altered in 1883).

Section i. only reprinted in 1883 and 1898. Section ii. is as follows :—

My pace is quick on foot, till as a lyre
 The wind sings in my ears, and homeward bent,
 I heard an ever-lifting quire
 Of children by that smoky tent,
 Who praised the union of the pot with fire.

More loved of Heaven, I thought them, though less fair,
 Less blest of Earth, than those who played at morn
 Like sun-spots in the scented square;
 To pleasant narrow spaces born
 Unknowing other fruits bloom elsewhere.

But is there love in Heaven which turns aside
 From Heaven's good laws to flatter want or grief?
 Blind pity, and self-pity, and Pride,
 Clamour for it to bribe belief.
 Let earth know better lest her woes abide.

Few men dare think what many have dared say—
 That Heaven can entertain elective love,
 And narrow to our yea and nay
 The august great concords rolled above.
 I felt them, and went reverent on my way.

Yet fancy (the quick flutter of young thought
 Above the flower, sensation) would not rest.
 From hues and lights of evening brought
 Rich symbols to make manifest
 What recompense is for the houseless wrought.

Sweet recompense ! thereat the ascetics aim.
 Self-exiled from the orchard-bounds, they purge
 Poor flesh of lusts which bring them shame,
 And with the rigour of the scourge
 Transfuse them to their souls in keener flame.

Surely I know the houseless little ones ;
 My spirit is among them all its days :
 Like them, 'tis of the changing suns ;
 Subsists, like them, on waifs and strays,
 Well chastened by the wild wherein it runs.

So that we find sufficient we can sleep,
 Considering recompense scarce fit for dreams.
 No hushing songs of lambs and sheep,
 No highway trot of harness'd teams,
 Lull us : we rock upon a tuneless deep.

We cannot cherish, like the folded throng,
Belief in sustenance, as frail as breath :
 Our faith is in our hunger ; strong,
 Therefore, and constant is our faith :
A roaming force 'twixt morn and evensong.

But we divide ; no likeness is complete :
For when it comes to seeing, they are blind.
 This is the mystery I meet
 At every corner of the mind ;—
Twice cursed are they whom earth doth ill-entreat.

Ere yon sky orchards drop their golden key,
'Tis recognition Heaven demands, I know.
 Shall earth, then, bid its chosen see,
 And seeing grasp the fruits that grow
In Heaven as well as earth ? How may this be ?

My light of Heaven answers : ' Eye for fruits
Have many : they are plucked by favour'd hands.
 Is such a craving of the brutes
 The recognition Heaven demands ?
Am I the Tree which has in earth its roots ?

' Those fruits are gifts of heritage, not mine.
The virtues garden in some lines of men,
 And eminent and large they shine
 As captains of the host, till when
Much flattered flesh has drugged the soul divine.

' For of the fruits enjoyed new seed should spring ;
And of their vantage station men shall make
 A place of sacrifice, and cling
 To sacrifice for man's dear sake,
Or perish : 'tis the choice of sage and king.

‘You waves of life go rolling o’er and o’er;
 And some will toss the uppermost foam, and fall;
 And here and there the sky will pour
 Illuminating rays, but all
 Are one great ocean rolling without shore.

‘Never till men rejoice in being one
 Shall any of them hold a perfect heart.
 Nearer to me shall gather none
 That from their fellows climb apart.
 An evil is a common evil done.

‘Make strength your weapon, purity your mark;
 Keep shrewd with hunger, as an edge of steel.
 An army marching in the dark
 Are men; but forward, while they reel,
 Still they bear forward some faint rescuing spark.

‘By service they must live who would have sight:
 The children of the Orchard and the Heath
 In equal destinies unite,
 Serving or fattening beneath;
 But thank them best that trim in thee my light.’

A crown of darkness on the yellow west,
 Where day and night took hands in union brief,
 And sat in sober splendour pressed:
 I clasped as one full harvest sheaf
 The thought of the poor children I thanked best.

Far back I saw the flames of scanty wood
 Upon the closing shadows cower low.
 The meal was done, and it was good;
 And now to huddling sleep they go.
 May food supply them! They have given me food.

The Patriot Engineer (i. 231).

40. We breath'd again, 1861, 1910; Breath'd we thus,
1862.

The Revolution (iii. 105).

- xi. 8. toilful, *for* tireless.
xiii. p. 115, l. 13. hungry, *for* tameless.

The Shipwreck of Idomeneus (i. 100).

- p. 107, l. 29. sang, *for* sung.
p. 108, l. 10. Persephone's complacent hueless cheeks, *for*
Persephonia's fresh complacent cheeks.
p. 110, l. 16. blooms, *for* bloom.

The Song of Courtesy (i. 129).

- ii. 2. greet, *for* welcome.
iv. 10. so may we, *for* may we.
iv. 11. that there be, *for* that be.
iv. 12. Beautiful by Courtesy, *for* Beautiful ever by
Courtesy.

The Song of Theodolinda (ii. 133).

- v. 1. crushing ring, *for* ring amain.
v. 3. sting, *for* stain.
xix. 6. in trust, *for* of trust.
The conclusion :

Red of heat the firebrands die,
White of heat the ashes lie,

and also the refrain after each verse, omitted.

The Spirit of Shakespeare (i. 253).

- i. 5. the, *for* that.

The Sweet of the Year (i. 126).

- i. 4. stretch and leap, *for* crawl and creep.

The Teaching of the Nude (iii. 79).

- ii. 1. 'Tis told, *for* They tell (altered in *Poems*, 1892).
- ii. 5. hurl, *for* cast (altered in *Poems*, 1892).

The Test of Manhood (iii. 200).

- p. 201, l. 15. A tread, *for* A step.
- p. 201, l. 30 (*ult.*). hungers, *for* hunger.
- p. 202, l. 15. triumphs, *for* trumpets (*Critic* only).
- p. 203, ll. 1-6. Added in *A Reading of Life*, 1901.
- p. 203, l. 12. its, *for* his.
- p. 203, l. 32. tidal . . . or, *for* constant . . . and.
- p. 205, l. 8. the, *for* her.
- p. 205. The four lines beginning 'She counts not loss' added in *A Reading of Life*, 1901.
- p. 206, l. 1. Alive . . . wrapped, *for* Content . . . clothed.
- p. 206, ll. 3-6. Added in *A Reading of Life*, 1901.
- p. 206, l. 17. Astir, *for* And stirs.
- p. 206, l. 30. days, *for* times.
- p. 207, ll. 5-8. Added in *A Reading of Life*, 1901.

The Three Maidens (i. 131).

- 11. on man no more, *for* on no man more.

This stanza is omitted at the end :—

Farewell, all happy friends, and my parents kiss for me;
 The morn is near, the night is late :
 He bids me come, and quiet be,
 O the nightingale is dying for its mate.

The Two Blackbirds (i. 94).

- In 1851, 6. that shade, *for* around.
- 7. warbled, *for* frisked.
- Stanza 3 added in 1851.

27. woodland, *for* wingéd.

52 and last. self-forgetful, *for* pitying, loving.

The Vital Choice (iii. 185).

ii. 1. offer, *for* render.

The Wild Rose (iii. 245).

13. Passion's, *for* pursuer's.

The Woods of Westermain (ii. 33).

p. 40, l. 15. Self, his name declare (inserted in *Selected Poems*, 1897).

To a Friend lost (iii. 265).

6. lamp, *for* light.

Violets (i. 31).

i. 2. you, *for* ye.

Will o' the Wisp (i. 46).

Omitted after 46 and 48, What a joy Oho!

Whimper of Sympathy. }
Woodland Peace. } See above, *In the Woods.*

Yon upland slope (i. 76).

v. 5. Peers, *for* Dawns.

* * The following poems have only been collated from their first appearance in volume form, as the periodicals in which they first appeared are not accessible :—

A Stave of Roving Tim.

Song in the Songless.

The Burden of Strength.

Union in Disseverance.

A few changes of spelling may be worth recording :—

‘Towards’ becomes ‘toward’ throughout, but ‘upward’ becomes ‘upwards’ in i. p. 39, l. 6.

In *Daphne*, i. p. 56, l. 19. ‘plaisance’ was corrected in the errata slip, 1851, to ‘pleasance,’ but the correction was not effected before 1909.

‘Cannot’ becomes ‘can not’ (*Modern Love*, xxxviii. 6), ‘for ever’ ‘forever’ (*Modern Love*, xiii. 15), and ‘never more’ ‘nevermore’ (*To Children*, ix. 2).

‘Stoop’t’ becomes ‘stooped,’ ‘caging’ ‘cageing,’ and so with similar words in each case.

‘Bale’ becomes ‘bail’ (*Juggling Jerry*, iv. 3), ‘chace’ ‘chase’ (*Daphne*, i. p. 66, l. 13), ‘ribbon’ ‘riband’ (*Martin’s Puzzle*, iv. 3, vii. 1, but not always), ‘ancles’ ‘ankles’ (*Phantasy*, viii. 4, but not always); the spelling of ‘steadfast’ or ‘stedfast’ and some other words is varied and altered inconsistently.

NOTE.—*The poem here following was—with SORROWS AND JOYS and THE TWO BLACKBIRDS—contributed to Household Words. It was not Mr. Meredith's desire that it should be reprinted among his collected poems. It is therefore printed here.*

W. M. M.

MONMOUTH

THE windows flash in Taunton town
With hurrying lights and muffled lamps,
And torches wander up and down
The streets, alive like scattered camps:
Far goes the word o'er field and fen,—
Monmouth is here with all his men!

Follow the Duke! and fife and drum
Startle the nightmared country round.
Hither in flocks the lads are come,
The gallant lads so staunch and sound;
Hither in troops they march all night,
And wives and mothers mourn their flight.

The whisper warns that close on dawn,
Before the village cock crows thrice,
He leads his merry people on,
And bravely flings the battle dice.
Look to your arms, lads; temper them well,
Lest that the unflesh'd steel rebel!

Auburn heads and grey are here,
Who grasp the pike from door to door;
Their sires who followed Oliver,
And work'd at Worcester, and the Moor.
Again the cheering of the town
They hear denounce a faithless crown.

They hear again the admiral's name
With his great master's coupled high,
And drink, in brown October, shame
To Papists, till the cup is dry.
March, merry men! and shoulder blithe
Pike and musket, bill and scythe.

MONMOUTH

Over the main street floats a flag,
 The toil of twenty noble maids;
 Soon will it stream a blushing rag,
 But now 'tis bright with symbol'd braids;
 And as the young men march beneath,
 Its long folds wave and flatterers breathe.

Swings the banner from the hall
 Where Monmouth holds his night carouse,
 And views his eager followers fall
 On bended knee, with loyal vows.
 Sweet women blossom in the throng,
 And pledge success in cup and song.

They pledge him deep, and to reply
 He rises from his cushion'd chair;
 The monarch's joy is in his eye;
 He bows and drains the goblet there;
 The kingly wine that crowns his brain
 Runs royally through every vein.

He feels the purple warmth, the weight
 Of golden glory on him shed:
 He wins the battle lost by Fate,
 He mounts the height that claims his head;
 He mounts the height so many moan
 Who find a scaffold for a throne.

'To horse!—to horse!' The war steeds prance;
 High vaults he with a chieftain's grace,
 And many a lovely lady's glance
 Dwells fondly on his fated face.
 With warmer red their red cheeks bloom
 While he waves round his princely plume.

And tears and sighs, and wild adieus,
 Bubble beneath his bounding bliss;
 Sad dreams of the past night refuse
 Consoling by the soldier's kiss.
 The mother and the bosom wife
 Have dreamt dark issue to the strife.

The cheerless wife, the mother, clings
 To him she loves, and will not part.
 The young son up the stirrup springs
 To feel once more his father's heart.
 The townsmen mount the grey church-tower,
 All glorious in the morning hour.

'God speed to Monmouth! Speed and aid!'
 They shout, as through the gate defiles
 The gallant, glistening cavalcade;
 And round the fresh-eyed pasture smiles,

Among the shining streams and shaws,—
'God speed to Monmouth and his cause!'

'Speed!' And the mimic echoes run
From hill to hill, and wail the word:
Over his head to greet the sun
Quivers the ever-cheerful bird.
The people shout, the clear chimes ring,
And the calm heavens receive their king.

Grandly to take what none contest
He rises, by all earth desired;
And the liege-limits of the west
With his effulgent eye are fired.
Duke Monmouth to his saddle-bow
Baring his lustrous head, bows low.

Low to the rising sun he bends,
And at the sight all heads are bare;
'Victorious we shall be, my friends!'
The host put up a hasty prayer.
'Speed the good youth,' sigh distant dames,
'And rid the land of Papist James.'

Again Duke Monmouth waves on high
His bonnet, to the Orient arch:
'See, gentlemen, our augury!'
And with fresh heart the men all march.
Loud, loud, the exulting music plays,
As broader spread the mounting rays.

And cries are yell'd, and caps are flung,
And up the ranks gay passwords skim;
And oaths are sworn, and songs are sung,
And stories told in praise of him:
The darling son of English home!
The cavalier of Christendom!

So lithe of limb, so fleet of foot,
'Tis he can throw, and leap, and laugh;
What marksman with his aim can shoot,
Or play the steel, or ply the staff?
And some have sisters whom he dower'd;
On all his kindly smiles have shower'd.

For luck, for luck, the boy was born;
He claims, and he shall have, his own.
And, hopeful as the springing morn,
They glisten down the curves of Tone.
That he'll be king, his life one stakes:
When he is king, a wife one takes.

MONMOUTH

King? It is night, the dream is done,
 And darkness snatches back the crown
 That, golden, rose with morning's sun,
 And dropp'd in blood o'er Taunton town.
 King of a day, said tidings quick,
 While expectation falters sick!

Rumour, with omens in her train
 Rustles and hums from hedge to hedge;
 The battle 's fought!—they lose! they gain!
 Alas! delay, that dulls the edge
 Of keenest blades! Nay, here rides one
 To tell us if 't be lost or won.

And one rides in as one rides out;
 And, when the wretched truth is told
 At Taunton's gates, who does not doubt,
 And in the teeth of fate grow bold,
 As if he held, to aid his chief
 A citadel in unbelief?

Down drops the veil on blood and tears,
 Muffle the ear from women's wail;
 Courage still sits with worthiest peers,
 However basely fortune fail:
 But cowards, in the battle's heat,
 Carry in their own hearts defeat.

And he that rode Ambition's chace,
 To shine with Europe's highest prize,
 Now the most abject of his race,
 Fawns to the hands that most despise.
 He hath a love: in her embrace
 To live, the man can bear disgrace.

And, though they bleed in Taunton town,
 And round the Blood Assize crouch pale;
 On no man's forehead comes a frown,
 Nor women's curses when they wail,
 Point the betrayer out for blame,
 At mention of Duke Monmouth's name!

BIBLIOGRAPHY

BY

ARUNDELL ESDAILE

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A. E.

A CHRONOLOGICAL LIST OF GEORGE MEREDITH'S PUBLICATIONS 1849-1911

1849

Chillianwallah.

Chambers's Edinburgh Journal, July 7, p. 16.
Reprinted in *Poems Written in Early Youth*, 1909, p. 234.

1850

Sorrows and Joys.

Household Words, August 24, p. 517.
Reprinted in *Poems*, 1851, p. 109.

The Ballad of Beauty Rohtraut. [Schön-Rohtraut,
from Eduard Möricke's *Gedichte*, Stuttgart, 1848.]

The Leader, September 14, p. 597.
Reprinted in *Poems*, 1851, p. 106.

The Two Blackbirds.

Household Words, November 9, p. 157.
Reprinted in *Poems*, 1851, p. 119.

1851

POEMS BY GEORGE MEREDITH. Pp. 159. John
W. Parker and Son.

‘To Thomas Love Peacock, Esq., this volume is dedicated with
the profound admiration and affectionate respect of his son-in-
law. Weybridge, May 1851.’

On the title-page is a quotation beginning, ‘Eos, blest goddess
of the morning,’ from R. H. Horne's *Orion*.

Reprinted in vol. xxxi. (*Poems*, iii.) of the Edition de Luxe,
1898, under the heading, ‘Poems Written in Youth.’ ‘Should
thy Love Die’ was reprinted in vol. xxxiii. (*Poems*, iv.). ‘Love
in the Valley’ was subsequently rewritten.

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<i>Household Words</i> , November 9, 1850, p. 157.	
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Invitation to the Country.

Fraser's Magazine, August, p. 217.

Reprinted in vol. xxxi. (*Poems*, iii.) of the Edition de Luxe, p. 267.

To Alex. Smith, the Glasgow Poet.

The Leader, December 20, p. 1213.

Reprinted in vol. xxxiii. (*Poems*, iv.) of the Edition de Luxe, p. 256.

1852

The Sweet o' the Year.

Fraser's Magazine, June, p. 699.

Reprinted in vol. xxxi. (*Poems*, iii.) of the Edition de Luxe, p. 269.

1856

THE SHAVING OF SHAGPAT. An Arabian Entertainment. Pp. viii, 384. Chapman and Hall. [1855.]

Monmouth.

Household Words, November 1, p. 372.

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1857

FARINA, a Legend of Cologne. Pp. 244. Smith, Elder and Co.

1859

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The Song of Courtesy.

Once a Week, July 9, p. 30.

Reprinted in vol. xxxi. (*Poems*, iii.) of the Edition de Luxe, p. 270.

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Over the Hills.

Once a Week, August 20, p. 160.

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Once a Week, September 3, p. 189.

Reprinted in *Modern Love*, 1862, p. 85.

Autumn Evensong.

Once a Week, December 3, p. 464.

Reprinted in *Modern Love*, 1862, p. 154.

The Crown of Love.

Once a Week, December 31, p. 10.

Reprinted in vol. xxxi. (*Poems*, iii.) of the Edition de Luxe, p. 273.

1860

The Head of Bran.

Once a Week, February 4, p. 131.

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Once a Week, serially, February 11 to October 13.

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1861

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Reprinted from *Once a Week*, February 11 to October 13, 1860.

The Beggar's Soliloquy.

Once a Week, March 30, p. 378.

Reprinted in *Modern Love*, 1862, p. 100.

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Once a Week, October 19, p. 460.

Reprinted in *Modern Love*, 1862, p. 178.

Phantasy.

Once a Week, November 23, p. 601.

Reprinted in *Modern Love*, 1862, p. 157.

The Patriot Engineer.

Once a Week, December 14, p. 685.

Reprinted in *Modern Love*, 1862, p. 109.

1862

MODERN LOVE, and Poems of the English Roadside, with Poems and Ballads. Pp. viii, 216.

Chapman and Hall.

'Affectionately dedicated to Captain Maxse, R.N.'

'Modern Love' reappeared in 1892 with 'The Sage Enamoured and the Honest Lady.' It stands at the beginning of vol. i. of the

Poems, in the Edition de Luxe. Four Poems ('Juggling Jerry,' 'The Old Chartist,' 'Martin's Puzzle,' and 'Marian') appear in vol. ii. of the New Popular Edition (1898) and Pocket Edition (1903); the rest in vol. xxxi. of the Edition de Luxe, except 'The Patriot Engineer' in vol. xxxiii.

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<i>Once a Week</i> , October 19, 1861.	
Lines 1-20 only reprinted in vol. xxxi. (<i>Poems</i> , iii.) of the Edition de Luxe, p. 252.	
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'Wandering Willie' is an incomplete poem of which parts only exist, and those in MS.

The Old Chartist.

Once a Week, February 8, p. 182.

Reprinted in *Modern Love*, 1862, p. 92.

1864

EMILIA IN ENGLAND. 3 vols. Chapman and Hall.

Subsequently called *Sandra Belloni*.

1865

RHODA FLEMING. A Story. 3 vols. Tinsley Brothers.

THE SHAVING OF SHAGPAT. Pp. viii, 283. Chapman and Hall.

In the 'Standard Editions of Popular Authors.' With a note on p. v., and the frontispiece by F. Sandys.

FARINA. Pp. 248. Smith, Elder and Co.

In the publishers' 'Shilling Series of Monthly Volumes of Standard Authors.' With a frontispiece by Walter Crane.

Martin's Puzzle.

Fortnightly Review, June, p. 239.

Reprinted in *Poems and Lyrics of the Joy of Earth*, 1883, p. 109.

1866

EVAN HARRINGTON. 1 vol. Second Edition. Bradbury and Evans.

With a frontispiece by Charles Keene.

Vittoria.

Fortnightly Review, serially, January 15 to December 1.

Published in three volumes in 1867.

[Correspondence from the Seat of War in Italy,
dated June 22—July 24.]

Morning Post.

Reprinted in the Memorial Edition, vol. xxiii. p. 163, and Edition de Luxe, vol. xxxiv. (*Miscellaneous Prose*).

1867

VITTORIA. 3 vols. Chapman and Hall.

La Maison Forestière, par MM. Erckmann-Chat-
rian. [A review.]

Fortnightly Review, January, p. 126.

Reprinted in the Memorial Edition, vol. xxiii., and Edition de Luxe, vol. xxxiv. (*Miscellaneous Prose*).

Training in Theory and Practice. By A. C.
Maclaren. [A review.]

Fortnightly Review, March, p. 380.

Reprinted in the Memorial Edition, vol. xxiii., and Edition de Luxe, vol. xxxiv. (*Miscellaneous Prose*).

Sonnet to ———.

Fortnightly Review, June, p. 696.

Reprinted in *Poems and Lyrics of the Joy of Earth*, 1883, p. 177, headed, 'To J. M.'—i.e. Mr. John, now Viscount Morley of Blackburn.

Phæthon. Attempted in the Galliambic measure.

Fortnightly Review, September, p. 293.

Reprinted in *Ballads and Poems of Tragic Life*, 1887, p. 152

Lines to a Friend visiting America.

Fortnightly Review, December, p. 727.

Reprinted in vol. xxxi. (*Poems*, iii.) of the Edition de Luxe, p. 274.

The friend was Mr. John (now Viscount) Morley, in whose absence Mr. Meredith took charge of the *Fortnightly Review*.

1868

St. Paul, a Poem: by Frederick H. Myers. [A
review.]

Fortnightly Review, January, p. 115.

Reprinted in vol. xxxii. (*Essays*) of the Edition de Luxe, and in vol. xxiii. (*Miscellaneous Prose*) of the Memorial Edition.

Reminiscences of a Septuagenarian from 1802 to 1815. By Emma Sophia, Countess Brownlow.
[A review.]

Fortnightly Review, February, p. 229.

Reprinted in the Memorial Edition, vol. xxiii., and Edition de Luxe, vol. xxxiv. (*Miscellaneous Prose*).

The Orchard and the Heath.

Macmillan's Magazine, February, p. 362.

Reprinted (the first section only) in *Poems and Lyrics of the Joy of Earth*, 1883, p. 105.

Chronicles and Characters, by the Hon. R. Lytton.
[A review.]

Fortnightly Review, June, p. 658.

Reprinted in the Memorial Edition, vol. xxiii., and Edition de Luxe, vol. xxxiv. (*Miscellaneous Prose*).

Aneurin's Harp.

Fortnightly Review, September, p. 255.

Reprinted in *Ballads and Poems of Tragic Life*, 1887, p. 101.

1869

Homer's Iliad, translated by C. Merivale. [A review.]

Fortnightly Review, May, p. 629.

Reprinted in vol. xxxii. (*Essays*) of the Edition de Luxe, and vol. xxiii. (*Miscellaneous Prose*) of the Memorial Edition.

1870

A Mark in Time.

Fortnightly Review, April, p. 432.

Reprinted in *Poems and Lyrics of the Joy of Earth*, 1883, p. 181, as 'Time and Sentiment.'

In the Woods.

Fortnightly Review, August, p. 179.

Stanzas vi. (much altered), vii., and ix. were reprinted as 'Whimper of Sympathy,' 'Woodland Peace,' and 'Dirge in Woods,' in *Poems and Ballads of Tragic Life*, 1887, p. 63, and *A Reading of Earth*, 1888, pp. 52 and 64 respectively. The whole is reprinted in the *Alterations*, in the present volume.

Harry Richmond.

Cornhill, serially, September 1870 to November 1871.
Published in three volumes in 1871.

1871

THE ADVENTURES OF HARRY RICHMOND. 3 vols.
Smith, Elder and Co.

Reprinted from *Cornhill*, September 1870 to November 1871.

France, 1870.

Fortnightly Review, January, p. 86.

Reprinted in *Ballads and Poems of Tragic Life*, 1887, p. 111, and
in *Odes in Contribution to the Song of French History*, 1898, p. 53.

1872

THE SHAVING OF SHAGPAT. Chapman and Hall.
Two-shilling Edition.

The Song of Theodolinda.

Cornhill, September 1, p. 308.

Reprinted in *Ballads and Poems of Tragic Life*, 1887, p. 25.

1874

Beauchamp's Career.

Fortnightly Review, serially, August 1874 to December 1875.

Published in three volumes at the end of 1875, but postdated
1876.

1875

THE ORDEAL OF RICHARD FEVEREL, a History
of Father and Son. 2 vols. Tauchnitz.

Nos. 1508-9 of the 'Collection of British Authors.'

1876

BEAUCHAMP'S CAREER. 3 vols. Chapman and
Hall. [1875.]

Reprinted from the *Fortnightly Review*, August 1874 to Decem-
ber 1875.

BEAUCHAMP'S CAREER. 2 vols. Pp. 672. Tauchnitz.

Nos. 1565-6 of the 'Collection of British Authors.'

A Ballad of Past Meridian.

Fortnightly Review, June, p. 829.

Reprinted in *Poems and Lyrics of the Joy of Earth*, 1883, p. 28.

A Ballad of Fair Ladies in Revolt.

Fortnightly Review, August, p. 232.

Reprinted in *Ballads and Poems of Tragic Life*, 1887, p. 130.

1877

The House on the Beach, a realistic tale.

New Quarterly Magazine, January, p. 329.

THE HOUSE ON THE BEACH, A Realistic Tale.
Pp. 140. Harper and Brothers, New York.

In the 'Half-Hour Series.'

Reprinted serially in the *Sun* (New York) in 1891, and, with the other short stories, in 1894.

On the Idea of Comedy and the Uses of the Comic Spirit. (A lecture delivered at the London Institution, February 1, 1877.)

New Quarterly Magazine, April, p. 1.

A proof, with the author's corrections, has been presented by Miss J. L. Benecke to the British Museum. Reprinted in the *Edition de Luxe*, vol. xxxii. (*Essays*).

The Case of General Ople and Lady Camper.

New Quarterly Magazine, July, p. 428.

Reprinted serially in the *Sun* (New York) in 1891, and with *The House on the Beach*, etc., 1894.

1878

THE ORDEAL OF RICHARD FEVEREL. Pp. iv, 484.
C. Kegan Paul.

Altered and condensed.

THE HOUSE ON THE BEACH. George Munro, New York.

In the 'Seaside Library.'

Love in the Valley.

Macmillan's Magazine, October, p. 445.

The first version was printed in *Poems*, 1851; the revised and enlarged version appears here for the first time. Reprinted in *Poems and Lyrics of the Joy of Earth*, 1883, p. 87.

1879

Sir Willoughby Patterne the Egoist.

Glasgow Weekly Herald, June 21, 1879, to January 10, 1880.

THE EGOIST, A Comedy in Narrative. 3 vols.
C. Kegan Paul and Co.

Glasgow Weekly Herald, serially, June 21, 1879, to January 10, 1880.

— Harper and Brothers, New York.

In the 'Franklin Square Library.'

The Nuptials of Attila.

New Quarterly Magazine, January, p. 47.

Reprinted in *Ballads and Poems of Tragic Life*, 1887, p. 70.

The Tale of Chloe.

New Quarterly Magazine, July, p. 57.

Reprinted serially in the *Sun* (New York) in 1891, and with *The House on the Beach*, etc., 1894.

1880

The Tragic Comedians: a Study in a Well-known Story.

Fortnightly Review, serially, October 1880 to February 1881.

THE TRAGIC COMEDIANS. A Study in a Well-known Story. (Enlarged from the *Fortnightly Review*.) 2 vols. Chapman and Hall.

THE EGOIST. Pp. vi, 535. C. Kegan Paul and Co.
To a Friend recently Lost (Tom Taylor).

Cornhill, October, p. 497.

Reprinted in *Poems and Lyrics of the Joy of Earth*, 1883, p. 178.

Phœbus with Admetus.

Macmillan's Magazine, December, p. 122.

Reprinted in *Poems and Lyrics of the Joy of Earth*, 1883, p. 71.

1881

THE TRAGIC COMEDIANS. The Second edition.
2 vols. Chapman and Hall.

— Pp. 309. Ward, Lock and Co.

In the publishers' 'Select Authors.' (2s.) The stereotype plates were bought in 1891 by Roberts Bros., Boston.

— Pp. 270. Tauchnitz.

No. 1956 of the 'Collection of British Authors.'

— George Munro, New York.

In the 'Seaside Library.'

The Lark Ascending.

Fortnightly Review, May, p. 588.

Reprinted in *Poems and Lyrics of the Joy of Earth*, 1883, p. 64.

1883

POEMS AND LYRICS OF THE JOY OF EARTH. Pp.
xi, 181. Macmillan and Co.

Reprinted in vol. xxix. (*Poems*, i.) of the Edition de Luxe, and also in *Poems*, vol. i., in the New Popular and Pocket Editions of 1898 and 1903.

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<i>Fortnightly Review</i> , May 1881, p. 588.	
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<i>Macmillan's Magazine</i> , December 1880, p. 122.	
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<i>Macmillan's Magazine</i> , October 1878, p. 445, first in this form.	
In a note at the end of the volume the author says: 'A sketch of this poem appeared in a volume published many years back [i.e. in 1851], now extinct.'	
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<i>Macmillan's Magazine</i> , February 1868, p. 362. Here reduced.	
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<i>Fortnightly Review</i> , June 1865, p. 239.	
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<i>Fortnightly Review</i> , August 1876, p. 232.	

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J. M. is Mr. John (now Viscount) Morley. *Fortnightly Review*, June 1867, p. 696.

To a Friend Lost	178
<i>Cornhill</i> , October 1880, p. 497.	

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Fortnightly Review, April 1870, p. 432, as 'A Mark in Time.'

The Spirit of Shakespeare.

Athenæum, February 10, p. 184.

Reprinted in *Poems and Lyrics of the Joy of Earth*, 1883, pp. 161-2.

1884

Diana of the Crossways.

Fortnightly Review, June to December 1884.

The first twenty-six chapters only appear here. Published in three volumes in 1885.

1885

DIANA OF THE CROSSWAYS. A Novel. Considerably enlarged from the *Fortnightly Review*. 3 vols. Chapman and Hall.

'Inscribed to Frederick Pollock.'

Three editions appeared in 1885.

— Harper and Brothers, New York.

In the 'Franklin Square Library.'

— George Munro, New York.

In the 'Seaside Library'; also in a pocket edition.

FIRST COLLECTED EDITION OF THE NOVELS. 10 vols. Chapman and Hall, and Roberts Bros., Boston. 1885-87.

Diana of the Crossways.

Evan Harrington.

The Ordeal of Richard Feverel.

The Adventures of Harry Richmond.

} 1885.

Sandra Belloni.

Vittoria.

Rhoda Fleming.

Beauchamp's Career.

The Egoist.

The Shaving of Shagpat and Farina. 1887.

Reprinted, more cheaply, with additions, in 1889-1895.

On the Danger of War.

Pall Mall Gazette, May 1.

Reprinted in vol. xxxi. (*Poems*, iii.) of the Edition de Luxe, p. 281.

The Thrush in February.

Macmillan's Magazine, August, p. 265.

Reprinted in *A Reading of Earth*, 1888, p. 23.

1886

A Pause in the Strife.

Pall Mall Gazette, July 9.

Reprinted in the Memorial Edition, vol. xxiii., and Edition de Luxe, vol. xxxiv. (*Miscellaneous Prose*).

A Preaching from a Spanish Ballad.

Fortnightly Review, August, p. 195.

Reprinted in *Ballads and Poems of Tragic Life*, 1887, p. 35.

Concession to the Celt.

Fortnightly Review, October, p. 448.

Reprinted in the Memorial Edition, vol. xxiii., and Edition de Luxe, vol. xxxiv. (*Miscellaneous Prose*).

Mother to Babe.

English Illustrated Magazine, October, p. 26.

Reprinted in *A Reading of Earth*, 1888, p. 50.

With an illustration by Mr. W. M. Meredith.

To Cardinal Manning.

Pall Mall Gazette, November 5.

Reprinted in vol. xxxi. (*Poems*, iii.) of the Edition de Luxe, p. 282.

The Young Princess.

English Illustrated Magazine, December, p. 184.

Reprinted in *Ballads and Poems of Tragic Life*, 1887, p. 42.

1887

BALLADS AND POEMS OF TRAGIC LIFE. Pp. 160.
Macmillan and Co.

An edition was printed simultaneously by Roberts Bros., Boston.

A Second Edition appeared in 1894.

The Poems in this volume were reprinted in vol. xxx. (*Poems*, ii.) in the Edition de Luxe, and also in the second volume of *Poems* in the New Popular and Pocket Editions of 1898 and 1903.

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<i>English Illustrated Magazine</i> , December 1886, p. 184.	
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<i>Fortnightly Review</i> , August 1870, p. 179, as stanza vi. of <i>In the Woods</i> ; much altered here.	
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<i>New Quarterly Magazine</i> , January 1879, p. 47.	
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<i>Fortnightly Review</i> , September 1868, p. 255.	
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<i>Fortnightly Review</i> , January 1871, p. 86.	
Reprinted in <i>Odes in Contribution to the Song of French History</i> , 1898, p. 53.	

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Fortnightly Review, September 1867, p. 293.

Notes [Theodolinda, and the Galliambic Measure] 159

To Colonel Charles (General Charles Brackenbury, R.A.).

Pall Mall Gazette, February 16.

Reprinted in *Poems*, 1892, p. 124.

Fine Passages.

Fortnightly Review, August, p. 310.

Reprinted in the Memorial Edition, vol. xxiii., and Edition de Luxe, vol. xxxiv. (*Miscellaneous Prose*).

The Appeasement of Demeter.

Macmillan's Magazine, September, p. 374.

Reprinted in *A Reading of Earth*, 1888, p. 35.

To Children : for Tyrants.

English Illustrated Magazine, December, p. 184.

Reprinted in vol. xxxi. (*Poems*, iii.) of the Edition de Luxe, p. 282.

1888

A READING OF EARTH. [Poems.] Pp. vi, 136.

Macmillan and Co.

An edition was printed simultaneously by Roberts Bros., Boston.

Reprinted in vol. xxx. (*Poems*, ii.) of the Edition de Luxe, 1898; also in *Poems*, vol. ii., in the New Popular Edition, 1898, and in the Pocket Edition, 1903. In the two latter editions the epitaphs are separated from the rest of the book, and conclude the second volume.

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Macmillan's Magazine, August 1885, p. 265.

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Macmillan's Magazine, September 1887, p. 374.

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English Illustrated Magazine, October 1886, p. 26.

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Fortnightly Review, August 1870, p. 179, as stanza vii. of *In the Woods*.

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Fortnightly Review, August 1870, p. 179, as stanza ix. of *In the Woods*.

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RHODA FLEMING; A Story. Pp. 362. George Munro, New York.

In the 'Seaside Library,' pocket edition.

THE EGOIST; A Comedy in Narrative. Pp. 458.
George Munro, New York.

In the 'Seaside Library,' pocket edition.

A Stave of Roving Tim; with a Letter to the
Editor, J. K. Stephen.

Reflector, February 5, p. 119.

Reprinted in vol. xxxi. (*Poems*, iii.) of the Edition de Luxe,
1898, p. 288.

For an explanation, with a note on the whole incident, see
Mr. Lane's entry under this year.

1889

Jump-to-Glory Jane.

Universal Review, October, p. 240.

Reprinted in *Poems*, 1892, p. 48.

Separate editions were published in 1889 and 1892.

JUMP-TO-GLORY JANE. A Poem.

50 copies privately printed.

On Hearing the News from Venice. [On the
death of Robert Browning.]

Pall Mall Gazette, December 14.

Reprinted in vol. xxxi. (*Poems*, iii.) of the Edition de Luxe,
1898, p. 288.

A facsimile of the manuscript was given in the *Pall Mall Budget*,
December 19.

FIRST COLLECTED EDITION OF THE NOVELS.
Cheaper reprint. 12 vols. Chapman and Hall,
and Roberts Bros., Boston. 1889-1895.

Harry Richmond.

Beauchamp's Career.

Evan Harrington.

Sandra Belloni.

The Shaving of Shagpat, and Farina.

Vittoria.

Diana of the Crossways.

} 1889.

The Egoist.
The Ordeal of Richard Feverel. } 1890.
Rhoda Fleming.

Subsequently added:

One of our Conquerors. 1891.
Lord Ormont and his Aminta. 1895.

Called 'New Edition' on the title-pages.

1890

THE CASE OF GENERAL OPLE AND LADY CAMPER.
Pp. 126. John W. Lovell Co., New York.
In the 'Westminster Series.'

THE TALE OF CHLOE; An Episode in the History
of Beau Beamish. Pp. 144. John W. Lovell
Co., New York.

In the 'Westminster Series.'

One of our Conquerors.

Fortnightly Review. } Simultaneously,
Australasian. } October 1890
Sun (Sunday edition, New York). } to May 1891.

The Riddle for Men.

Paternoster Review, November, p. 101.

Reprinted in vol. xxxi. (*Poems*, iii.) of the Edition de Luxe, p. 289.

1891

ONE OF OUR CONQUERORS. 3 vols. Chapman
and Hall.

Reprinted from the *Fortnightly Review*, *Australasian*, and *Sun*
(New York, Sunday edition), from October 1890 to May 1891.

THE CASE OF GENERAL OPLE AND LADY CAMPER.
Pp. 126. George Munro (U. S. Book Co.), New
York.

In the 'Seaside Library,' pocket edition.

THE TALE OF CHLOE; An Episode in the History of Beau Beamish. Pp. 144. George Munro (U.S. Book Co.), New York.

In the 'Seaside Library,' pocket edition.

DIANA OF THE CROSSWAYS. Rand, McNally and Co., Chicago and New York.

In the 'Globe Library.'

MODERN LOVE, with analytic study by Mrs. E. Cavazza. Pp. xiv, 50. Thomas B. Mosher, Portland, Maine.

In the 'English Reprint Series.'

The House on the Beach.

The *Sun* (New York) serially.

Reprinted from the *New Quarterly Magazine*, January 1877.

The Case of General Ople and Lady Camper.

The *Sun* (New York) serially.

The Tale of Chloe.

The *Sun* (New York) serially.

Fragments of the Iliad in English Hexameter Verse.

Illustrated London News (The Invective of Achilles, i. and ii., The Marshalling of the Achaians), April 11, p. 463; (the rest) April 18, p. 507.

Reprinted in *A Reading of Life*, 1901, p. 109.

Tardy Spring.

Illustrated London News, June 20, p. 803.

Reprinted in *Poems*, 1892, p. 133.

England before the Storm.

Athenæum, December 5, p. 762.

Reprinted in *Poems*, 1892, p. 130.

1892

MODERN LOVE, a reprint; to which is added The Sage Enamoured, and the Honest Lady. Pp. 107. Macmillan and Co.

'To Admiral Maxse in constant friendship.'

GEORGE MEREDITH'S PUBLICATIONS 327

An edition was printed simultaneously by Roberts Bros., Boston.

Modern Love was first printed in 1862, and is given at the beginning of the collected editions; the other poems in this volume are reprinted in vol. xxxi. (*Poems*, iii.) of the Edition de Luxe, and in the first volume of *Poems* in the New Popular and Pocket Editions of 1898 and 1903.

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POEMS. THE EMPTY PURSE, with Odes to the Comic Spirit, to Youth in Memory, and Verses. Pp. 136. Macmillan and Co.

An edition was printed simultaneously by Roberts Bros., Boston.

Reprinted in vol. xxxi. (*Poems*, iii.) of the Edition de Luxe, and in vol. ii. of the *Poems* in the New Popular and Pocket Editions of 1898 and 1903.

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Universal Review, October 1889, p. 240. Also published separately in 1892 (see below).

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<i>Athenæum</i> , August 27, 1892, p. 288.	
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<i>Pall Mall Gazette</i> , February 16, 1887.	
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<i>Athenæum</i> , December 5, 1891, p. 762.	
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<i>Illustrated London News</i> , June 20, 1891, p. 803.	

JUMP-TO-GLORY JANE. Edited and arranged by Harry Quilter. With forty-four designs invented, drawn, and written by Lawrence Housman. Pp. 36. Swan Sonnenschein and Co.

'To the Right Hon. John Morley,' etc. With a 'Note on the writing of George Meredith,' and a 'Word on the Birth, History, Illustrations, and First Reception of Jane.'

Universal Review, October 1889, p. 240. Reprinted in *Poems*, 1892, p. 48, as well as this separate reprint.

THE TRAGIC COMEDIANS. A new edition, revised and corrected by the Author, with an introductory note on Ferdinand Lassalle by Clement Shorter. Pp. xxxv, 258. Ward, Lock and Co., and Roberts Bros., Boston.

No. 3 of the 'Warwick House Library.' With a portrait of the author for frontispiece.

The Teaching of the Nude.

Athenæum, August 27, p. 288.

Reprinted in *Poems*, 1892, p. 117.

1893

The Labourer.

Westminster Gazette, February 6.

Reprinted in *Last Poems*, 1909, p. 15.

Lord Ormont and his Aminta.

Pall Mall Magazine, December 1893—August 1894.

1894

LORD ORMONT AND HIS AMINTA. A Novel. 3 vols. Chapman and Hall.

'Gratefully inscribed to George Buckston Browne, surgeon.'

Reprinted from the *Pall Mall Magazine*.

Also issued by Charles Scribner's Sons in 1 vol.

THE HOUSE ON THE BEACH. [With *The Tale of Chloe* and *The Case of General Ople and Lady Camper*.] Pp. 353. Ward, Lock.

Reprinted from the *New Quarterly Magazine*, January 1877, p. 329, July 1879, p. 57, and July 1877, p. 428, respectively.

BALLADS AND POEMS OF TRAGIC LIFE. Second edition. Pp. 160. Macmillan and Co.

First edition, 1887.

Foresight and Patience.

National Review, April, p. 164.

Reprinted in *A Reading of Life*, 1901, p. 88.

1895

The Amazing Marriage.

Scribner's Magazine, serially, January to December.

Published in two volumes in the same year.

THE AMAZING MARRIAGE. 2 vols. A. Constable and Co. and Charles Scribner's Sons.

'To my Friend, Frederick Jameson.'

1896

THE WORKS OF GEORGE MEREDITH. 36 vols.

A. Constable and Co. 1896-98, 1910-11.

The Complete Limited Edition de Luxe.

1, 2. The Ordeal of Richard Feverel.	} 1896.
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| 5, 6. Sandra Belloni. | } | 1897. |
| 7, 8. Vittoria. | | |
| 9, 10. Rhoda Fleming. | | |
| 11, 12. The Adventures of Harry Richmond. | | |
| 13, 14. Beauchamp's Career. | } | 1897. |
| 15, 16. The Egoist. | | |
| 17, 18. Diana of the Crossways. | | |
| 19, 20. One of our Conquerors. | | |
| 21, 22. Lord Ormont and his Aminta. | } | 1898. |
| 23, 24. The Amazing Marriage. | | |
| 25. The Shaving of Shagpat. | | |
| 26. The Tragic Comedians. | | |
| 27. The Tale of Chloe. The House on the Beach. | } | 1898. |
| 28. Farina. The Case of General Ople and Lady Camper. | | |
| 29, 30, 31. Poems. | | |
| 32. Essays. [On the Idea of Comedy. Homer's Iliad: a review. St. Paul: a review.] | | |
| 33. Poems. | } | 1910. |
| 34. Miscellaneous Prose. | | |
| 35. Celt and Saxon. | | |
| 36. Various Readings and Bibliography. | | |
| | } | 1911. |

Vol. i. has the portrait by Mr. Sargent as frontispiece. This edition, which was limited to 1000 copies, numbered and initialed by Mr. W. M. Meredith, was revised by the author.

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The Warning.

Daily Chronicle, July 6.

Reprinted in *Last Poems*, 1909, p. 49.

Mrs. Meynell's Two Books of Essays (*The Rhythm
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National Review, August, p. 762; *Littell's Living Age*, Boston,
September 19, p. 101.

Reprinted in the Memorial Edition, vol. xxiii., and Edition de
Luxe, vol. xxxiv. (*Miscellaneous Prose*).

Outside the Crowd.

National Review, September, p. 26.

Reprinted in *Last Poems*, 1909, p. 50.

Trafalgar Day.

Daily Chronicle, October 21.Reprinted in *The Reader*, October 27, 1906, and in *Last Poems*, 1909, p. 31.

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[The 'NEW POPULAR EDITION' of George Meredith's works.] 18 vols. A. Constable and Co. and Charles Scribner's Sons. 1897-99.

The Ordeal of Richard Feverel.

Beauchamp's Career.

The Egoist.

Diana of the Crossways.

Sandra Belloni.

The Adventures of Harry Richmond.

Vittoria.

Rhoda Fleming.

Evan Harrington.

One of Our Conquerors.

The Amazing Marriage.

The Shaving of Shagpat.

The Tale of Chloe, and other Short

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The Tragic Comedians.

An Essay on Comedy.

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AN ESSAY ON COMEDY, etc. Pp. 105. A.
Constable and Co. and Charles Scribner's Sons.

SELECTED POEMS of George Meredith. Pp. vii,
245. A. Constable and Co. and Charles
Scribner's Sons.

The Author's selection.

1898

— [Reprinted, pocket edition.] A. Constable
and Co.

This reprint was issued in parchment and earth-coloured boards,
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THE WORKS OF GEORGE MEREDITH. Boxhill Edition. 17 vols. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

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Cosmopolis, March, p. 625.

Napoléon.

Cosmopolis, April, p. 30.

Alsace-Lorraine.

Cosmopolis, May, p. 315.

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ODES IN CONTRIBUTION TO THE SONG OF FRENCH HISTORY. Pp. 94. A. Constable and Co. and Charles Scribner's Sons.

Inscribed to 'The Right Hon. John Morley.'

Reprinted in vol. xxxiii. (*Poems*, iv.) of the Edition de Luxe.

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Reprinted in *A Reading of Life*, 1901, p. 71.

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George Newnes.

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THE TALE OF CHLOE; An Episode in the History
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Mosher, Portland, Maine.

In the 'Old World Series.'

The Cageing of Ares.

Daily Chronicle, June 5.

Reprinted in *A Reading of Life*, 1901, p. 45.

The Night Walk.

Century Magazine, August, p. 566.

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Daily Chronicle, November 16.

Reprinted in *A Reading of Life*, 1901, p. 70.

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Uniform with the smaller *Selected Poems*.

THE STORY OF BHANAVAR THE BEAUTIFUL.
[Chapter ii. of *The Shaving of Shagpat*.] Pp. 135. A. Constable and Co.

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A Garden Idyl.

Scribner's Magazine, February, p. 214.

Reprinted in *A Reading of Life*, 1901, p. 81.

Song in the Songless.

Littell's Living Age, September 14, p. 683.

Reprinted in *A Reading of Life*, 1901, p. 63, and in the *Eclectic Review*, October 1901.

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A READING OF LIFE, with other Poems. Pp. viii, 127. A. Constable and Co.

Reprinted in vol. xxxiii. (*Poems*, iv.) of the Edition de Luxe.

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Cornhill, January, p. 1.

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At the Funeral.

Morning Post, February 1.

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| The Tragic Comedians. | | |
| Poems [2 vols.]. | | |
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| Uses of the Comic Spirit. | | |

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Introduction to Thackeray, *The Four Georges*
(Red Letter Library).

Reprinted in the Memorial Edition, vol. xxiii., and Edition de
Luxe, vol. xxxiv. (*Miscellaneous Prose*).

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Leslie Stephen.

Author, April, p. 187.

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Introduction to *Lady Duff Gordon's Letters from
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Reprinted in the Memorial Edition, vol. xxiii., and Edition de
Luxe, vol. xxxiv. (*Miscellaneous Prose*).

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Times, March 23; *Literary Digest* (U.S.A.), April 22, p. 601;
Littell's Living Age, April 22, p. 251.

Reprinted in *Last Poems*, 1909, p. 46.

Introduction to *The Japanese Spirit*, by Yoshi-
maburo Okakura.

Reprinted in the Memorial Edition, vol. xxiii., and Edition de
Luxe, vol. xxxiv. (*Miscellaneous Prose*).

October 21.

Outlook, October 21; *Littell's Living Age*, November 18, p. 422.

Reprinted in *Last Poems*, 1909, p. 28.

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THE WORKS OF GEORGE MEREDITH. New Pocket
Edition. 16 vols. Charles Scribner's Sons,
New York.

A reissue of the Boxhill Edition of 1898.

THE ORDEAL OF RICHARD FEVEREL. Pp. x, 507.
Century Co., New York.
In the 'English Comédie Humaine.'

1907

THE NATURE POEMS OF GEORGE MEREDITH.
Second edition. Pp. 75. Small fol. A. Con-
stable and Co.

A smaller reprint of the First Edition of 1898.

AN IDYLL OF FIRST LOVE. [Chapters xv. and xx.
of Richard Feverel.] Thomas B. Mosher, Port-
land, Maine.

In the 'Ideal Series of Little Masterpieces.' From the *Bibelot*,
1896.

Introduction to *The Collected Poems of Dora
Sigerson Shorter*.

Reprinted in the Memorial Edition, vol. xxiii., and Edition de
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Angela Burdett-Coutts.

Times, January 5.

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The Centenary of Garibaldi.

Times, July 1; *Littell's Living Age*, July 27, p. 254; *Literary
Digest*, August 3, p. 173.

Reprinted in *Last Poems*, 1909, p. 52.

The Wild Rose.

Scribner's Magazine, December, p. 668.

Reprinted in *Last Poems*, 1909, p. 11.

1908

THE MEREDITH POCKET-BOOK. Pp. 167. A.
Constable and Co.

Selected by G. M. Trevelyan.

Il y a Cent Ans.

The Flag (The Book of the Union Jack Club), p. 4.
Reprinted in *Last Poems*, 1909, p. 24.

The Call.

Oxford and Cambridge Review, No. 4, Midsummer, p. 3.
Reprinted in *Last Poems*, 1909, p. 14.

Youth in Age.

Country Home, July, p. 132; *Collier's Weekly*, September 18, 1909.
Reprinted in *Last Poems*, 1909, p. 14.

[Milton.] The British Academy. The Tercentenary of Milton's Birth. Inaugural Meeting at the Theatre, Burlington Gardens, Tuesday, Dec. 8, 1908 (the Eve of the Tercentenary). Lines by George Meredith. . . . Oration by Dr. A. W. Ward. . . . Summary of an Address on Milton and Music by Sir Frederick Bridge. . . . From the Proceedings of the British Academy, vol. iii.

H. Frowde, for the British Academy.
Times, etc., December 9; *Literary Digest*, December 26, p. 989.
Reprinted in *Last Poems*, 1909, p. 56.

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Scribner's Magazine, December 1908, p. 682.
Reprinted in *Last Poems*, 1909, p. 9.

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LAST POEMS BY GEORGE MEREDITH. Constable and Co. and Charles Scribner's Sons. 8s.

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CHILLIANWALLAH. Pp. 28. The Marion Press.
Jamaica, New York.

Ireland.

Scribner's Magazine, July; *Current Literature*, February, p. 221.

Reprinted in *Last Poems*, 1909, p. 37.

Fragments.

[' Open Horizons Round.'

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' From Labours through the Night.'

' This Love of Nature.']

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Reprinted in *Last Poems*, 1909, pp. 20-23.

' The Years had worn their Seasons' Belt.'

Scribner's Magazine, October, p. 407.

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Fortnightly Review from January to August, and *The Forum* (U.S.A.), January—August.

The Sentimentalists.

Scribner's Magazine, August, p. 129.

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A LIST OF WORDS which, although adopted by Mr. MEREDITH in his definitive edition, vary from the text of the original, and may possibly be corruptions that have crept in through frequent reprints and been overlooked by the author in his final revision.

RICHARD FEVEREL

p. 25, l. 34. *originally* hedge, *now* edge.
 p. 131, l. 26. „ apprehend, „ apprehended.
 p. 139, l. 14. „ delusions, „ delusion.
 p. 212, l. 13. „ enigmatically, „ emphatically.

EVAN HARRINGTON

p. 493, l. 11. *originally* figure, *now* finger.
 p. 522, l. 26. „ definitively, „ definitely.

SANDRA BELLONI

Vol. II, p. 196, l. 29. *originally* contusions, *now* confusions.

THE EGOIST

Vol. I, p. 75, l. 17. *originally* sustenance, *now* substance.
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